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Atkinson, A.
The Irish tourist

THE
IRISH TOURIST:

IN A SERIES OF
PICTURESQUE VIEWS, TRAVELLING INCIDENTS,

AND

Observations

STATISTICAL, POLITICAL AND MORAL

ON THE

CHARACTER AND ASPECT

OF

THE IRISH NATION.

BY A. ATKINSON, GENT.

Author of a Course of Essays on Christian Doctrine & Philosophy,

Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt discordiâ res maximæ dilabuntur,
SALLUST.

DUBLIN:

Printed for the Author,

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EXPLANATION & APOLOGY.

THE Author of this work (the materials of which have been collected at an expence of health and ease, as well as of time and money, but little known to those who reside under ceiled canopies,) being anxious to accommodate this volume, in the article of expence, to the convenience of persons of limited fortune, found it necessary, in the progress of his tour, in order to qualify himself for this sacrifice, to make an appeal to the consideration of the rank and property of his country; an appeal, which, in many instances, being felt and honoured by those to whom it was made, he deems it a debt of gratitude due to those benevolent characters, to place opposite their names, a mark, by which their liberality may be distinguished; and in the performance of this duty, so justly due to those by whose generous assistance, in aid of his own limited resources, he has been enabled to accomplish this object, he is far from being influenced by an intention to admister offence to others. The writers limited fortune, and the large sums which he unavoidably expended in a course of 6,000 miles travel (in comparison of which, all the other expences of this publication, though serious, were but small) rendered this appeal unavoidable, and to acknowledge the proportion in which it was received and honoured by his Subscribers, appears to him to be a debt, not only of gratitude, but of justice. The figures prefixed to the names of Subscribers, have, therefore, the following! signification: The figure 1, signifies the first class, or largest measure of subscription, contributed to the expences of this work—the figure 2, the second; and so on to the least measure of subscription, adapted to individual convenience, and to the more general circulation of this volume.

Should it be objected that the paper and other materials of this book, do not convey very striking evidences of the writer's gratitude to the public, nor reflect much honour on a national performance, he can only say in his own defence (and the impartial reader will judge with what reluctance he offers this apology) that these materials were not the object of his choice, but the wretched alternative of his necessity, for having placed almost the whole of his capital in the hands of certain Friends or Quakers, whose *apparent* wealth and moral integrity he supposed to be the best security in the world, he rested satisfied in his competency and design to render the mechanism of this work satisfactory to his Subscribers, and reputable to the Irish Press. The event, however, has in some degree deceived his hopes.

Having closed his travels through the middle district of this country, and arranged his materials for the press, he proceeded to purchase paper for the publication of this volume; but discovered that (so far as related to trade) those paper securities for which he had given his money, and some of which remain in his possession, were, for the most part, worth nothing. The drawers and acceptors of those bills, had (with a single exception) become bankrupts, or stopped payment. The writer pleaded, in vain, that this was a debt of honour, not of trade—that it was money placed with these *good friends* for security—that, they perfectly well knew the losses he had sustained in life were considerable—that a remnant of that property, which once he might have reasonably expected to enjoy, only remained to him—that with this very limited income, he had a large family, as they very well knew, and was endeavouring by the strenuous exertions of his talents to educate six little children, and put them forward in the world—that they also knew, the money so deposited with them for security, was the benevolence of the nation to him as a writer—on all these accounts he pleaded his opinion, that in the view of the nobility and gentry of this country, these

friends, (two of whom had filled PUBLIC stations in their church) would be considered culpable, and perhaps suspected of fraud—that to riot upon the fruit of a nation's benevolence to a man, whose circumstances, if they were not dead to honor, would have forbidden this attack, might affect their future character; and lastly, that themselves and their families would derive from a contrary conduct, a *peaceful oblivion* (he could say no more) which would well repay them for the temporary sacrifice which they were solicited to make to justice. To this and similar arguments the writer received fair promises, which these *good friends* forgot to keep. Having procured from him the main chance, they left him to shift for himself, and by this abridgment of his finances, he has been obliged to send his Tourist into the world, in garments which have nothing whatever to recommend them to the notice of the Irish people, except that the whole, from top to bottom, is the manufacture of the country.

Should the "round unvarnished tale" which is here told of living characters, appear offensive to charity, the writer has to say, in his own defence, that he laboured hard, but laboured in vain, to prevent its necessity—that some apology for the coarse materials of this work, so much beneath his own and the public expectation was indispensable, and that the best apology which he could offer for this defect, was that of TRUTH.

But setting this transaction aside, as one of little importance to the public at large, we beg leave to enquire, whether it is of no consequence to the interests of this country, that some person should step forward and commence a plan of opposition to a system of civil robbery, which, if permitted to grow and increase, (as it has latterly done in this country to an alarming extent) will, ultimately, prove fatal to its honour and interests.

When we behold certain individuals, who have taken shelter from public justice under the mild shadow of our bankruptcy laws, attending their religious meetings with EDIFYING exactness; is it surprising that we expect to

perceive in their habits and mode of life, some proofs, that a solid apology for their BANKRUPTCY, may be found in that *poverty* which is the effect of *misfortune*, and a vindication of their constant attendance at WORSHIP, in the RELIGIOUS integrity of their hearts. But if instead of these proofs, we perceive men who have recently taken shelter under the commission of bankruptcy, or who have compounded with their creditors for a 5th or 10th of their demands, maintain the splendor of their former life ; march regularly to meeting, with their families IN FULL DRESS, BUILD COUNTRY HOUSES, RIDE OUT ON FINE HORSES, WITH SPORTING DOGS TO ATTEND THEM, AND EVEN KEEP CARRIAGES FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THEIR FAMILIES, while their Creditors pine under the effects of their abuse, shall that veil of obscurity which is the legitimate covering of accidental error be cast over their character and protect it from derision ; or shall the nods and cordial salutations of the thoughtless and unprincipled, like themselves, continue to strengthen them in fraud, until the very name of justice cease to be respected in this country.

When persons thus guilty of foul and deliberate fraud are countenanced by the community, AND VISITED BY THE MEMBERS OF THEIR OWN SECT—when no trace of that contempt which is due to speculation pursues them—when they step forth to public view, and confront with SHAMELESS IMPUDENCE the men whom they have civilly defrauded, shall the Press, the legitimate guardian of a country's rights be silent on the subject of their aggression, or shall it attack only with remorseless fury, the errors of men in power, and suffer individual perfidy to propagate, until public morality, and that security which it produces to a country, have been rotted to the core ?

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- 3 Rev. Wm. O'Neill, Kilquade, N. T. Mt. Lennedy,
- 3 John O'Neill, Merchant, Enniscorthy,
- 3 James O'Connor, Merchant, Wexford,
- 4 Mr. John O'Neill, Maryboro.

P.

- 1 Viscountess Dowager of Powerscourt,
- 1 Lady Dowager Paul, Ballyglan, Waterford.
- 1 Robert Percival, esq. M. D. Dublin,

Class.

- 1 Rt. Rev. Dr. Power, T. B. Waterford,
- 1 Rich. Power, esq. M. P. Clashmore, Youghal,
- 1 Patrick Power, esq. Bellevue, Waterford,
- 1 J. D. L. P. Porter, esq. Belmont, Waterford,
- 1 Mrs. Porter do. do.
- 1 Robert Paul, esq. John's-hill, Waterford,
- 1 Nicholas Power, esq. Snow-hill, Waterford,
- 1 C. Putland, esq. Sans-souci, Bray,
- 1 Nich. Power, jun. esq. Ballinakill, Waterford,
- 1 D. O'Neill Power, esq. Williamstown, Waterford,
- 1 John Power, esq. Kilfane, Thomastown,
- 1 Cham. B. Ponsonby, esq. Belmont-lodge, Durrow,
- 1 Lieut. Col. Pigott, Slivoy-castle, Taghmon,
- 1 John Pouden, esq. Church-street, Enniscorthy,
- 1 John Colley Pouden, esq. Daphne, do.
- 2 Geo. Powell, esq. Kilmannock, Ross.
- 2 N. Preston, esq. Swainstown, Dunshaughlin, 2 copies.
- 2 R. Peare, esq. Kilmallock, Enniscorthy,
- 3 Hon. Mat. Plunket, Greenwood-lodge, Newtown Mount Kennedy,
- 3 Hon. and Rev. Rich. Ponsonby, Gt. Georges-street, N.
- 3 David Powell, esq. Athlone,
- 3 Lieut. Penrose, 29th foot,
- 3 Rev. Edw. Palmer, CloghJordan-house,
- 3 Doctor Poole, Waterford,
- 3 John Percy, esq. Ballintemple, CloghJordan,
- 3 Nich. Parker, esq. Fort-William, Nenagh,
- 3 Mr. Rich. Palmer, Snugborough, Shinrone,
- 3 Rich. Palmer, esq. Ivy-hall, Parsonstown,
- 3 Mr. Chas. Peasly, Portarlinton,
- 3 Rev. T. Pigott, Camiera glebe, Mt. Mellick,
- 3 Sam. Phillips, esq. Lisbigney, Ballinakill,
- 3 Mr. A. Parry, Bridge-street, Dublin,
- 3 W. D. Pollard, esq. Castle-pollard,
- 3 Geo. Pentland, esq. Athboy,
- 3 Mr. John Potterton, Rathcormick, Trim,
- 3 Mr. Thomas Potterton, Moyrath, do.
- 3 Geo. Pardon, esq. Macetown, Mullingar,
- 3 J. D. Potts, esq. Dublin,
- 3 Mrs. E. Palmer, Whitehall, Baltinglass,
- 3 Doctor Parsley, Blessington,
- 3 Rev. Skellington Preston, Hollywood, Naas,
- 3 Geo. Pilsworth, esq. Bettyville, Castledermot,
- 3 Edw. Pennefather, esq. Delgany,
- 3 Mr. Thomas Pearson, Waterford,
- 3 Mr. J. Phelan, Redmills, Gore'sbridge,
- 3 Mr. Nichs. Phelan, Kellsboro' Kilkeenny,
- 3 Abra. Thos. Prin, esq. Ennisnag, Thomastown,
- 3 Joseph Power, esq. Annemount, Waterford,
- 3 Robert Phelan, esq. Ballincurragh, do.

Class.

- 3 Wm. Percival, esq. Ballymona, do.
- 3 Mr. Nath. Patten, Ozierhill, Taghmon,
- 3 James Prendergast, Merchant, Wexford,
- 3 Joseph Pim, Merchant, Wicklow,
- 3 Rev. Joseph Purcell, Berndarig, do.
- 4 Messrs Perrin and sons, Ormond-quay, Dublin,
- 4 Mr. Mich. Pennick, Bellevue, Delgany,
- 4 Mr. J. Parkinson, Mus. D. Woodview, Black-Rock,
- 4 Mr. R. Panton, Crosscole Arbor, Blessington,
- 4 Mrs. Jane Catherine Panton, Threecastles, do.
- 4 Mr. Richard Price, Carlow.
- 4 Rev. Mich. Prendergast, Bagnelstown, Leighlin,

Q.

- 3 Rev. Thomas Quin, Wingfield, Bray,
- 3 Major Quin, Valetta, Waterford,
- 3 Doctor Quirk, Kilcock,
- 3 Mr. John Quin, Bray,
- 3 Rev. James Quinn, Castleknoek,

R.

- 1 Stephen Ram. esq. Ramspark-lodge, Gorey,
- 1 Col. Ram, Clonatin, Gorey,
- 1 Miss Rossiter, Mt. Garret, Ross,
- 1 P. H. Russell, esq. Swords-house, Co. Dublin,
- 1 Solomon Richards, esq. Solsborough, Enniscorthy,
- 1 E. R. Rowe, esq. Castletown, Gorey.
- 1 Joseph Robins, esq. Firgrove, Thomastown,
- 2 Col. Rochfort, Cloghgrenane, Carlow,
- 2 Richard Rothwell, esq. Bertford, Kells,
- 2 Thos. Rowley, esq. near Kells,
- 3 Rev. W. Russell, Hendrick-street, Dublin.
- 3 Geo. H. Reed, esq. Wexford,
- 3 Messrs. Ryan and Harold, St. Thos. College, Co. Dublin,
- 3 Rev. Edward Redmond, Ferns,
- 3 Mrs. Robert Richardson, Virginia, Cavan,
- 3 Surgeon Robinson, Cavan,
- 3 Mrs. Robinson, Bloomfield, Maryboro,
- 3 John Ridgeway, esq. Ballydermot, Rathangan,
- 3 Mr. Edward Reed, Hutton Reed, Rathcool,
- 3 H. Rathborne, esq. Dunsinan, Dublin,
- 3 John Ruxton, esq. Black-castle, Navan,
- 3 Thomas Ruxton, esq. Dollardstown, do.
- 3 Thomas Ryan, esq. Ballinakill, Kilcock,
- 3 Rev. Thomas Robinson, Anneville, Mullingar,
- 3 Rev. Henry Rochfort, Newtown glebe, Tyrrelspass,
- 3 — Roche, esq. Lackin, Mullingar,
- 3 Bryan Rock, esq. Counoe, Ballymahon,
- 3 Mr. Rogers, Dublin,
- 3 Robert Rawson, esq. Athy,

Class.

- 3 Rev. S. T. Roberts, Rathvindon, Leighlin,
- 3 N. G. Roche, esq. Font-hill, Carlow,
- 3 Ch. W. Roche, esq. Belfield, N. T. Mt. Kennedy,
- 3 Mr. John Rooney, Bray,
- 3 Doctor Reid, Belvidere-place, Dublin,
- 3 Rev. Francis Reynett, Grantstown, Waterford,
- 3 Mr. John Richards, near Celbridge,
- 3 Mr. John Revell, Ardoyne, Tullow,
- 3 Mr. Redinond, Carlow,
- 3 Henry Rudkin, esq. Corrieshouse, Leighlin,
- 3 Mr. Henry Rudkin, sen. Wellsledge, do.
- 3 Mr. John Ryan, Thomastown,
- 3 Rev. L. Reynolds, do.
- 3 Rev. John Rice, P. C. C. Callan,
- 3 Mr. Charles Ryan, Springhill, Kilkenny,
- 3 M. C. Russel, esq. Ballydavid, Littleton,
- 3 David Ryan, esq. Castlecomer,
- 3 Wm. Robertson, esq. Kilkenny,
- 3 Rev. Geo. Richards, Coolstuff, Taghmon,
- 3 Thos. Richards, esq. Spa-house, Wexford,
- 3 Mr. Nicholas Roche, do.
- 3 Mrs. Elen. Roe, Ballinclare, Camolin,
- 3 Mr. Joshua Russel, Moate,
- 3 Mr. Samuel Robinson, do.
- 4 Rev. P. Ryan, Courtown, Trim,
- 4 Mr. Allen Roberts, Stradbally,
- 4 Mr. Richard Ryan, Thomastown,

S.

- 1 Lieut. Col. Sankey, Oaklands, Ross,
- 1 Thomas Sparrow, esq. Enniscorthy.
- 1 N. Sneyd, esq. M. P. Sackville-street, Dublin,
- 1 John Strangman, esq. Waterford,
- 1 Messrs. Sweetman and Butler, Dublin,
- 1 John Stephens, esq. Dromina, Waterford,
- 1 John Lanigan Stannard, esq. Ballyragget,
- 1 Wm. Sweetman, esq. North Great George's-street, Dublin,
- 1 Bart. Sparrow, esq. Killabeg, Enniscorthy,
- 1 Thomas Stannard, esq. Bricketstown, Taghmon,
- 1 Rev. J. M. Scott, Ballygannon, N. T. Mt. Kennedy,
- 1 Thomas Sanders, esq. Cottage, Black-rock,
- 2 Robert Shaw, esq. M. P. Bushy-park, Dublin,
- 2 Philip Smith, esq. Cherrymount, Moynalty,
- 2 Mrs. Scully, Gillerstown, Castlepollard,
- 2 Ralph Smith, esq. Gaybrook, Mullingar,
- 3 Lient. Col. Stepney, Darrow, Kilbeggan,
- 3 His Lady,
- 3 Miss Slater, Moate,
- 3 Mrs. Slater, Tullamore,
- 3 Rev. Dr. Strocane, Athlone,

Class.

- 3 Jas. B. Stopford, esq. Hollyville, Blackrock,
- 3 Rev. J. W. Sterling, Athlone,
- 3 Mr. Singlehurst, Dame-street, Dublin,
- 3 Joseph Story, esq. Byngfield, Cavan,
- 3 Rev. P. Smith, Townsend-street, Dublin,
- 3 Mr. James Smith, Cavan,
- 3 John Short, esq. Mt. Pleasant, Nenagh,
- 3 Mrs. Doctor Smith, Roscrea,
- 3 John Smith, esq. Fancraft, do.
- 3 Westropp Smith, esq. Newgrove, do.
- 3 John Smith, esq. Annaville, Shinrone,
- 3 Mr. M. W. Sullivan, Ormond-quay, Dublin,
- 3 Mr. John Smith, jun. Shinrone,
- 3 Bernard Shaw, esq. Dominick-st. Dublin,
- 3 Mrs. Henry Spinner, Corolanty, Shinrone,
- 3 Mr. Edward Smith, Kilcommon, do.
- 3 James Sheppard, esq. Clifton, do.
- 3 Mr. James Short, Newtown Mt. Rath,
- 3 James Edmond, scott, esq. Aungrove, do.
- 3 Geo. Steele, esq. Harristown, Rathdowny,
- 3 Robert Simmons, esq. Rathangan,
- 3 John Smith, esq. Moynalty,
- 3 Wm. Smith, esq. Drumcree, C. T. Delvin,
- 3 F. P. Smith, esq. Violetstown, Mullingar,
- 3 John Swift, esq. Rathconnel, do.
- 3 Pigott Sandes, esq. Woodfield, Mt. Mellick,
- 3 Rev. Peter Sinnot, Kilcullen,
- 3 Thomas Scott, esq. Bank, Waterford,
- 3 Henry Scott, esq. Henrietta, do.
- 3 Rev. Henry St. George, Altamont, Tullow,
- 3 Mr. Wm. Singleton, Bagenalstown, Leighlin,
- 3 Mr. T. Shaw, Merino-factory, Thomastown,
- 3 Mr. John Shearman, Burros, Kilkenny,
- 3 Rev. Dr. St. George Kilrush, Freshford,
- 3 Robert St. George, esq. Baliescastle, do.
- 3 Thomas Sadlier, esq. Clonmel.
- 3 Samuel P. Smith, esq. Smithvale, Waterford,
- 3 John P. Smith esq. (at Mr. Haye's) Ross,
- 3 Peter Strange, esq. Aylwardstown, Waterford,
- 3 Rev. W. Sutton, Long-graig, Taghmon,
- 3 Miss Sutton, do. do.
- 3 Mr. John Sparrow, Little-cools, Wexford,
- 3 Mr. Henry Smithson, Thomas-st. Dublin,
- 3 Mr. James Shaw, Tottenham-green, Taghmon,
- 3 Mr. Richard Sparrow, Wexford,
- 3 Mr. John C. Smith Camolin,
- 3 Rev. John Sinnot, Gorey,
- 3 Wm. Shepard, esq. Oatland, Wicklow,
- 3 Mr. John Smithson, Thomas-st. Dublin.
- 3 Mr. Richard Sutton, Enniscorthy,

Class.

- 4 Mr. Henry Slator, near Longford,
- 4 Mr. Henry Sillery, Slane,
- 4 Capt. Smith, Loughcrew-lodge, Oldcastle,
- 4 Mr. Robert Sherlock, Carrotstown, Trim,
- 4 Rev. Thomas Smith, Laracor, Trim,
- 4 Mr. John Sewell, near Castledermot,

T.

- Lord Tara,
- M. R. Dr. Troy, R. C. Archbishop of Dublin,
- 1 Wm. Tighe, esq. M.P. Woodstock, Innistioige,
- 2 C. S. Tandy, esq. Waterford,
- 3 Captain Towers, Burris-o-kane,
- 3 Wm. Trench, esq. Cangort-park, Roscrea,
- 3 Ch. Tottenham, jun. esq. Ballycurry, Wicklow,
- 3 Mark Toomey, esq. Eagle-hill, Kildare,
- 3 Captain Tyler, East Kent Regiment,
- 3 John Tew, esq. Mountjoy-square, Dublin,
- 3 Rob. Taylor, esq. Mill-lodge, Slane,
- 3 Rev. Joseph Turner, Slane,
- 3 Wm. Thompson, esq. Charlemount-st. Dublin,
- 3 Mrs. R. Thompson, Oatlands, Kells,
- 3 Rev. R. Tronson, glebe-house, Athboy,
- 3 Mr. Rich. Tobin, Kells, Kilkenny,
- 3 Mr. Thomas Tomlinson, Mill-park, Tullow,
- 3 Rev. Fred. Eyre Trench, Kellistown, Carlow,
- 3 Rev. M. N. Thompson, Fennor, Johnstown,
- 3 Mr. Wm. Tims, Rathdrum,
- 3 Mrs. Talbot, Eccles-street, Dublin,
- 3 Mr. Matt. Travers, Wicklow,
- 4 Mr. Wm. Tassie, Golden-hill, Blessington,
- 4 Mr. John Tassie, do. do.
- 4 Mr. James Tate, Belan mills, Castledermot,
- 4 Mr. R. Thomas, Wicklow,
- 3 Rev. P. Taylor, Harold's-cross, Dublin,
- 4 Mr. John Timmon, Navan,

U,

- 3 John Usher, esq. Landscape, Ross.

V.

- 1 Lord Viscount Valentia,
- 1 Rt. Hon. J. O. Vandeleur, Cavendish-row, Dublin,
- 1 P. Vickers, esq. Castlegrange, Newtown Mt. Kennedy,
- 3 Miss Viridet, Harcourt-st. Dublin,
- 3 Sir Wm. Vachell, Belvidere-lodge, Waterford,
- 3 Hon. and Rev. Arthur Vesey,

PREFACE.

THE numerous Tours and other Works which have been written upon the State of Ireland, would seem to supercede the necessity of obtruding any thing further on the Public in relation to it, and more particularly, as a Parochial Survey of the whole kingdom is now actually in progress by another hand: but I would beg leave to observe that, although much has been written on the State of Ireland, a considerable proportion of this has proceeded from the pen of strangers, whose political bias, partial residence in the country, or early prejudices against it, were by no means favourable to the production of a correct portrait of this land, with its life and manners. A general view of the Irish picturesque, has never yet been given to the Public by any hand, that we know of—not of course by Historians or Antiquarians, because it was not their province—nor by Statistical Surveyors, each of whom has been confined, for the most part, to the inspection of a single county, and whose operations have been directed to objects of still greater utility—and even the Tourists, whose attention to the beauties of a country would be naturally expected,

B

with the exception of a few striking curiosities which are known to almost every one, have dwelt but little on the topography of Ireland; and, perhaps, for a very good reason, because they did not hold the beauties of this country in sufficient esteem, to take the trouble of travelling over it with that attention which was necessary to collect them.

Mr. MASON's Parochial Survey, now compiling from the Returns of the Clergy, will elicit much useful information on the state of this country; and though it may not be able to boast of infallibility in *all* its parts, we have no doubt it will constitute, when complete, the most solid and generally correct body of information which has yet been presented to the Public on the State of Ireland. We wish this valuable undertaking every possible success, and still more, we wish the information it contains may be so acted upon by the Nobility and Gentry who have an interest in the soil, as to promote the illumination of the people, increase their comforts, and correct their excesses: and if to these useful points, our humble pages are found to have some tendency, we trust it will not stand as an objection against them, that they contain neither a Parochial, nor yet a County Survey; that they bear upon them a stamp of originality, which distinguishes them as our own; and that they are peculiarly devoted to the moral improvement, and to the beauty and the benevolence of Ireland.

It remains that we offer some apology for a large portion of the subject matter of this work, which we feel requires it; and in doing this, we shall endeavour to shew our respect for the Public, and ourselves, by

speaking undisguised truth. Those pages then, which usher in our projected survey of this country, were written while engaged in the propagation of the "*Roll of a Tennis Ball through the Moral World*," by subscription: a book specifically different from that which we now lay before the Public, and the labours connected with which, rendered it impossible to pay that attention to the country which was necessary, in order to glean the whole of its natural and artificial features. These then being a mere journal of travels, with some gleanings, however, of the picturesque, cannot pretend to much utility, but they formed the ground work of our subsequent researches, and were so connected with them, that we could not, without inflicting a wound upon the whole structure of our proceedings, take away this foundation. Occupied, however, as we were with this first object of our public cares, we found leisure to make occasional remarks upon the scenery of the country through which we passed, until having rolled by much the greater part of our Tennis-balls to the legitimate Owners, we felt completely at liberty to devote an undissipated attention to the country, the topographical and moral portrait of which, if permitted by Providence, we design to carry on, until finished, by a course of travels through those parts of the island which have been hitherto unexplored by

THE IRISH TOURIST.

THE IRISH TOURIST.

CHAP. I.

*Geographical Position and Climate of Ireland, noticed—
Author commences Traveller, in his Native Country, for
the propagation of a Book which he published on Prin-
ciple—Starts from the centre of the Island and proceeds
through Athlone, Longford, and parts of the County of
Leitrim, to Sligo, a sea-port town on the N.W. coast—
Incidents of his Journey so far, with Observations on
the Country through which he passed.*

IRELAND, which constitutes the theatre of the following simple perambulations, is situated between $50^{\circ} 25''$ and $10^{\circ} 37''$ W. Longitude from London, and between $51^{\circ} 16''$ and $55^{\circ} 15''$ North Latitude. It is bounded on the North by the Scottish Sea, on the South by the mouth of St. George's-channel, on the east by St. George's-

channel and the Irish Sea, and on the West by the Atlantic Ocean. Its greatest length from N. to S. is stated by different authorities, to be from 270 to 300 Irish miles, and hence we conclude, that 285 miles, (the central number between these) may be relied on as a correct calculation.—Its greatest breadth is reputed at 160 miles, but on this article also, some little variation occurs in the authorities to which we have alluded.

It rises out of the ocean on an immense bed of granite, and in various parts is pregnant with calcareous, ferruginous and argillaceous matter,* and hence bids fair, in process of time, to obtain an equal, if not superior rank among the countries of Europe, in respect to its subterraneous treasures. The climate, though temperate, being humid and subject to excessive rains, is hence not quite so favourable to persons of delicate habit, as one more dry and southerly—Nevertheless, there are, perhaps, as many instances of longevity in this island, as in the same extent of country in other parts of Europe; and its peasantry are particularly healthy and robust. For the heavy rains to which we have adverted, and which

* For the information of the plain reader, an explanation of the foregoing terms is here annexed, and when in the course of our travels we shall have occasion to notice the classes of soil or strata which characterize this island, intend using, generally, those terms of description which are best understood by the people of the country, as a gentleman farmer assured the Author, that, though he had the learned survey of a county, in which he possessed a large landed property, constantly in his house, he never looked into it, as he could not understand it without reference to his dictionary at every page.

Calcareous, relating to calx, or stratum of lime.

Ferruginous, partaking of iron.

Argillaceous, consisting of clay.

sometimes threaten our harvests with destruction, some are of opinion, that we are principally indebted to the westerly winds, which meeting with no lands on this side America to break their force, necessarily waft hither the vapours of an immense ocean which separate us from that continent; these falling on marshes and low grounds, and uniting in certain spots with stagnant waters which have accumulated for ages, have, no doubt, impregnated the air with noxious exhalations, and been the source of disorders both to men and cattle; but the recent value of lands, and the growing spirit of improvement which pervades this country, will, by cultivation and draining, in due time, subvert the source of this public evil.

Much having been written on the climate and natural history of this country, we feel it unnecessary to enlarge on those subjects, and therefore shall commence our simple history of travels with an appeal to the candor and liberality of the reader, who, if an Irishman, will not require labored arguments to induce him to cover with a mantle of generosity, the efforts of a countryman to improve and to amuse him.

AUTHOR COMMENCES TRAVELLER.

In the month of November, 1810, I departed from my residence in the centre of the island, toward Sligo, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions for the publication of a work on christian doctrine and philosophy, (and which has since made its appearance in this country, under the title of, “Roll of a Tennis-ball through the Moral World,”) and proceeded that day to Athlone, a distance of seven miles only from my own habitation.—Here I obtained the good offices of the Protestant clergy and

a few other gentlemen, in the propagation of this work, (with which my travels commenced,) and soon after, in company with a respectable inhabitant of the town, at whose house I lodged, proceeded toward Longford, on foot, having sold my saddle horse, to pacify the feelings of my family, who were alarmed at the pecuniary consequences of my undertaking.

ATHLONE.—Is a good market and post town on the banks of the river Shannon, which there divide the Counties of Westmeath and Roscommon, and the provinces of Leinster and Connaught. It is situate about fifty-eight miles West of Dublin, and is rendered famous in Irish history, by its antiquity, and by the victory which General Ginckle, an English officer under William, obtained there over the Irish forces in 1691.—The bridge extolled for its strength and beauty, by the Post Chaise Companion, and by a Tourist, who in this instance, has probably copied from it, is a piece of ancient architecture, at once narrow and inconvenient, as also are the streets immediately adjoining, so much so, as greatly to endanger the safety of the passenger through their public fairs—these are attended by persons from several counties and provinces for the sale and purchase of cattle, for a good description of which, more particularly horses, it has, in common with Mullingar, the county town of Westmeath, obtained considerable celebrity; but for its eel-fishery, it stands pre-eminent in that part of Ireland.—Athlone is the grand pass from Dublin to Connaught, and on account of its central and commanding situation, has been strongly garrisoned by Government, and is perhaps one of the most important points of defence in the Island.—The barracks and bat-

teries of the town, together with the ornamental furniture of the armoury, a handsome light building, render this place an object worthy the attention of the stranger, who can reflect without pain on those warlike preparations, which the injustice and inhumanity of man have rendered necessary to his defence.

SCENERY.—The country between Athlone and Longford, does not exhibit any very striking variety of scenery. In your progress to the latter, you pass through the town or village of Ballymahon; which has little to invite description; but beyond this, toward Longford, you perceive the country enlivened by seats of respectable aspect—with the minor beaties or improvements of these seats, that of Castlecor excepted, I am, however, but little acquainted, having contemplated them merely as public objects, but in point of improved population, it was very obvious, that the country between Longford and Ballymahon, had much the advantage of that between the latter village and Athlone.—Castlecor, the seat of P. Johnson, Esq. within a mile of Ballymahon, I had some opportunity of inspecting with attention, having spent part of two days there. It stands on a piece of ground somewhat elevated above the general level of the country, and commands the view of an open and extensive landscape, enriched by a circle of surrounding villas.—The dwelling-house of Castlecor, erected by the late Dean Harman, (and which would have been a very proper and consistent production of Dean Swift,) may justly be considered as a model of eccentricity—one would suppose that the reverend founder of this hunting-lodge, had the four courts of Dublin, or some other public edifice, in his eye, when

he sketched the plan of his house.—It contains a large octagonal hall, supported in the centre by a handsome pillar, with a chimney, grates, and mirrors, and opens a communication with a suite of rooms which surround it on the ground floor.—The little river of Inny, after winding its fertilizing course through the valley, on the south west of this concern, drops into a beautiful and extensive lake, called Lough Ree, about three miles from Castlecor, and being comprehensible from hence, it gives the landscape in that direction a considerable air of beauty ; an advantage, which the state of this country, but little enlivened by lakes or extensive plantations, will teach the stranger to appreciate ; but the soil is good for tillage and feeding, and being stocked and cultivated by a number of respectable landholders, it will not be found barren of interest to the friend of human comfort and improvement.—The Protestant ministers of this neighbourhood, Messrs. Moffet and Maguire, behaved, on this public occasion, as became their profession.—In the open and hospitable face of the latter, I traced with pleasure the fac simile of those good humoured smiles which I had so often traced in the physiognomy of his brothers, while sporting with them on the plains of Ballitore, where we were educated, and which, with pleasure, I have since noticed, *they did not leave behind them at the threshold of the school-room.*

With regard to the favourable reception which I, in a fair proportion, have met with from my countrymen, I confess, considering the numerous complaints of wilful imposition practised on the public, in this way, it excited both my admiration and my gratitude. There is, I believe, patronage in this country, notwithstanding the

difficulties under which it labors, for any upright undertaking: and although I think it my duty to speak freely on the subject of its errors, I love my country notwithstanding these, and believe, if it was once properly educated, there would not be a more noble or respectable spot upon the globe.

LONGFORD LANDSCAPE—In my approach to the town of Longford I passed over Farnagh-hill, within an English mile of that spot of the valley in which the town is situate. The view from this hill, over the town, to the country north west of the valley, is exceedingly extensive. The mountains of Slieveneran,* about twenty-six miles distant, are in full prospect. At the west end of those mountains, you have a view of the Shannon, and nearly due west of Farnagh, over a bog ornamented by the little river of Camblin, which waters Longford, you have an open view of Sliebawn mountain, in the County of Roscommon. This landscape is bounded on the north, by a tract of high land, of which the hill of Cornclonhue, forms the most striking feature. A few miles beyond this hill, is situate the village or town-land of Ballinamuck, rendered famous in Irish history, by the victory which our army under the command of General Lake, there obtained, over those Frenchmen who had the temerity to invade our country in the year 1798.

* Those mountains are said to abound with strata of coal and iron. At the foot of one of these, on Colonel Tennison's estate, called Ballyfarnon, I heard, an iron manufactory had been opened, which promised much advantage to the country, but that through some species of mismanagement, it had unfortunately miscarried.

TOWN OF LONGFORD.—Longford is a pretty large and well built town, about twenty Irish miles N. of Athlone, and fifty-eight N.W. of Dublin. The batteries which are light and modern, improve the appearance of the place, and in the town there is a barrack capable of accommodating a considerable military force. Longford has a weekly market for the sale of linen-cloth and yarn, and the other productions of the country. Its trade, I am told, has declined of late, but the busy aspect of the shop-keepers, and the good houses which several of them occupy, shew that, however its commerce may have declined, enough remains to secure the opulence of a few, and the general comfort of the industrious inhabitants.

Nothing can shew in a stronger point of view, the advantage of the linen-trade to those parts of Ireland where it has been established, than the aspect of comfort which this town maintains, even in its declension. The main street is roomy, the houses tall, and the shops rather numerous; and yet Longford is a market only for the sweepings of the linen-trade.

From Longford I took coach to Castleforbes, the seat of the Earl of Granard, whose lady, by the introduction of a clergyman of fashion, received me with condescending politeness, subscribed handsomely to my book, and promised me her influence with the ladies of her acquaintance. Contrasting the easy and unassuming manners of this distinguished personage, with the low and insolent behaviour of several persons, whose birth and employments might entitle them to rank with the servants of her hall, I departed, and bent my course towards Rusky, a picturesque, but wretchedly accommo-

dated village, through which you pass in your progress to the county of Leitrim. The land in several parts of this country, and in the vicinity of Longford, appeared soft and spewy, but the rising grounds, I was informed, produce very good crops. Lodged a night at Coffey's, the only passable house of entertainment in that place, and about eleven o'clock the next day mounted the Sligo-coach, and proceeded on the road towards Drumsna, as far as M'Dermot's inn, sending forward my baggage to the post-office of that village, and proceeding on foot nearly two miles across the country, to the seat of Matthew Nesbitt, esq. of Derrycarn, in the county of Leitrim. This gentleman's seat stands on a rising ground three parts of which appear to be surrounded by the river Shannon. It commands a prospect over the river to some gentlemen's seats in the county of Roscommon, amongst which is the lodge of Lord Roscommon; and when the planting and other improvements which Mr. Nesbitt intends to execute, are accomplished, Derrycarn will be, certainly, one of the handsomest and most picturesque seats in that part of the country—but if the sloping sides of Derrycarn, court the ornamenting hand of the planter, and its summit the finishing touch of the architect; the happiness, the humanity, and the unaffected welcome, which the stranger finds within, amply compensate to him for those defects of art, for to Derrycarn nature hath been peculiarly bountiful.

Mr. Nesbitt happened to be from home when I arrived at his house; but his lady, in whose character the virtues of wisdom and benevolence are singularly conspicuous, received me *as a member of the primitive church would have done a stranger*. Rendered happy by the marks

of excellence which I saw, I accepted this lady's obliging invitation to wait for Mr. Nesbitt's return, who was expected every moment, and on his arrival, having read my letters of introduction, he politely united with his lady, in inviting me to spend the night at their house, assuring me I should have a well aired bed, an object of no little importance to a stranger. I felt thankful to God for this opening of his Providence, which afterwards proved useful to me in the neighbourhood, for through Mr. Nesbitt's introductory letters I obtained the patronage of many respectable families in that country. This gentleman is a zealous protestant magistrate, of considerable estate in the county of Leitrim—his lady, although of a different persuasion, possesses that liberal and generous mind which can tolerate the opinions of others without departing from her own; nor shall I soon forget the proofs of rational piety and good sense which her example exhibited. It is possible that I may have been more or less influenced in the opinion which I have formed of the generous family of Derrycarn, by the rare evidences of its hospitality which I myself experienced—for these I was indebted to the moral nature of my work, the respectable introductions which I carried with me, and perhaps to a few of those natural qualities, which Heaven, in its bounty, has promiscuously scattered among the evil and the good. And although I consider this family as one, among the many instruments, which Providence uses to promote its own designs, yet this does not lessen, but rather exalt the sentiments of gratitude which I feel for its services; and hence I hope the critic will pardon me, if I have not sketched its moral features with the marble pencil of a

stoic, but have communicated to them a drop or two of those sanguine colours which distil from a grateful heart.

From Derrycarn, mounted on a horse of Mr. Nesbitt's (for I had, as I have already mentioned, sold my own when commencing this enterprize) I rode to the house of a clergyman in that neighbourhood, but he not being at home, I returned to a farm house, where I had appointed Mr. Nesbitt's servant to meet me, and having copied a note, and delivered the boy his master's horse, I mounted the Canal-coach, and drove on to Drumsna. Here, with the assistance of the Rev. Parson Keane, a good natured little man, to whom Mr. Nesbitt had introduced me, I obtained six subscribers to the Tennis-ball; amongst these were two clergymen, Messrs. Simpson and Thompson. The former, a very gentlemanlike man, at whose house Mr. Keane and I spent part of a day, appears also endowed with a talent of good humour, extremely favourable to his character as a social companion. On reading the title of my book, he observed that, "instead of the Roll of a Tennis-ball, I should have called it *the rolling snow-ball*, which gathers as it goes." Afterwards, when reflecting upon this, I thought I saw farther into its utility, than Mr. Simpson intended—for after the snow-ball has stopped gathering, and is complete; it melts away; and the same may be truly said of my Tennis-ball, the subscriptions which were produced for its publication, with about one hundred pounds sterling of my own proper money, having been completely melted down in the propagation and publication of that work.

On hearing that I had been bred to the linen business,

Simpson observed, that, although I had got out of the *linen*, I had got into the *sheets*; a repartee at once innocent and elegant. In this county I visited a rich poor man, who pleaded that, the claims of the poor in those necessitous times, were more imperious than those of literature; but before I left the neighbourhood, whether true or false, was told, that this gentleman would not suffer a poor person to approach his door.

After having lodged a night in a very cold and uncomfortable room at a house of entertainment in Drumsna, I proceeded next day on the Sligo-coach to Carrick, much out of order. The kindness of Doctor Moffett and his family contributed to restore me. Mrs. Moffett who had known something of me from my boyish days, provided me with a comfortable apartment in her own house, and, by their joint attentions, softened down the temporary affliction under which I had laboured. There is a communication between Carrick-on-Shannon and the metropolis, by water—a few boats which ply between them, convey the produce of the country to the latter, and bring home merchandize, &c.; but it is a place of little trade, and few or no remarkable buildings that we know of. The prospect from the bridge along the river afforded me delight; but the most gratifying spectacle I met with at Carrick, was the apparent unanimity of a few religious people, whose orderly attention to their duties, was calculated to administer edification to the thoughtful mind.

From Carrick I proceeded to Boyle, a good market town about seven miles west of the former—it is built upon the river Boyle, and upon the left hand side of the bridge, as you enter, the first object that strikes

your attention, is a small statue of William III. There is a barrack in Boyle, capable of accommodating a tolerable number of men, but no other public building of note that I saw. As to the parish church, if any thing renders it remarkable, I think it is the hill upon which it stands; this, the nervous or asthmatic man, who has once ascended from the bridge to the church, will not soon forget; but, if within its walls, he finds the consolations of a resting place, he will not repent his toil. Nearly opposite to the barracks, I took notice of a neat little chapel, which the chisel of the artist gave me to understand, was built under the patronage of Edward, Earl of Kingston. This, on enquiry I found belonged to the successors of the venerable Wesley, and I accordingly paid it two or three visits during their time of service; but a few straggling inhabitants, and a handful of the army, were the only congregation I saw.

On the road from Carrick to Boyle, within about two miles of the latter, is the seat of Robert Viscount Lorton, a nobleman, whose amiable manners are well calculated to command respect and affection. The present seat of that nobleman, is situate in a valley on the right hand side, at a small distance from the public road, and on an eminence to the left, stands the parish church, a neat and handsome building. Through the grand gate there is an interesting prospect. A sweeping avenue winds its way through an extensive and verdant pasture or meadow, which is terminated by a lake or large sheet of water. Indeed the whole country on the right hand, from Lord Lorton's to Boyle, is completely calculated to relieve the feelings of a weary stranger, who, like

Goldsmith, with a taste for the sublime, is sometimes compelled by the scanty state of his finances, to make his journies on foot. The fields on that side are, for the most part, pasturage or meadow, rising here and there into eminences, and again sinking into vales; these are terminated by the lake or river, in which little planted islands are beautifully interspersed, and the grandeur of the prospect is completed by a chain of mountains, which run parallel with the river, and by their sable hue, serve as a foil to the beauties of the country. If nature, in the direction we have mentioned, does not appear to the traveller in those terrific forms, which produce sensations bordering upon horror, she has, nevertheless, well repaid him, in that mixture of the sublime and beautiful, which commands admiration and delight.

After lodging a few nights in Boyle, I set out for Sligo on foot, and walked about ten miles to the half-way house. Here I received some refreshment for my body, which was fatigued, and for my mind, in the conversation of a pious old woman, who was mistress of the house. A little after night-fall the Canal-coach arriving, I stepped into it, and got safe to Sligo about eight o'clock.

In my progress to Derrycarn, I received an invitation from one of my fellow travellers on the coach, who lives at Granard, to call and pay him a visit when I went to that neighbourhood, obligingly promising to introduce me to Lady Ash, of whose patronage he was confident. This pious woman with an income of less than two hundred pounds a year, having resigned the residue of her property to her family, does

much good in her neighbourhood ; and those objects which her limited income cannot reach, she relieves by the labor of her hands. The day after my arrival in Sligo, I took up my abode at the York hotel ; and the next morning walked out to Clover-hill, the seat of the late Rev. and lamented Roger Chambers,* having an introductory letter to present him from Mrs. Adamson, niece to the late Bishop of Raphoe. Mr. Chambers being then confined to his last bed, but one, was nevertheless not altogether despaired of. My testimonials, and his friend's letter were presented to him ; and he was capable of either reading them himself, or hearing them read by Mrs. Chambers. The latter soon after appeared in the breakfast room, returned Mr. Chambers as a subscriber, and further presented me with a letter of introduction to the curate of ——— whose manner, however, was not calculated to promote my business, nor yet to command my esteem ; for the notion which this *curate* seemed to entertain of his own *mighty dignity*, diminished him very much in my view ; but if no other end was answered by the visit I paid him, than that of the plain dealing it produced ; I do not repent it.

In this neighbourhood, art and nature have united to embellish a very fine and extensive demesne—stupendous rocks and mountains—wood and water—architecture and statuary—all conspire to perfect the magnificent spectacle—but alas ! numerous examples prove,

* The virtues of this gentleman's character, I have heard echoed from various quarters—no wonder then, that his parishioners should feel their loss. He died in about a week after this visit.

that these may be in possession of the most contracted and useless of beings !——

Sligo is a large sea-port town, about two English miles in circumference—the houses are in general old and ordinary—there is a trade carried on between this town and America, principally, I believe, in the articles of timber, flax-seed and linen-cloth. I have been told that it abounds with bankruptcies,* &c. and, that although it can boast of some public spirited men, yet its general character is not such as would justify us in holding it up to public imitation——Are its literary and commercial features as beautiful as those of Belfast, another sea-port town in our island? Or rather, are they not as much inferior to the latter, as its streets, its shipping, and the structure of its buildings? The country around Sligo is not included in this portrait of the town—for that is beautiful—but with regard to the latter, however, on the score of antiquity, it may boast of its superiority to Belfast, which by the bye, if it has grown old in iniquity, and that its principles like its edifices, have only age to recommend them, is no great source of glory ; yet on every other point of comparison, I presume Sligo falls as much beneath Belfast, as that poor little black village in the county of Roscommon, called Strokes-town, sinks beneath Sligo on the score of magnitude and natural advantages——It may be thought I have drawn a rash portrait of a place, with which I am but partially acquainted ; but

* When this remark was written in the year 1810, bankruptcies were not so much the system of trade in Ireland, as they are at present—a system which appears descending fast to ex-cutorships and all places of trust.

so far as concerns the superiority of Belfast, on the score of its internal and external commerce, the cleanliness of its streets, the just proportion of its buildings, and whatever else is necessary to give splendor to a commercial town, I refer to the decision of any person, who having once visited the towns in question, has examined their shipping, enquired into the state of their trade, and while passing through their streets, has kept his eyes open, and looked at the shops, houses, and public buildings.

As to the literary and moral character of Belfast and Sligo respectively; let these be determined by the public at large. The institution lately founded in Belfast, for the encouragement of arts, sciences and languages, proves, what was well known prior to that establishment—its illumination and love of letters. As to its moral character, I rather take that from the general voice, than my own private feelings. In individual cases, and on some subjects of principle, men of much greater knowledge than we pretend to, may err—but on the great subjects of literature, commerce, and public honor, we must bow before the verdict of the learned—whether America and England—whether Ulster and Connaught, in this kingdom—or only the old town of Sligo, and Belfast, the modern Salentum of the north, be the subjects of discussion. But I have already remarked, that even Sligo can boast of its public spirited men—I have heard so, and believe it. Mr. Devenish, a magistrate in the county of Roscommon, mentioned one to me, whose name I shall recite with pleasure, Mr. Everard—if we knew the names of all the righteous men in that place, and that a publication

of them was compatible with the limits of this work, we should feel equal pleasure in separating from the motley mass, the residue of that excellence, which tends to preserve and to illuminate the darkness and corruption which surrounds it.

The situation of Sligo appears to me unfavourable, for the valetudinarian—I grew worse and worse in my health every day I continued in it; until at last I became so extremely ill, that I was glad to decamp with my life, and leave the religious and moral interests of Sligo as I found them.

On returning from Clover-hill to Sligo, I called at the house of Mr. Holmes, of Oakfield, who subscribed to this volume, and with whom and his lady, a plain sensible woman, I had some satisfactory conversation.

Sligo abounds with fish; and at a little distance from the town, it looks pretty enough, the prospect being enlivened by the surrounding villas.

I left Sligo about four o'clock on Sunday morning, December 16th, 1810, and when the day dawned, I felt peculiar pleasure in having left this place behind me—The night previous to my departure, a change took place in my habit of body, which laid the foundation of my recovery—the chearful motion of the coach, which carried me from the scene of affliction, to a spot where I looked for safety and comfort; the mild morning air, which I began to inhale, and health's returning tide, flowing gently back into my veins; all conspired to make my heart beat with hope, and I arrived in Boyle the same morning, in tolerable health and spirits—Here I rested for the day at the house of a young man in trade, with whom I had contracted an acquaintance on my travels.

Next morning I left Boyle on foot, and midway between that and Lord Lorton's, with a green bank for my table, made my observations on the country before me, and penned them down as we have already recited them, in our description of Boyle and its neighbourhood—Arrived the same day at Carrick, and lodged again at the house of Dr. Moffet, where I was kindly received—Left Carrick next day on the coach for Longford and went as far as M'Dermott's, from whence with my veliese under my arm, I crossed the country again to my indulgent friends at Derrycarn—here, as before, I was received with obliging civility by the whole family, and here Providence again provided me with help—A gentleman who was there on a visit, knowing the country, agreed to introduce me to several respectable families of his acquaintance, which in a tour of three days we completely fulfilled, and by this means I obtained a considerable accession of subscribers to my book.

In our progress we passed through Mohill, a filthy little village, in which the foot passenger is nearly ankle deep in dirt. The scenery around this spot forms an exception to the general aspect of the country, having a bleak and undiversified appearance; but what the neighbourhood wants in improvement, is made up in the liberal and generous character of several of its inhabitants, of whose civilities I feel a grateful recollection.

A chain of mountains which pass through the N. or N.E. of this county, and extend from thence through part of the counties of Cavan, Fermanagh, and Donegall, towards the city of Londonderry, a distance of about eighty miles, are deserving of attention. From the top of one of those mountains in the county of Leitrim, called Benbrack, and that by no means the

highest of the chain, you can command a prospect into the counties of Cavan, Fermanagh, Longford, Roscommon, Sligo and Westmeath, and in the same way, without any assistance from a telescope, you can see, on a clear day, the town of Elphin, a distance of about sixteen miles, and the smoke ascending from the town of Longford, about twenty-four.

Lough Erne, famous in the geography of Ireland, being thirty miles in length and ornamented with three hundred and sixty-six islands, is also visible from this spot, being within eight miles of its summit. There are two bleach-yards in the neighbourhood of which I write, viz. Millford, the property of Mr. Alexander Norris, and Bushhill, the property of a Mr. Shanley, the former of whom, a sensible and agreeable man, gave me any information I required on the subject of the linen trade in those parts. The linens which they bleach, are generally of a light fabrick, and manufactured of unpurged yarn, such as the Longford's and Killasandra's; but the former, although, perhaps, the worst class of linens in the kingdom, as Mr. Norris justly observed, are, nevertheless, composed of as good yarn as any of the same pitch in the Island.

The counties of Leitrim and Sligo, so far as I have seen them, generally abound with water—Lakes, rivers and pools, every where salute the eye of the traveller, and the inhabitant is not under the necessity (as is the case in some parts of the county of Roscommon) of driving his cattle from one to four miles across the country for water. The Leitrim peasantry appears, to me, to have a certain amiable simplicity of character; but being destitute of those religious, commercial, and

literary advantages, which have descended, more or less, to the lower classes of their northern brethren; you do not see among them that appearance of decency, in their persons, cottages and gardens, which so frequently present themselves to your view in the province of Ulster, and strike the traveller through it with delight-- But although in this important respect, and in respect to the advantages of trade and instruction, the Leitrim peasant may not stand upon a footing with his brother, the Irish northern; he has, nevertheless, considered merely in a natural point of view, the advantage of him as to his country. The northern, although presented with many hills, a few beautiful lakes, and here and there with a pool of water for his cattle, has not, for the most part, (if I may judge by the specimens I have seen) his imagination exalted by the same beauty and grandeur of lake and mountain, as those which present themselves to the eye of the Leitrim peasant, and which may have conspired with other causes to soften and simplify his character.

I have sometimes, when travelling in the County of Leitrim, had no idea of the entertainment which nature had in reserve for me, two minutes before I enjoyed it. I particularly recollect the agreeable sensation which I felt, when having attained the summit of Castlefore hill,* I was presented at one view, with the village of Castle-Cargan below me in the valley; with a range of hills on my right and another on my left hand, about one mile distant from each other, and in the centre between, with a beautiful wide spreading lake, whose sur-

* The proper position for taking a drawing of this landscape.

face was the sure support of the crane and the bald-cool*
——Shortly after I had passed this scene, Captain Nisbet, who was with me, having given me no previous information of either, I was surprised and astonished, upon wheeling to the left toward Drumsna, to see before me, about two hundred perches from the road, a hill or mountain, apparently perpendicular, and covered with brush-wood or fern. This natural curiosity, which goes by the name of Shemore, was to me, the most elegant and interesting object of that kind, which I had then seen. My powers of description are, perhaps, inadequate to the task of representing it to the reader with effect, and indeed I feel equally incapable of communicating to him my feelings, upon seeing this and several other specimens of the wild scenery of Leitrim, of which I would fain attempt to give him the outline—It was at the junction, I think, of three roads, that I had this view—the evening was fine—the roads in its vicinity smooth, and the country open. The previous and unlooked-for prospect from Castlefore hill, had occupied my thoughts; nor had I the least idea of being surprised by a second, when this object and the landscape around it, appeared before me, in all the charms of novelty and grandeur. The reader by this time will form some idea of my sensations, while gazing on the landscape, of which Shemore is the grand master-piece: it filled me beyond expression with romantic feeling, and when afterwards reflecting upon this scene (which includes a little white cottage at the foot of the hill, and in view of its door, a

* See a description of the admirable wisdom displayed in the formation of this creature's nest, in the Author's first Vol. page 459.

pool of clear water in the mountain shadowed valley beneath.) What an admirable situation would this have been, thought I, for one of the hermits of the fourth century : furnished with such incitements to devotion, how happy would he have felt himself—His mind might be supposed to derive from the contemplation of the great Creator, in these his works, a stamp of majesty : while his mein, not only from the life to which he had dedicated himself, but from the romantic scenery perpetually before him, would become increasingly venerable—Yes, said I, this would be just the spot for the hermit, and his venerable and romantic figure standing at the door of his cottage, in the shade below, or rambling in pursuit of herbs on the top of Shemore, would furnish to the curious traveller no inconsiderable source of interest as he passed. How often have I lamented, while traversing this country, my want of a perfect acquaintance with landscape painting ; an art, which would have enabled me to transmit to foreigners with success, some faint resemblance of its living beauties.

Having accomplished the visits on my route, (two only excepted, which the near approach of Christmas prevented) I again returned to Derrycarn, and the succeeding day departed for my own abode, from which I had been absent about five weeks, and obtained between eighty and ninety subscribers ; and these, together with a few which I had procured at home, made one hundred in the whole, who had paid in their subscriptions toward the publication of my first volume.

From Derrycarn I proceeded toward Longford, where I arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon, and lodged that night at the house of a respectable merchant—Early

next morning I endeavoured to obtain a horse for hire, but could get none; so I joined with a sick officer, who was at the inn, in a carriage to Athlone, from whence proceeding on the mail coach to Moate, I flew into the embraces of my family, about five o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas-eve, 1810.—I omitted to mention in its place, that, at Messrs. M'Cutchan's, of Longford, (two brother's united in business) I saw a religious old man much indisposed, who had acted as a teacher in the family, during their minority, and now appears to be revered by these young men (whose parents are dead) as a second father. This mark of respect to their old tutor I thought very amiable, and worthy of being recorded for the imitation of youth.

CHAP. II.

Author starts from the centre of the Island, and again proceeds through Longford to Derrycarn—He returns to that Town, and passing through Edgeworthstown and Granard, proceeds to the County of Cavan—Particulars of his Interview with the Prophet of Longford, with Colonel Patterson, the celebrated Dr. H——, and others—Observations on the Country through which he passed, with the most remarkable incidents of his journey.

MONDAY morning, December 31st, 1810, after resting with my family about a week, I departed from home; intending to pursue my route; principally on foot, through the following places and their respective neighbourhoods, viz.—Derrycarn, Edgeworth's-town, Granard, Strokestown and Roscommon—the two last, however, I did not visit at that time, being unexpectedly

led, forward to the county of Cavan, by the advice of friends, and by the success with which my labors in that direction were crowned. Having brought a peasant with me to carry my veliese, I arrived the first day of my tour at the house of Mr. Philip M'Cutchan, a gentleman farmer in the county of Longford, to whom I had been introduced by Mr. Hilyard, the first companion of my travels—Here I rested for the night, and next morning early departed for the town of Longford, and proceeding through Newtownforbes, on foot, arrived at Derrycarn, in the county of Leitrim, the same day, a distance of about twenty Irish miles from Mr. M'Cutchan's—Until that day I had never felt, in my own person, the hardships which our troops were suffering on the continent—twice or thrice I lay down on the margin of the road with fatigue; but this is a small portion of the hardships which I have had to endure in rolling that book stiled "*The Tennis-ball,*" through this *disjointed district of the moral world.* In my last visit to Derrycarn, I lodged two nights there, and obtained two additional subscribers—This, for aught I know, may be my final visit to the place, but whether I shall ever have the pleasure of meeting this family in mutability, or not, the recollection of its services will be coeval with my memory and moral principle—From Derrycarn I proceeded through Longford to Goshen, and from thence to Edgeworth's-town, where I obtained the name of Mr. Edgeworth to my first publication. On the road I called upon Mr. Wilson, a presbyterian minister: this young man received me in that easy and familiar way, which marks the man of good breeding, while his conduct in

other respects was such as became the christian minister or friend of mankind.

Edgeworth's-town, is a little insignificant village, on the road from Longford to Granard and Mullingar. I recant the word insignificant, on account of the Edgeworth family who reside there; but this, and a handsome Roman catholic chapel (which I heard was built under the inspection of Mr. Edgeworth) excepted, I saw nothing in the place to deserve attention. Here I lodged one night, and while endeavouring to obtain repose on a little pallet at the village inn, had ample opportunity of reflecting on the danger of those easy and luxuriquous habits, which effeminate the character; and on the difficulties which many poor publicans and traders labor under, while struggling to support and educate their families, and pay the taxes which the laws impose.

From Edgeworthstown, I proceeded on foot to Granard—on the road I was overtaken by a boy, with a horse and car, and discovering, in conversation, that the lad was a servant of Mr. M——'s, who had invited me to his house, I drew a slip of paper out of my pocket, and writing in legible characters, "*Take care of the Tennis-ball,*" affixed it to my veliese, which I sent forward to Granard, having occasion to visit two or three gentlemen's seats in my progress. I found Mr. M—— as good as his word: he introduced me to Lady Ash, who approving of my writings, subscribed to them, and entered warmly into their interests. Here, and in the neighbourhood, I obtained many subscribers, and received much civility from Mr. and Mrs. M——, the latter of whom, to promote my views, had the complaisance to invite a party to

her house. Before I left that country, I had an opportunity of paying a visit to a gentleman of extraordinary character, stiled the prophet, but whom, by way of distinction, we shall denominate the prophet of Longford; finding, however, in conversation with me, that I neither set up for a prophet, nor a prophet's son, and moreover was a rank unbeliever in the messiahship of Johanna Southcott; he flatly refused having any thing to do with the Tennis-ball. I labored to convince this poor man of what I conceived to be the errors of his judgment; but whether my arguments made any impression on his mind, was more than I could ascertain. He discarded largely on the miraculous powers of Johanna, whom, at considerable expence, he had travelled once or twice to London, to visit—talked in raptures of the voices and other wonders which she had heard—but as the edge of my enthusiasm, without the aid of infidelity, had for some years gradually worn off, and the sound faith and practice of the Gospel, had obtained a preference in my judgment to *uncertain visions*, I was not in a good point to be proselyted to the messiahship of Johanna. No doubt I sunk in the man's esteem, and in comparison of Johanna was a perfect pigmy in his view; but, however, if I could have proved instrumental to exalt the Gospel, and to sink in his estimation all foreign and empty sounds, I should not have repented that my own insignificance was a necessary effect of the good counsel which I took the liberty to impart. This gentleman remarked, that, when the Messiah appeared to the Jews, he was despised, rejected, and ultimately crucified by them, although they were in possession of those records which marked his

character, and the period of his appearance, &c.—that in the New Testament, his second appearance is as expressly maintained as his first, and that we who now reject it, fall into that crime of which the Jews were guilty; or to this effect. I observed, that if the Jews had made a good use of their law, they would not have imbrued their hands in the blood of Jesus, since it expressly commanded them not to kill; that, if we made a good use of our law, it would in like manner teach us to watch the spring of those passions, which lead to murder, intemperance, and injustice, and to pray for the sanctification of our natures—that, as this is the proper business of man, in all parts of the globe, it cannot depend upon objects foreign and unknown to him—that, no persuasion of the truth of prophecy—no adherence to a new character—no voice or vision of this lower world, can atone for its neglect, or secure man's happiness in a future and eternal state. Having expressed myself to this effect, I left the prophet to enjoy his glass, for his attachment to the London star, had by no means robbed him of his taste, for convivial enjoyment—he is, I hear, a social man, and has no objection, whatever, to a due share of the juice of the grape of his own country.*

After visiting the respectable inhabitants, in and about Granard, I returned to Firmount, the seat of Mr. Dobson, a gentleman farmer, with whom I stopped two nights; on account of the extreme severity of the weather. When this cleared up, I departed towards Cavan, on the

* This interview and conversation took place early in the year 1811.

back of a little manx, which Mr. Dobson obligingly procured me—Lodged the same night at the house of a person who has lately become *serious*, and spent the evening agreeably, in company with my friends of Granard, and a religious stranger. When I considered the advantages resulting from that decent mediocrity of station and fortune, in which this family appear to have been placed by Providence; exempt from the poverty of the poor, the embarrassments of trade, and the vain parade of the fashionable world; enjoying also a calm and peaceful retirement, and yet not secluded from society; I concluded, and I think with reason, that, persons of this class and character, laboring to be useful, and enjoying their mercies with a thankful heart, have, even in this life, by much the largest portion of happiness—it is to these in every society, and not to one only, that a poet, whose name I have forgotten, should have addressed the following lines:—

“ For you, methinks, both heaven and earth unite,
Your yoke is easy and your burden light——”

Next morning I proceeded from this rural retirement toward Finnea, a little straggling village on one of those roads which open a communication with Cavan—here I stopped at the inn, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, people of respectable connections in the country, and indeed their behaviour to me, during my residence at their house, corresponded with this—Having letters of recommendation to two or three gentlemen in the neighborhood, one of whom was then in the village, it being their fair-day, my landlord had the good nature to leave his business and walk with me through the fair in pursuit of him—this was a Mr. Laby, an officer of yeomanry

we found him, and he answered the expectations which were given me—By his introductory letters I obtained several subscribers thereabouts, but one, with which he furnished me, to Dr. Murray, of Cavan, was most useful of all.

Between Finnea and Cavan, the only spot worth noticing in the direction I travelled, is the lake near Counsellor Cottingham's—This beautiful lake, with the lodges and improvements which surround it, constituted the most gratifying spectacle I had seen since my departure from the county of Leitrim. Having a letter of introduction to a clergyman in that neighbourhood, I lodged and spent one sabbath at his house, and before my departure obtained a few subscribers to my book of theology. On Monday, as I journied toward Cavan, perceiving before me a decent looking cottage to the right, I rode up and enquired of the owner, a mild and well looking man, whether he would incline to subscribe to a useful book ; he readily answered in the affirmative—here was the reply of a poor man, to whom the good Providence of God had just made it possible to live above want. I did not, however, exact the last farthing of my conditions from this respectable member of society ; and should have been glad, if my circumstances had afforded it, to have given him a better testimony of my good will than that trifling pecuniary sacrifice ; but perhaps the pleasure which we felt was mutual, and in that case he had a more feeling testimony, than any external gift which I could have offered him, would have afforded. I cannot easily convey to the reader, the interest which I felt in this man's cottage—his thirst of information attracted my notice—the offer of his homely board

impressed me with a sense of the goodness of his heart, and although I had no occasion to profit by this goodness, I did not feel its force the less—The innocent aspect of the mother of his children, who sat opposite to her husband at the table, while their little ones were dispersed upon the floor around—the marks of industry which were here and there visible in the house, and in the linen department, to the mercantile part of which I myself had been brought up; and the observation of which, reviving the images of early days, on the confines of that province where hope tinged my morning with a golden ray; altogether introduced such a train of interesting reflections, and so disposed my heart to sympathy, as greatly to magnify, in my view, the virtue which I had just witnessed. In a word, I felt myself entering into the concerns of this family as if I had been one of its sons—I asked them about their trade, the productions of their little farm, and the means which they had of educating their children; but in the softened disposition of my feelings, I did not forget the most interesting of all subjects, that of Religion—I found they were Protestants of a mild and unbigotted character, and in the fulness of our hearts we spoke of His goodness who is the GOD of our fathers, and of the worship which is due to him for his innumerable benefits—We talked of training up our children in the way they should go; and having mutually informed and edified each other, we parted with sensations of that kind which give enjoyment to life, and to which the great in their intercourses are too often strangers.

From the cottage of my last subscriber, I proceeded through a bleak and barren country, about seven miles, to Cavan—not one gentleman's seat, grove, lake, or im-

provement of any kind, enlivened the scene. Soon after my arrival in Cavan, I presented my letter of recommendation to Doctor Murray, a young man in the medical department, deservedly rising into eminence—this gentleman not only subscribed to my book, but conferred freely with me about the best mode of obtaining support for it in his neighbourhood; and to him, under Providence, I was indebted for being put into a course of obtaining this support.

Cavan, in the north of Ireland, is a pretty large and well built town, situate in a valley, near the centre of the county, and on the west, toward Kilmore, the country is considerably improved—In that direction, from a rising ground, the property of Counsellor Cottingham, you have the most interesting prospect in the neighbourhood—the town appears in full view beneath you, while the country toward the west and a beautiful lake in the valley, begin to afford you relief from the painful sensations which you had to endure, in traversing the dry and lifeless prospect from Killineleck—Even the cabins in this direction are the natural colour of the mud, and of these you will perceive whole villages from you in the fields—but nothing white, above the ground, nor green—no natural, no artificial improvements, relieve the eye of the peasant in his toil, or impart to the heart of the traveller as he passes, a transitory gleam of pleasure!—Could not the landlords of these people plant and improve this wretchedly barren region, or even give their poor tenants a trifling premium to plaister and whitewash their houses, if from no higher motive than the credit and respectability of their own estates?

Notwithstanding the unimproved appearance and appa-

rent thinness of the population from Killineleck to Cavan, there is nevertheless a good deal of business transacted in that town. One shopkeeper, I was informed, sells £200 worth of merchandize weekly, and the country, as we have already noticed, assumes a new aspect as you go the road by Kilmore to Killasandra—In this direction, the seats and improvements of Lord Farnham, the Bishop of Kilmore, the Dean of Kilmore, and sundry other gentlemen, begin to give you a notion of the wealth and improvements which characterize Ulster; but which you would wholly discredit, if the country from Killineleck to Cavan was exhibited to you as the only sample.

From Cavan I proceeded to Killasandra, a neat little village which stands upon a gently rising ground—The prospect from the north west end of the town, is much improved by a lake, which spreads itself through the neighbouring valley, and reflects the glory of its crystal wave upon the town and scenery around—Several gentlemen's seats to the left of the lake, as you pass from the town toward Ballyconnell, beautify the scene, and the Presbyterian meeting-house on its margin, to the right, is an object that will at least impart comfort to the heart of a Protestant, who reflects that, Presbyterianism was one step toward reformation, and conspired, with other causes, to obtain for us that civil and religious liberty which is now conferred upon us by the British constitution. Mr. Denham, the dissenting minister, and his family, with whom I got acquainted during my residence at Killasandra, behaved with kindness—I, one day, attended the service of his church, which is composed of about one hundred and thirty families in the neighbourhood of that town, but I believe not more

than one-third of the members were then collected ; but independent of the known declension of the Presbyterians from their original zeal, it must be acknowledged, that a constitution little less vigorous than that of the ancient Romans, could have endured the freezing energy of his church, on Sunday, the 27th of January, 1811.

In Mr. Denham's family I should have been extremely happy on that day, had I not suffered so deeply in the place of worship, as to be almost incapable of deriving a gleam of enjoyment from the circumstances, otherwise congenial to my feelings, in which I was placed—There is, I understand, a very good weekly market held in Killasandra—I left that town on Wednesday, which is their market-day, and proceeded toward Ballyconnell, a village in the same county—On the road I met two or three companies of linen buyers, on their way to Killasandra market, a sight which greatly gratified me—The country about Killasandra is rather thickly inhabited—In this neighbourhood is the seat of a gentleman, son of the late Lord S——, a man remarkable for his civility to strangers ;—to him I had a letter of recommendation, in consequence of which, I obtained his name and subscription for a copy of my work ; but happening in the course of conversation to stumble upon politics, I was under the necessity of disagreeing in sentiment with the honorable Mr. ——, and to this circumstance, notwithstanding his natural urbanity, I was ready to attribute his declining farther to step forward in the promotion of my views—If this gentleman supposed my principles were erroneous, and on that account declined introducing me to his friends, he was right : and I was right in declining to purchase the interest of a king, at the expence of a single truth in

which I believed——The seat of Colonel Southwell, in this neighborhood, is commodious and extensive, but did my fortune allow me to make a purchase, and that his concern and that of Mr. Lenouze, above the lake, were both to be disposed of, I would give a decided preference to the latter, although much smaller, and for these reasons: Mr. Lenouze's house, although not bleak and unimproved, stands higher, and of course commands a better prospect; the building is lighter and more modern; the communication is open to the front, which smiles upon the landscape beneath it, and the lake of Killasandra approaches near the confines of his demesne.

In the progress of this journey I visited a divine, whose talents and deep erudition have justly placed him in the first rank of literary character; but the inflexible bias of whose mind to the most rigid high church principles, has given to that character, an aspect of severity unsuitable to modern times——This gentleman, notwithstanding the superiority of his learning and fortune, received me civilly, and from the idea which I had formed of the severity of his character, more humanely than I was prepared to expect—I had, however, a tolerably close examination to undergo, as to my sect or party, and also, as to my civil profession and circumstances——Having satisfied him so far as to touch the outline of my history in these respects, and in answer to a remark which he made upon the quaint title of my book, repeated to him a little poem, which I have since prefixed to that work, as a motto, I was honored with his name and subscription, and with his parting good wishes when our conversation closed——Before this, while touching upon

some of the systems of public worship which I have been in the habit of attending (although not united in strict fellowship with any sect) I remarked, agreeably to my experience, that many parts of the Church service having proved profitable to me, I frequently attended it—this meeting the doctor's views so far, he embraced the opportunity of recommending me to attach myself to the church; but supposing that he intended this exclusively, and apprehending that his counsel would go to curtail my liberty, which I guard with jealous attention, I could not promise obedience—My reasons for this declension, I thought it unnecessary to communicate, as he would discover them soon enough in my volume; but resting satisfied that this learned gentleman would not contract my sentiments to his rule, and having no idea of proselyting him to my opinions, I bid him farewell, after thanking him for the tokens of his civility; and the next day, in conformity to my creed of religious liberty, attended the service of the Presbyterian church, which on the score of faith and morals, is, I think, pretty much on a level with our present establishment.

Ballyconnell, is a little village in the county of Cavan, about seven miles west of Killasandra—here I obtained a few subscribers, and some marks of civility from Mr. Whitelaw, the curate, who is married to a daughter of the late valuable Mrs. Angel Anna Slack, of the county of Leitrim, whose character and the remarkable termination of whose life, have often been the subject of conversation in select parties—The snow fell in such quantities just after my arrival, that for two days and nights, I was completely weather-bound. Walking in the street of that village, a little after my arrival, I waded through

snow about three feet deep, and when the weather cleared up, and that I set off for Belturbet, the little manx I rode was several times near being buried in the drifts I passed—twice or thrice I had to obtain help to loose the saddle and restore him to his legs, and on the road side, in conversation with a gentleman who stood upon the bank of a ditch, for he would not venture to go farther, I plunged into the gripe filled with snow, and stood there, until he had read part of the prospectus of my first volume. Mr. Erskine, for that was the gentleman's name, endeavoured to dissuade me from taking so cold a position, but upon assuring him, that my zeal for the promotion of that work could not be quenched by a heap of snow (I should have added unless I was drowned in it) he observed, that without seeing my prospectus, he had already conceived a favorable impression of my design—On my way from Ballyconnell to Belturbet, I obtained several subscribers. That little village is, in some sort, rendered respectable, by a weekly market, and by two bleach-yards in its vicinity—At one of these I was greatly pleased to observe a lady laboring with her own hands at a thread mill in her brother's parlour, an employment at once useful and elegant—In this neighborhood I was hospitably entertained by a Mr. Clemenger, one of my subscribers; at his house I rested on the night of my departure from Ballyconnell, and on the day following, after wading over hills and vallies enveloped in snow, arrived safely in Belturbet, on Saturday, February 2, 1811. Here I was visited by a religious man, a *methodist*, to whom I had previously delivered a letter from one of his friends—I communicated to him the pleasure it would afford me to enjoy the

conversation of a few serious persons on the afternoon of that day, being the sabbath; he gave me to understand that, he would consult a few friends on the subject of my wishes and let me know the result, and after some very proper observations, on his part, about the duty of keeping the sabbath-day holy, of which he was so sensible as to hold it unlawful to speak his own words on that day, he departed, and left me thenceforth to observe his injunctions with such society as the tavern afforded, for he called on me no more! This, however, is no solitary instance of *canting morality* in what is *called* the religious world, and therefore it might be made a matter of dispute whether the note of admiration which we have made upon it, is proper.

My principles and my habits of life, incline me to make the best use I can of the sabbath-day, in order to my own improvement; and for this I require neither the lash of law, nor the spur of *ignorance*; and as man is a social creature, and should be a candidate for a better state, I would gladly, when absent from my family, purchase on that day, if it was to be had for money, the converse of those who know how to appreciate the benefits of this salutary institution—In some places I have had this gratification;—my lot has been cast in others, where the religious improvement of the sabbath was not attended to, and in several others, where the ritual of religion is strictly observed, no recommendation of a stranger could procure him the benefit of social converse with the members of a tabernacle, unless he had previously pitched his tent within it, and spoke the shibboleth of the sect—Alas! we have innumerable proofs (and which of us have been always exempt from this charge)

that men may be very strict in the externals of religion, and echo with grammatical exactness the dialect of their party, and yet be sadly destitute of that benevolence or love, which is the only acceptable spring of moral duty.

In this neighborhood, I met with a military officer who had seen much service abroad, and been no idle spectator of the great things which are acting on the theatre of this busy world—Time, and the various climates through which he passed, had left their visible impression upon his countenance, but his mind seemed to have derived enlargement from the observation of that parental wing of universal providence which hovers over men and nations—In the conversation of this gentleman and his wife, a very amiable Englishwoman, I forgot my cares. Alas! what a misfortune it is to mankind, that they should be, for the greater part, destitute of benevolence, since at so small a price as that of a little kindness, it is frequently in their power to mitigate the inevitable ills of life.

An incident of this officer's life, related to me in the course of our evening's conversation, appearing calculated to convey instruction to those who are in dangerous or difficult circumstances, and indeed to all, I shall here, without apology, give the reader its outline—He had been on board a vessel, in which also there were men of different languages and religious creeds; and in a sea dangerous to navigate, a violent storm arose, which, in despite of the skill and utmost exertions of the mariners, drove them on the verge of an immense rock, on the coast of Spain—the crew looked for inevitable destruction, and every man called upon his God! In the officers case, he said, he never before experienced such an

energy in the exercise of prayer, as that which inspired him on this occasion. During this effectual fervent prayer, which was offered up without fear in presence of the crew, the wind veered about, and bore them off the rock toward a safe landing place, and they all escaped with life—So sensible were the crew of this deliverance, which particularly impressed the officer who related it, that, the Christians and Mahomedans who were on board, ascribed it with one voice, to the mercy of that Supreme Being, whose commanding word the winds and the seas obey. Happy are they, and happy only, who have him for their friend in all places—In various periods of my life, had I been one of the ship's company, I should have lifted up my voice aloud, and in the appropriate lines of the pious and venerable Addison, have sung

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
 Obedient to thy will,
 The sea that roared at thy command
 At thy command was still;
 Thro' every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew——

I omitted mentioning in its place, that, on my way from Cavan to Killasandra, I lodged one night at the house of Mr. Magrath, a magistrate for that county, to whom I had been introduced by Dr. Murray—This gentleman obliged me with letters of introduction to several persons of distinction in his neighbourhood, whose patronage I accordingly obtained—Mr. Magrath's exertions for the education of the poor, entitle him to

much credit—Prior to Joseph Lancaster's visitation of this country, he went to London for the purpose of inspecting the plan of his schools, and on his return home, established two or three seminaries of this kind on his own lands, which I understand have been of great utility in that neighborhood.

February 5th, 1811, I left Belturbet, and rode, through heavy rains, and over hills, made slippery by the melting snow, back to Cavan. In this direction the traveller passes by Anna, the seat of Mr. Baker, which stands on a pleasing elevation to the left, and is beautified by a lake of that name which surrounds the south west margin of the lawn, a chain of hills on the distant bank, and a cemetery, or receptacle of the dead, which from a sequestered spot at the foot of the lawn, sheds a venerable influence on the surrounding objects—Were clumps of planting judiciously distributed on the hills which I have just noticed, it would add much to the beauty of this little landscape, which is rendered more interesting and impressive to the traveller, by the circumstance of its being the only object deserving of attention, on the public road between Belturbet and Cavan.

Belturbet, is a market and post town, but does not appear, to me, to have any thing in its trade, buildings, or situation, worthy the attention of the traveller. On my arrival in Cavan, my clothes and even my boots were wringing wet, but after throwing off my outside garments, I drew near the fire at my inn, in good health and spirits, and sung a chearful hymn—On this my second visit to Cavan, I obtained an increase of subscribers to my book, amongst whom was Mrs. Patterson, the lady of Colonel Patterson, of the 21st foot—What

amiable characters are these, and how particularly striking did they appear in the army. The meek and condescending demeanour of Colonel Patterson, so suitable to the character of a son of peace, arrested with admiration the attention of a man who moralizes upon every thing, and who wondered to find, in a soil so unsuited to its nature, the amiable and conciliating virtues of a Penn and Benezet—This gentleman was not above introducing me to the officers of his regiment on public parade; and is it matter of surprise that a stranger should be forcibly struck with the virtues of such a character, when he compared it with the empty and laughable parade of many men, who by farming, jobbing, and shop-keeping, have scraped together a little of this world's wealth!—Here also I waited upon Mr. Maguire, a magistrate, and the agent of Lord Farnham; but how surprised was I, when, upon examining his countenance with attention, I recognized the features of an old school-fellow. Mr. Maguire being neither a coxcomb nor a stoic, I found myself in the situation of Goldsmith's spendthrift, who

“no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd.”

There was, to be sure, this difference in our situations—Goldsmith's poor fellow had spent his all, and I had a little left to work upon; but Mr. Maguire regarding one point only, viz. that an old school-fellow wanted his assistance, subscribed at once to my volume, invited me to dine the next day, and wrote to his brother in Dublin, on my behalf, who subscribed for four books. Here I met with a clergyman, the cousin-german and namesake of an old acquaintance in the north, to whom I had ad-

dressed myself, in vain, when I first came to Cavan. This gentleman having given a subscription to one of my vagabond tribe, for a book which, perhaps, never existed, but which, at all events, he never afterwards heard of, seemed determined to heave us all off at a blow; but a little farther acquaintance I hope convinced him, that, however our aggregated stock of honesty might be easily shipped, our individual interest in this great article was too diverse to admit of a *partnership* account.

When my business was accomplished in Cavan, I returned through Ballinagh to Killineleck, on my way home—Ballinagh, is a poor looking village, having, like the country between it and Killineleck, little to captivate the eye which is fond of beauty. It has, nevertheless, a good linen market, and this, to the inhabitants of its poor and barren neighborhood, is of more consequence than tall edifices and fine demesnes—'tis true, these, to me, are always charming; the finger of creative beauty, as I saw it pourtrayed in the county of Leitrim, still more so, but those establishments which furnish my poor fellow beings with comfort and independence, are most dear of all.

On this journey, I lodged a second time at the house of a clergyman, who had desired me to call and see him, on my return from the north—it was in a country place, and night had covered our hemisphere with her sable mantle when I rapped at his door—I entered, but soon found my situation peculiarly afflictive; however, I passed the night in peace, and next morning early prepared to depart. My host who has, perhaps, as much sensibility, as many in that department of the religious world in which he once moved with some activity, unexpectedly appeared in the yard, before I mounted; and

in the altered voice of a friend and brother invited me to spend the day at his house, and go with him to the church where he officiated, it being the sabbath—I was glad to perceive that his heart was susceptible of conviction; but having evidence the night before, that the slender services rendered me by this gentleman and his family, were more than I ought to have received, I bade him farewell, and proceeded to Killineleck, where, after attending church service, I abode for the night. In a group of religious, poor people in the vicinity of this village, my attention was particularly pointed to one decent poor woman, who, with a little property of perhaps forty or fifty pounds, has given no less than four pounds to one charitable institution—Proceeded from Killineleck to Finnea, and from thence to Abbylara, a little village near Granard. Here I obtained two subscribers, one of whom the Reverend —— rector of this parish, is the most primitive and patriarchal looking clergyman which I had yet seen in the English church—his person is tall and well proportioned—his manners plain, benevolent, and unaffected—his house, furniture, and family, particularly the two former, displaying a simplicity highly congenial to his character. This interesting rural priest, was dressed in a full and easy drab coloured coat, and black vest, with large pockets, in the fashion of the last century, —“his head was silvered o’er with age,” and on the front, his venerable locks falling to the right and left formed a kind of seam, which seemed to add beauty to antiquity. His appearance brought to my recollection, rather, the character and circumstances of a venerable puritan minister, in the seventeenth century, than those of a rector of the established church, in 1811

—I was the second professed author to whose work this benevolent man had subscribed, in the course of one week—I sincerely hope he may not be disappointed.

From Abbylarra I proceeded to Granard—the next day to Mr. Dobson's of Firmount, where I rested for the night; and the day following pursued my route homeward; where I arrived in tolerable health, on Saturday evening, the 16th of February, 1811; having been absent about seven weeks, and obtained, in the course of my journey, one hundred and forty subscribers, (in the whole, two hundred and forty,) who had paid in their subscriptions toward the publication of my first volume.

On the road between Granard and Mullingar, and within about four or five miles of the latter, I had one prospect from the coach window, and only one, worth recording—I mean Lough Hoyle and the improvements around it—from the best observation I could make from so unfavourable a situation, the lake appeared about a mile broad, and perhaps a mile and a half from the road we travelled, to the improvements of Lord D'Blaquiere, on the opposite side. Before you arrive within view of the lake, your eyes are saluted with a handsome edifice, planting and pasture grounds in its vicinity, the property of ——— Murray, Esq. whose lady has since become a subscriber to this volume. These, having first caught your attention, occupy it exclusively, until advancing to the spot, the lake and improvements of Lord D'Blaquiere, leave you no inclination to dwell longer on those of Mr. Murray——The sensations which I feel upon beholding such objects as these, I cannot, however strongly inclined, convey, in their full

force, to another—how pleasing do they appear to the man of sensibility—how calculated are they to soothe and compose his heart: and when the hand of wealth and power has sketched the drapery of those scenes, which (for the exercise of its talents,) the Author of nature has left unfinished; how copious a feast is provided for the traveller of sensibility, while the great painter of nature is furnished with the finest originals for his canvas, that the human imagination is capable of conceiving. I need hardly tell my readers that I kept gazing upon the lake and Lord D'Blaquiere's improvements, so long as I could see them—but, as if to prevent the traveller from being mortified by too sudden a transition, when the great view begins to disappear, some improvements of Lord Granard, who has a lodge near the road, present themselves, until these also drop behind, and leave you to retire within yourself for that entertainment which is no longer to be found in the country around you.

CHAP. III.

Author visits the City of Dublin and the country around it—Falls back, by a kind of retrograde motion, on Edenderry, Philipstown, and Tullamore—Minute description of the latter town—Good order of the Charter-schools at Celbridge and Baggot-street, Dublin, noticed with pleasure—Humorous Dialogue with a Lady of fashion—Gratification derived from an interview with a Lady of piety and intellect—Particulars of the Author's illness at an Inn—Humorous interview with an eccentric Clergyman—Religious Persecution at Maynooth, noticed with disapprobation—Observations on the utility of Conversation Cards, on a new principle—Brief Description of Mount Lucas, and of the Country between Edenderry and Philipstown.

AFTER resting about ten days at home, I set forward for the city of Dublin, taking Tullamore and Rathangan in my way—In going to the latter place, on foot, I think I never faced so strong a wind: the packet-boat horses made head against it with great difficulty—I thought it was a figure of my own circumstances, endeavouring to make head against the devil, the world, and my own passions; sometimes assaulted by this combined army, sometimes beaten back by it, at other times overturned, but always returning to the charge and endeavouring to go forward.

In Rathangan I obtained three subscribers, and on my return from Dublin five more, amongst whom were Mr. Bayly, the clergyman of that place, (a man, in whose house I felt my mind clothed with peculiar peace and

thankfulness) and Captain Gray, a gentleman distinguished for his liberality to literary characters.

February 28, I arrived in Dublin; but the sameness of my employments there, must render them uninteresting to my readers; and therefore I shall not disgust them with a long history of my fatigues, my fruitless applications, my various sicknesses, thro' change of beds, putrid air, effluvia from eating houses, open sewers, tallow-chandler's-shops, nor with the misery, famine, and savage brutality which are there obtruded on the senses, but shall pass on to incidents of a less offensive character; assuring my reader, before I lead him from those scenes into purer air, that it would be matter, to me, of very great thankfulness, if I could pass the remainder of my days, without once coming within the sphere of their noxious influence, or wounding his sensibility by a repetition of such scenes. As to attempting a portrait of this great city—its police—its buildings—its charitable and commercial institutions—its trade—its harbour, its shipping, &c. &c. that is as much beyond my leisure and capacity, as it is inconsistent with the limits and multifarious objects of this work. I shall therefore notice, in relation to my own circumstances, that, my slavery, sickness, and disgust, there, were not, wholly fruitless—I obtained in seven or eight weeks, about one hundred and forty subscribers: these, for the most part were merchants and other respectable traders; but there were also a few of those called noble personages procured for me by two or three amiable and benevolent characters, whom I have the honor of ranking among the number of my friends.

April 20th I returned home, after having made some necessary arrangements in the printing line, for the better

circulation of my first volume—Within four miles of Dublin, having obtained a draught of pure water from the spring, for which my exhausted nature had long panted, I felt the principle of vitality revive; the pure country air which I began to inhale, assisted also to restore me, and after gently travelling fifty or sixty miles, on horseback, the foul impression of those scenes through which I had passed completely disappeared. This sentence (containing a recipe for gouty and splenetic men, for sots and drunkards, and also for men exhausted by study and confinement) may be resorted to as a compendium of “domestic medicine!”

In the course of a few weeks, compelled by some necessary affairs, I returned to the metropolis, and having staid two days there, accomplished the business for which I went. In my progress I passed through Celbridge, a village remarkable for the woollen manufactory, which a company of English gentlemen have established there, and which affords employment to several hundreds of the laboring poor. I may also remark, that, this village is honored with the residence of Lady Louisa Conolly, a woman of the first family in the kingdom; but who derives from her conduct in society, a much greater glory than from her rank—On my return, I passed through the same village, calling at a boarding-school in the neighborhood, the proprietor of whom, a Mr. Coyne, enrolled his name in my catalogue—I visited also the charter-school for females; an institution under the inspection of Lady Louisa Conolly and others—This was the first unexceptionable charitable institution for education, which I had seen; those of the Quaker society excepted—the school accommodates one hundred chil-

dren and upwards, who are clothed, fed, and instructed in the elements of English literature, and in useful works. In general, they looked so clean, healthy and chearful, that a man would conclude each individual as well and as happily situated, as any farmer's daughter in the country could *possibly* be with a fortune of £200—the apartments of this house are commodious and well ventilated—I visited them all, and found not only the hall and eating-rooms, but even the dormitories pure, and capable of being inhabited without offence—the play-ground before the door—the garden in good order and well stored with vegetables—the neatly divided farm—and above all, the healthy aspect of the children, in their amusements, were objects of the highest interest. I cried out, on beholding them, in the language of William Penn to Cortez, concerning his improvements in the new world—“ Here is a sight for an angel to behold.”*

I have, since the period of my visit to this institution, seen another of the same kind, in Upper Baggot-street, Dublin, which so far as concerns the building and interior œconomy, as also the clean and healthful appearance of the children, equals, or, if possible, excels this: but both of them reflect very great credit on the masters and mistresses, and on the governors and governesses who superintend them. The prospect of so many females, rescued from abject want, and perhaps from infamy, placed under the care of pious and humane characters, provided also with every necessary accommodation for health and useful information, must not only afford to

* See the dialogue between Penn and Cortez, in Lyttleton's Dialogues of the dead.

the beholder the sublimest satisfaction, but reflect upon the Government which has instituted them, the highest honour.

I now proceeded homeward by Edenderry; and on the road visited Mr. Whitelaw, the rector of Straffan, a man of benevolent character, and of manners in perfect unison with rural life—Lodged by invitation at his house, and proceeded the next day to Edenderry—Here I rested one sabbath, which I spent, for the most part, at the house of John Taylor, an *honest* quaker, who had been usher at Ballitore school, when I was there, but has now a boarding-school of his own. Called also, on my way home, at the house of a gentleman, who is a subscriber to this volume, and discovered with pleasure, in the course of conversation, that his lady and my benefactress, Mrs. Nesbitt, are nearly related—here, in the free and hospitable treatment of the family, a drop of kindred blood was seen to animate the heart. About this time I visited Tullamore, in my own neighbourhood, a town where I am well known, and where a considerable part of the most respectable inhabitants and several military officers, are among the number of my subscribers. I feel pleasure in hoping, that religious and political acrimony are declining in this place, and that a consequent spirit of liberality is on the increase—but alas! in every part of this professedly christian country, religion, reason, and commerce, have much to do before the great mass of the people will come to understand their true interests—In the mean time, he who presumes to point these out, must expect to be viewed with a jealous eye, by those men, whose interest it is to keep the people in ignorance and corruption.

Tullamore is a tolerably large and well built town, on

the Earl of Charleville's estate, in the King's County—It has a communication with the metropolis, by water, and since it became a port of the Grand Canal Company, has been greatly enlarged—The harbour is commodious, and the stores for merchandize, ample and well constructed; but except the Roman Catholic Chapel, and Grand Canal Hotel, which are handsome edifices, I know of no other public building of magnitude in that place—the church, which I understand is soon to be replaced by a new one, not in the town, but in its vicinity, is a building which has hardly any thing but its age and the sacred use to which it is dedicated, to recommend it to notice. The county infirmary is here, and I believe well maintained, but it is only a plain stone house of moderate extent—I understand the Countess of Charleville, has lately established a school here, on the plan of Joseph Lancaster, for the education of poor children. I have not yet had time and opportunity, to enter closely into the state of this institution, but am informed, that, a large number of children are now instructed there, and that it promises much benefit to the neighborhood. I had almost forgot the barracks—that for the cavalry is enclosed by a wall round the concerns, and forms a neat square of building, at the west end of the town—The other, which is but temporary, and is rented by government from Mr. Acres, the proprietor, stands on a rising ground, at the south east side of the town—it composes a part of the street where it stands, and is a pile of building rather plain and useful than ornamental.

Tullamore is composed of six or seven streets; the houses are, in general, slated and built with stone, and there are very few if any cabins in its suburbs, which

exhibit the striking evidences of wretchedness and want. The town is watered by a river which issues near Gashall a village in the same county, and empties itself into the Brusna, a river of some importance in the King's County and County of Westmeath. The main street extends from the bridge to the foot barrack, about the space of one furlong: here, and in the market square, are the principal shops: both of these streets are roomy and well calculated for trade—The square, serves not only to accommodate the people who bring their corn and merchandize to market, but it furnishes the military with a commodious parading place. There are few inland towns, in the province of Leinster, better supplied with provisions, than Tullamore—it has two markets in the week, and several fairs in the year, and these are in general well supplied with the products of the country. There is a bleach yard also in its vicinity, but since the removal of Mr. Belton, its original proprietor, I presume the linen business in that neighborhood has greatly declined. There is a good flour mill, two or three breweries, and an extensive tan-yard in the town, and these, of course, prove not only a source of wealth to their owners, but of comfort and provision to a certain proportion of the laboring poor—the manufacturing of stuffs was also carried on here, in a partial way, by one or two of the inhabitants—All these, in connection with the military establishments, the schools for education, and the influx of people from the surrounding country, and above all, the liberal conduct of Lord Charleville to his tenantry, have brought Tullamore to its present opulence and respectability; and if Strokestown in the County of Roscommon, had received the same encouragements, thirty or forty

years since, its buildings, its trade, and even the surrounding neighborhood, would, ere this, have exhibited a different appearance.

I kept travelling in a zig zag kind of motion for some time—now verging toward the city, and then by a kind of retrograde motion, rebounding back toward Edenderry, Phillipstown or Tullamore. At length by some kind of fatality, I again got fastened within the influence of Dublin, that great centre of our Irish commercial system; nor could I, for at least two months, recover that centrifugal force, which enabled me to dart from its baneful sphere, and roll my Tennis-ball, through the pure and healthful regions of the country—To mend the matter, the people in those great cities, and in all other places of fashionable resort, have got a language of their own—My principles and my education, being rural and old fashioned, I had no idea in the world, when a great man or great woman said, on delivering them a letter of introduction at their country seat, “I shall be in town next month, and shall certainly call on your bookseller, and in the mean time shall shew your prospectus to my friends;” that this was only a polite manner of getting rid of the business.—A dialogue which I had with a titled lady of this class, appearing calculated to place *the ton* in a conspicuous point of view, I shall here notice it, for the information of my readers, who have but little knowledge of the world. I happened to call at this lady’s country seat (whom we shall distinguish by the title of Lady Rattle) just as her ladyship was preparing to ride out—I presented her with an introduction from a pious and respectable character in her own neighborhood, and one who, like herself, had the honor of a titled name, but which,

as the event will shew, was but of little service to the writer—

Lady Rattle—"How is Lady A—, (the author of the introduction) I hope she is well?"

Author thanked her ladyship, and told her, as usual—

Lady Rattle—"Do you intend delaying in this neighborhood?"

Author—"No madam, am going toward the north, just now."

Lady R—"I am going out to ride, at present, but by all means put my name down in your list of subscribers." Author begged leave, for her Ladyship's information, to point out the clause in his prospectus, which contained the *conditions*.

Lady Rattle—"I perceive, but cannot conveniently give you the subscription now."

Author—"No matter, Madam, it will do on my return from the north."

Lady R—"Very well, but in the mean time be sure you insert me in your list."

Author thanked her ladyship for this mark of her favour, and inserted her name accordingly—On his return from the north, he called again at her ladyship's residence in the country, a beautiful place indeed; saw the housekeeper, but did not alight; for her ladyship and part of the family had gone to Dublin, a few days before—The author having information of her residence in Dublin, called there soon after, and enquired of the servant, if his master and lady were at home—was answered in the *affirmative*—Desired the servant to inform them, the author of the work, to which her ladyship had subscribed in the country, was then in waiting—The

servant delivered the message, and returned for answer, that his master and lady were *not at home*—I retired, and after transacting some business at that end of the town, copied a note, signifying my disappointment at not being favored with an interview; at the same time begging leave to enquire, if it was Lady R.'s pleasure to be published as a *blank* subscriber; a step which I would by no means take without first consulting her. I sent this note up, and waited for an answer; upon which I was paid the principal part of her ladyship's subscription, the whole, for that time, being *a few shillings*, and so the transaction ended. Had I, however, happened to be a tenant on the ——— estate, perhaps the accompt might continue *open* for some years to come; but as I am not, I conceive it is *closed*. And here, I would wish to admonish the simple and unfashionable reader, not to indulge himself in severe reflections, on what, he might conceive to be, the ungenerous conduct of this woman of fashion—She has, probably, as many good qualities as several other persons of *fortune*; but it is not the fashion with every one of this class, to keep their word—to speak truly what they think—to make a scruple of promising what they do not intend to perform, or of performing what they have promised; these things being no part of the *creed* of fashion (save in the article of gaming, which has a clause in its favor) hence, no man's, nor no woman's character, in the great world, suffers by rejecting them, or even laughing them to scorn, as the virtues of an old puritanical mechanic, book-worm, or other drudge of creation, who lives by the great world—It sometimes happens, however, that these drudges become tractable disciples of the great, imitate their example, and make the great

suffer in their turn, by the various impositions which they pay them back; and thus the great, *of this character*, reap the first fruits of that harvest, of which their corrupt principles and example are the seed. This may teach the man of humble condition, not to envy the great their enjoyments—if he is a man of principle, and has even a moderate share of the comforts of life; yea, if he has only its necessities, and enjoys them with independence and a thankful heart, he is more an object of envy, than the poor slave, who, with thousands of acres and a numerous retinue at his heels, dare neither think, nor speak, nor act, but as the fashion of the world directs him.

In the neighborhood of Phillipstown and Edenderry, I obtained a few subscribers; among whom was a Mr. North, of Coolmount, a civil hospitable man, and a Mr. Rait, an extensive Scotch farmer, and very useful member of society in that place. I could not avoid thinking, concerning this gentleman, that if he had taken as much pains to introduce Scotch religion, as Scotch agriculture into this country, that the heat of our *theological* climate, would have, *long since, compelled him to return to North Britain, in pursuit of cooler air.*

In the neighborhood of Kilcock, I was recommended to visit Mr. T——, a clergyman of the establishment, whose signature and subscription, with those of several other gentlemen in his immediate vicinity, I soon after obtained. The principal and most valuable ornament of that place is Mrs. T——, wife of the clergyman above mentioned, whose knowledge of christian divinity, and happy talent of expressing it both with her tongue and her pen, were qualities as edifying, as they appeared rare and unusual in the world.

Between Edenderry and Kilcock, and in the neighborhood around, I visited several of the most respectable inhabitants, and by much the larger number of those I applied to, had the goodness to honor my publication with their patronage.

While travelling in this district, an illness which had been for some time gathering in my head and stomach, obliged me to take up my residence a night or two extraordinary, at an inn, in a neighboring village. Here I took some medicine proper for my complaint, but with great difficulty, and not until after long fasting, could I prevail on my hostess, to accommodate me with nourishment suited to my weakness. The deepest spring of unpalatable feeling on this subject, was an apprehension, that, I was indebted for this treatment, to the *deformity* of my faith, and to the temerity which had emboldened me to proclaim it. Having exerted my industry to assist nature out of this affliction, I embraced the first moments of returning strength to depart from this place, and creeping with difficulty into my saddle, arrived the same evening at Celbridge, improved in my health and spirits by an hour or two of gentle exercise in the open air.

During my trials at this inn, I was furnished with a new proof of the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator, in the œconomy of nature—On the day of my sickness and fast, being weak, I several times fell into refreshing slumbers—I took notice with gratitude, that, in the animal œconomy, a source of nourishment exists, appointed not only to co-operate with gross substances in the maintenance of the system; but when, from the absence of these, the channels of nature are necessarily empty, it, as from a mystic store, pours forth

its nourishment, and supplies the defect; and hence may be properly denominated the sick man's secret store. Oh, great and all-wise Governor! every thing in nature, as well as in the plan of redemption, speaks not only thy power, but thy fatherly attention to the weak and desolate—Hagar, when in the anguish of thy soul, thou cast thy son from thee to perish in the desert; how well did the voice of consolation which restored him to thy bosom, prove the truth of this parental care.

In the course of my travels through those parts, I heard of an instance, or rather reiterated proofs of that gothic barbarity, which still continues, in various forms, to stalk over this favored, but abused and superstitious island.

On Sunday morning, June 2nd, 1811, I was informed by respectable witnesses, that the Methodist meeting-house at Maynooth, was broken open, and the house nearly pulled down: that the pulpit and forms were broken and thrown into the street, with menaces thrown out, that if rebuilt, they would again be thrown down—that stones or brick-bats had been thrown at the preacher in the public street, and once at a respectable female of that society—that repeatedly, they have been molested in their worship, by stones thrown upon the house while the congregation was assembled; and once a large stone fell near the lady's head above mentioned—That *the President* of the Roman Catholic College, said, he would give a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of these outrages, &c.—I am aware that there are Catholics who would abhor this deed—I am aware, that there are catholics, who, in every sense of the word, are good men, and members of society; but I am aware also of

the effect produced upon the minds of the common people by such a clause in their catechism as the following:—
“ There is no salvation out of the true church, and the true church is the holy Roman,” &c. and by the word “ heretic,” sometimes used in their pulpits, and which we are at no loss to understand, how the common, yea and some of the uncommon people too, take it. I fear the prejudices naturally resulting from these partial doctrines, will continue more or less to bring forth fruits of misfortune, until the doctrines of universal love, and the possibility of salvation to all who fear God and work righteousness, become as conspicuous features of the Catholic Church, as they are now of the reformed; and should this ever take place, it will not be, until something is purged out which now exists, and something is added which is now wanting; in the interim, good speeches from a Roman Catholic gentleman, may tend to place his own benevolence in a conspicuous point of view, but will never eradicate from the minds of a people trained to prejudice, the source of these disorders. The Quakers, who as the Marquis of Redesdale justly remarked, do not aspire to posts of honour in the state, are taught, nevertheless, by their principles, which have neither sacrament or ceremony, to be charitable to all*—they are, at all events, not chargeable with public outrage—The Methodists, in like manner, are not known to attack the Roman Catholic Chapels, throw stones at their priests, or otherwise conspire to injure and assault them—how then shall we account for the difference?—

* Reader, compare the charity here noticed with the conduct of some modern Quakers, who, notwithstanding their sanctimonious pretensions, have brought ruin upon helpless families, by their ambitious projects.

The Roman Catholic clergy may perhaps say, that the poor of their flocks have long been the neglected part of the community, and hence, it cannot in justice be expected, that fruits of regularity should be produced from a wild and uncultivated stock—We could wish with the utmost sincerity, that, neither the civil power, the landlords of those people, nor themselves, who are its ecclesiastical rulers, had, by neglect or mismanagement, suffered this apology to exist: but whatever truth there may be in it, it can never be deemed a sufficient one, while we behold fruits of a very different character produced in the conduct of persons of the same rank in society, who come under the doctrine and discipline of the Methodists, and other religious Protestant sects.

Sunday morning, June the 9th, 1811, I returned from a gentleman's house in the country to the town of Kilcock, in order to attend the service of the established church,*

* There is good cause to admonish the people of Ireland to look narrowly into the application of the taxes levied by vestries upon the parishes, for the building and repairs of churches—Whether a debtor and creditor account should be kept with the treasurers of those parochial funds, and *printed* copies of their accompts distributed annually among the parishioners, is a subject which deserves the consideration of the public—Nothing less than this will place the public in satisfactory possession of the use which is made of its own contributions—for people collected in a vestry or even in a grand jury room, may be too modest to look narrowly into the state of a treasurer's accompts, whereas if a printed statement of those accompts was annually distributed, time would be afforded the people to examine into their accuracy—a reasonable public satisfaction, which an honest treasurer would be proud to give, and nothing less than which, can place the people in a capacity of deciding whether the burdens imposed upon them for public uses, are properly or improperly applied—In a

but in Kilcock, for the Protestant part of the community, I found no such thing—On enquiring into the cause, I was informed, that, the minister had been for some time dead, and for about the space of a quarter of a year past, service had been *once* performed in that place. “My God,” cried I to the clerk, “could not you have read prayers to the little handful of protestants who live in this place—the canons of the church are not against it, and surely their souls are of some value—the Romish priests do not thus neglect their flocks, but our Protestant bishops have their bread baked.” At Edenderry, in like manner, I heard (before the present incumbent entered on the parish) a complaint of a similar nature, from a good woman, who lamented to this effect, that she had no church, on Sunday, to send her children to, if it was only to keep them out of *harm’s way*. Here, the clergyman, who has since died, being in an ill state of health, the service had been for some time omitted, and humanity might require that, a man, with a large family, dependent for support on the profits of his parish, should not, by an expensive substitute, be deprived of this support. I love in my heart a humane action, for

time of national calamity like the present, every mode of giving satisfaction to the public, should be adopted by public men. Tolls and market duties, a serious burden also, upon the poor, should be narrowly inspected. Market juries should be established in every town, for the inspection of weights and measures, a duty grossly neglected in many places, and for want of attention to which, the population of many country towns in Ireland, have been so far injured; particularly in the important article of bread, as to be compelled to pay, in the remarkably cheap spring of 1815, the sum of eightpence for two four-penny bricks, containing about the same quantity, in weight, as the fourpence halfpenny loaf in the Dublin market!

I have sometimes felt the virtue which flows from it myself—but surely, if from a motive of tenderness to an afflicted family, upon the sickly head of which, the duties of this parish happened to devolve, his services were dispensed with for a season, the ample revenue of the bishop (if it was beneath his lordship's dignity to attend in person) would be adequate to the expense of procuring a substitute, until the sick man was either restored or dead.

Declining the advice of my landlord's daughter at Kilcock to attend the service of the Romish chapel in that place, I called for my horse and rode to Celbridge, and there, in the afternoon, assembled with a handful of the *mixed* methodists, who pray for one another in their *mother tongue*, (and as Pliny, I think it was, said of the primitive christians,) sing a hymn to Christ as to their God—Waited a second time on Mr. Whitelaw of Straffan, and obtained from him introductions to divers persons of distinction in the neighborhood of Celbridge, to which introductions, was indebted, under Providence, for the sanction of two or three of the most distinguished names, which appeared in the subscription-list of my first volume.

At Mr. Whitelaw's, I had the pleasure of meeting with a clergyman of good understanding, who, from various causes, appeared much prejudiced against methodism as a religious system. I told him, that if any errors existed in this system, the most likely way, in my judgment, to remove them, would be, for the clergy of the establishment, to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the ministers and members of that sect—that this was evidently their duty, and in the end would pro-

bably be for the interests of the church, since the Methodists, for the most part, professing themselves members of the establishment, would be open to any observations which its ministers might offer for improvement—that, if this duty was neglected by the established clergy, who at the same time might be seen sedulously cultivating the acquaintance of men, whose principles and practices were in direct opposition to the gospel, but who had property or influence to recommend them to the world—in vain would the clergy, so long as they thus acted, point out from the pulpit or the press, the real or supposed errors of the Methodists. By such proceedings, they might, indeed, drive the latter from the church, but by the other conciliating ones alone, they would attach them to it, and united together, as I have frequently remarked in conversation, they would form a phalanx, which nothing but the call of God to a more *perfect* state, would be able to destroy.

In the course of my excursions around Celbridge, I called once or twice at the house of a Mr. Parvisol, a subscriber to the Tennis-ball: there I saw a curious edifice called the wonderful barn, which had excited my curiosity, from the reports which I had heard concerning it. It is a body of stone work in the form of a cone or tower, about sixty feet in height, with four apartments (from the top to the bottom,) for the reception of corn; each apartment being covered in with a stone arch, and having a brick and mortar floor, and this, and the door through which you enter, excepted, the residuc is composed of solid stone. In the centre of each floor a square hole has been formed, through which, a rope suspended by pullies, is let down from the top to the

bottom, and thus the corn deposited in this great granary, can, without much trouble, be carried to or removed from any part. Should you wish to have a view of the surrounding country, a flight of spiral steps outside the building, near one hundred in number, will convey you from the base to the summit; but this pleasure I could not enjoy, the weak state of my nerves and spirits, after the illness which I have lately noticed, preventing. This barn, if now to be erected, would probably cost two or three thousand pounds—it is on the Conolly estate, and I heard was built by the late Mr. Conolly's father.

Here, and in the neighborhood of Leixlip and Lucan, I obtained the sanction of several of the most respectable inhabitants—Mrs. Needham, Mrs. Vesey and her daughter, Mr. Latouche and Colonel Vesey were among the number. I am indebted to the generous proprietor of the beautiful seat of St. Catharine's, for his civility on this occasion, and to Mrs. Needham also, in whose families nine copies of my first volume were subscribed for. Here also, at Newton-hall, the seat of a Mr. Cannon, I had some satisfactory conversation—This gentleman appearing willing to receive and communicate information, the flying moment which I spent with him was of course improved.

In the neighbourhood of Celbridge, I visited a Mr. Ricky, one of the proprietors of Temple-mills, the most extensive establishment for the spinning of cotton, as I have been informed, in this part of the kingdom. Here about three hundred of the laboring poor find employment, and in the happiness which such establishments diffuse, surely, every humane heart must feel interested—Without boasting of my own, I can say

in truth, that often, when I see a horde of cotton spinners or other manufacturers go whistling home to the social meal, or the boys and girls return from it jocund and gay to their labor, I feel half their joy. May such establishments, as instruments of domestic plenty and social improvement, be multiplied in our island.

During my excursions in the county of Dublin, I called at the house of a good natured eccentric, whose gardens, like their master, are curious and worth seeing. I was at first told he was not at home, but, upon paying a second visit, was shewn into a garden, and desired to seek for him there. Deluded by a voice, and the appearance of an old man at the other side of a hedge, I kept rambling up and down for some time in pursuit of the *voice*, to no purpose ; but, at length, the Doctor thinking proper to reveal himself through some hole or secret passage in the hedge, I expressed my satisfaction that our hide and go seek was over, and that I had now the pleasure of beholding him before me in *propria personæ* ; after which, communicating to him the object of my visit, I was given to understand, that he had formed a resolution when a young man at college never to advance any thing for books beforehand ; in confirmation of which, he mentioned a kind of agreement that had passed between himself and one of his friends there, to this effect, viz. " Mind, if you write any thing, I shall advance nothing beforehand to you by way of subscription, and if I write any thing, I shall not ask any money from you until I have given you the book." So the Doctor's resolution being taken I gave up the point, and departed with the insertion

of his name in my catalogue, with a blank space for the subscription money, to be filled up when the book was delivered him. If, however, I had to depart *without money* from the Doctor's house, I did not depart *without entertainment* from his house and gardens—Taking me under the arm, in great good humour, he led me through the various walks of the latter, in which several monuments of the owner's eccentricity were strikingly conspicuous—to recite them all, might be tedious to the reader, and inconvenient to the writer, but in the amusing group, one spot appearing particularly attractive, I shall just notice it for the reader's entertainment—Whether the Doctor called the spring well which I saw there, (it was in a hollow ground surrounded by a kind of arbour) *a holy well*, I cannot aver with certainty, but to the best of my recollection this was the title. On the margin of this well there was a little statue, which he formally introduced to my acquaintance, by the name of *Saint Patrick*. The saint was, I think about three feet, or three feet and a half high, and was dressed when I saw him, in an old black cloak and weather beaten cravat, with a staff, which I presume represented the crozier, in his hand, and on his head was an old *caubeen* * not worth two-pence. The poor saint altogether cut a most miserable figure, so that at first sight I took him for the representative of a little shrivelled old woman; and for this mistake, I think the Doctor or his artist was rather to blame than me, for either the saint was shaved very close, which was

* A title, frequently given in this country, to the relics of a wool hat.

out of character, or else he had no beard at all, which was still more so, in a country where there is no scarcity of goats tails—Had St. Patrick been married, this little smock faced statue would have much more properly represented his wife; but as the Doctor thought proper to arrange the business in the form in which I saw it, I did not think proper to quarrel with his reverence about it, particularly, as entertainment appearing to have been his object, the end is answered to such of his visitors as are in a disposition to enjoy it.

The Doctor related to me a curious dialogue, which he said had taken place, between a lady (who concealing herself behind the statue of Saint Patrick, endeavoured to make it oracular) and a countryman from a place called Seven-churches in the county of Westmeath—this, on the score of entertainment, was also in character, as Seven-churches (so called from the reliques of several churches or abbies which once flourished there) is a place much respected by the neighbouring peasantry, who repair thither annually for religious purposes, and therefore a disciple of the seven church school might be considered as a proper subject on which to try an experiment.

A little before my arrival in those parts, happening to spend an evening with a merchant and his family in Tullamore, one of his daughters, who plays on the Piano-forte, obliging us with a little music, she touched an air which I thought particularly agreeable—I paid close attention to it, and finding the sentiments of the song, worse than barren of instruction, I conceived the idea of composing two or three stanzas of an innocent and moral tendency to the same measure—

This I accomplished the next morning, and being frequently applied to for copies of this little piece, I got it printed with a few more of the same character, which have since circulated in that part of the country. The Proprietor of a popular Newspaper, in Dublin, soon after inserting it in one of his columns, this little piece, the chief merit of which was its innocence, procured a favorable reception, in several places, for the rest of my compositions. It is here given for the entertainment of such of our fair readers, as have a taste for poetical essays.

“ WHEN THE HEART IS AT REST.”

(TUNE—*Kate of Coleraine.*)

I.

How sweet are the fields when the heart is at rest,
The snow drop and lilly, and lilly how white;
How bright is the sky, when the laboring breast
Divested of sorrow, of sorrow takes flight,
To those regions of peace, where no tempest disturbing,
The soul in its flight, in its flight, in its flight—
It expands with emotion,
No creature approaching
To tarnish its prospects, its prospects so bright.

II.

To obtain these wide prospects, and wonderful treasures,
Let us take our worst portion, worst portion before,
Nor by doating on earth, with its few fleeting pleasures,
Deprive us for ever, for ever of more.
'Tis thus, and thus only, our hearts will be worthy
The seats of the blest, of the blest, of the blest,

Who at length will safe waft us,
To Heaven aloft us,
Where joys will for ever, for ever arrest.

This was not the first time I had been seized with an inclination to adapt moral sentiments to such melodies as this, from a conviction of its importance to youth, the perversion of whose minds by corrupt though fascinating composition, must ever be condemned as an abuse of innocence—but independent of my conscious inferiority on the score of talent, to Dibdin, Moore, and other poets, who have entertained the public on a broader scale, my slavish employments have hitherto prevented, for the most part, the application even of those moderate talents which I have, to a department of literature, which although less important to society than history, divinity, or ethics, is not beneath the attention of the friend of mankind—'Tis true, for a service of this kind, which stoops to the innocent entertainment of youth, the man of gloomy piety, or the rigid member of a sect, might not be properly qualified, because these having not only the ten commandments to attend to, but also the institutions of their sect or their superstition, would probably be so far cramped by the latter, as to be rendered incapable of entering into the amusements of youth, in order to improve them.

On the same principle of uniting instruction with entertainment, I have wished that some able hand would undertake to complete a course of masterly dialogues, in the form of conversation cards,* and which

* Our amiable countrywomen at Ballitore and Edgeworth's-

might have merit sufficient to rival in the public esteem, those unmeaning figures, which by the tyranny of custom, have long been permitted to pirate from the people their money and their time—Independent of the service which would thus be rendered to society, other excellent effects would also result from this amusement—young people, while they dreamed of nothing but entertainment, might be led insensibly through the fields of useful literature. Here, the most familiar, and yet the most important volume to be known, the volume of the human heart, might be unfolded to them, card by card—the origin and tendency of every passion, the fruits and flowers which result to society from their fertilizing course in the channels of reason and religion—the dilapidations which have been caused by their overflow—the beauties of creation—the mysterious wisdom of nature in the formation and growth of her numerous productions—the admirable œconomy of Providence, rewarding and punishing even in this life, and exhibiting the wisdom of its management, in the production of ends, by means least suspected, and most hostile to human reason—the constitutional, physical, and accidental sources of diversified character, might here be made subjects of entertaining enquiry—the age in which a great man flourished, the qualities for which he was remarkable; the nature and influence of his education,

town, who have already given proofs of their competency for a performance of this kind, we cannot help glancing at here.—Surely it would not be beneath their talents to attempt rescuing a portion of the murdered card hour from its assassin *custom*, and restoring it to its forfeited dignity in the calendar of time; or, shall we say, in that of eternity.

disposition and habits upon his public conduct ; or any other prominent transaction of history, might here be noticed. Subjects innocently humorous and entertaining might be blended with those which are serious and sublime, and by a judicious division and distribution of the whole, in short questions and answers, an admirable entertainment would be provided for young persons advancing towards maturity, while their elders and superiors sitting by might join in the amusement, and innocently relax their own minds while discharging a duty to the rising generation. Had this been the sentiment of our country, the murdered ghost of time would not now haunt our dwellings. Had it been the practice of the age, the meagre aspect of the gamester's progeny would not now reproach him, nor would their tattered garments stare him in the face. Should it ever be the established practice to introduce such Dialogues, as the best and most rational employment of the social hour, how much squandering of property would be prevented ; how much irritation of the human mind ; how much bickering in families ; how much backbiting of neighbours ; how much idle nonsense would be banished from the social circle—while, in a positive sense, the understandings of youth would be improved, their imaginations amused, and their hearts invigorated for future duties.

In the progress of my excursions through the district I last noticed, I called at Mount Lucas, the seat of Colonel Longfield, one of the most respectable seats on the road between Phillipstown and Edenderry. This place derives its name from the original proprietor, a Mr. Lucas, and from a mount at the rear of the mansion.

house, which commands one of the most interesting prospects in that neighbourhood, particularly on the north and north-west. In this direction the landscape is enriched by several handsome seats, and rendered magnificent by Croghan-hill, whose gigantic figure elevated above the general level of the country, gives it an imposing aspect in the landscapes of that district. On the south, south-east, and south-west of the same beautiful mount, the eye commands a view of the red hills of Kildare, of those near Maryborough, and also part of the mountains of Slievbloom, from twelve to sixteen miles distance from that object. The lover of scenery, who passes in that direction, may find it worth his while to visit this mount, which is within half a mile of the public road, and about two miles east of Phillipstown. This part of the country, however, is by no means richly diversified, and would be still less so, if the seats of Clonearle, Mount Lucas, Greenhill, and a few others of the same character, did not impart to it a few solitary features of architectural improvement.

The late Mr. Neary, a celebrated taylor from Dublin, purchased a property in this neighbourhood, and was one of those who contributed to its embellishment, by the erection of a good edifice and some suitable plantations, and when he had perfected his improvements, characteristically denominated his new villa, "*Thimble-hall.*" As to the lands in this part of the country, those in the neighbourhood of Edenderry, are reputed a dry limestone soil, adapted to sheep feeding, and the production of potatoes, oats, and wheat, but principally the two former; and are, for the most part, in tolerable heart.

The same character may be given of the soil around Croghan-hill, a few miles north-west of that town, and if taken in connection with the lands we have just noticed, may be considered as constituting one of the best veins of feeding and tillage ground in the King's County, the soil, however, in the vicinity of Phillipstown, is for the most part specifically different.

After an absence of about three months, the principal part of which was spent in the city of Dublin and its environs, I returned home, having obtained in the course of my sickening labors, between two and three hundred subscribers to my first publication.

Author proceeds towards Parsonstown, in the King's County—Character of that place—Seats he visited in his progress, noticed—Passes through Banagher, Eyrecourt and Portumna, to the North of Tipperary—Obtains a short interview with the Countess of ——— Remarkable transaction at an inn—Extraordinary Manuscript in the possession of Dr. Harrison, described.

AFTER resting at home for a few weeks, I proceeded toward Birr, alias Parson's-town, in the King's County, bearing with me a letter of introduction from Mr. Malone, of Ballinahown, a young man of fortune in my own neighborhood, to one of the stewards of the races, then approaching at that place, and arriving there the same day, found the town almost filled with company. Having through the assistance of my good friend Tom Dooly,

established myself in comfortable quarters, I began to entertain a hope, that even upon the Birr races contributions might be levied for the promotion of one moral work, and I did not find myself called upon to attend to any other—the event answered my expectation, as during the intervals of the public sports, I obtained opportunities of conversing with many, and so far succeeded in my applications to these, as to add, in the course of eight or ten days, near sixty respectable names to my list of subscribers. Amongst these were Mr. Bernard, one of the representatives for that county in parliament, Maurice O'Connor, Esq. Captain Eyre, Lord Brook, (Colonel of the Warwick Militia) with several of his officers, and our countryman Colonel Dunne, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, whose countenance and demeanor bespoke innate urbanity and benevolence.

Parson's-town, although by much the largest and most respectable town in the King's County, in one sense, however, cannot be denominated its capital—The assizes for the county are held at Phillipstown, a tolerably large village on the bog of Allen. From the main street of Parsonstown divers smaller ones issue; this street is roomy, well calculated for trade, and extends from the market-house to the square, the latter of which is principally composed of gentlemen's houses, enclosing a large platform, that serves, not only as an airing place for the inhabitants, but a commodious parade for the military—In the centre of this, stands, elevated on a pedestal, a well executed statue of the famous Duke of Cumberland; but these accommodations and improvements with any others of an inanimate kind which characterise this place, when compared with the obliging

temper of many of its inhabitants are of inferior estimation: this fruit of a cultivated mind takes the lead of all other improvements, as being that which promotes the charities and decencies of life, and consequently softens its asperities, in our progress to a better land.

Here I met with a Roman Catholic priest, whose appearance and conversation edified me—To this respectable man, I really felt as much united in heart, as if we had been the children of one father: how astonishing must this appear to the reader who knows the opposition of our creeds—but I am inclined to think, that the most prominent of our religious inequalities would soon wear away, if we were made independent of religious traffic, and at liberty to confer freely with each other on subjects which concern our common interests as Irishmen and christians. Ignorance, prejudices, and separate interests stand, however, in the way of this free communication, and oppose dreadful bulwarks to the progress of our union as a nation. It is not necessary to this union, that we should all be of one opinion on subjects of a speculative character—it requires only, that we should be of one mind on the great principles of christian charity, and of forming a social compact for the purpose of rendering this charity diffusive. Were mankind agreed on these points, and did no interests distinct from them step in to divide and scatter, then there would be no shedding of blood on the score of religion—no hatred of any man on account of his opinions—no hunting down the reputation or other temporal interests of a man, who stepped from one christian sect to another; because the party he left having no interest to drive at his expense, would lament no change which promoted his

own welfare—But this, I fear, is yet far distant—it is far from being the characteristical feature of christians, so called—of any sect that will fulminate its excommunications against free enquiry—or, of any little party, which not daring to pursue a dissenting member with the sword of public persecution, will dog him from house to house and from society to society, until it has seduously blasted his character in every habitation which owns its narrow policy and power. I have said, the day I fear is far distant when this union of hearts will characterise the various divisions and subdivisions of mankind. I fear it is far off, when those who call themselves by the name of Christ, will lay aside their animosities, and prove themselves christians by this prominent feature of their religion—the day is probably far off when these things will be consummated—but they have commenced—light has sprung up—the christian world has seen it—it has overspread a large continent of the globe—liberty of thought has been proclaimed there, and men have seen that hatreds and divisions are no longer the offspring of true religion, *nor of sound policy*—Thousands have assembled under the banner of the Prince of Peace, in one country, and although distinguished by various names, have, in the open wilderness, united in one compact of charity, and paid, in a body, their adorations to that Being, who of one blood made all the families of the earth.

In the line of country last noticed, that is, between Moate in the County of Westmeath, and Birr in the King's County, I visited the following objects:—first, Doone, the seat of R. J. Enraght Mooney, Esq. this gentleman resides on his own estate, about midway be-

tween Moate and Ferbane, (the latter is a village on the margin of the King's County,) his house commands a tolerable prospect of the country in that direction, and to the traveller who leaves Ferbane behind him, and proceeds through a country rather bleak and open, towards Moate, constitutes, together with the old castle of Doone on the opposite hill, a gratifying spectacle. After transacting my business at this seat, I waited on a gentleman of distinguished literary judgment, and, I believe, a member of the Royal Irish Academy; his house is not immediately on the road from Moate to Ferbane, but it was an object of too much importance to be neglected by a young author in pursuit of literary patronage—Should any dabbler in letters visit this part of the country, in pursuit of the same thing, we would recommend him to study his subject well before he goes to K——, if not he may find himself in a hobble before he is aware of it—should he happen to be a man of warm constitution, let him rise in the morning, while his head is *cool*, let him wipe the dew off his window, with a clean cambric handkerchief, and placing on his spectacles with care, draw near the light, and examine his subject in all its bearings—If cold and phlegmatic, we would recommend him to keep his night-cap on, and not commence this scrutiny till after breakfast—The heat of his night-cap with the aid of warm tea and toast, may do much towards calling his torpid genius into action; but whatever be the measure or character of this, let him seize the hour when it is propitious to examine his performance with care, nor by such awkward titles as the Roll of a Tennis-ball, the Rambler, the Fool of Quality, or the Adventures of a Guinea, publish the condemnation of his own book in the title-page, and procure

from the little gentleman whose patronage he solicits, a merited volley of reproof: should he, however, have the misfortune to fall into error, notwithstanding this advertisement, let him carry with him an humble sense of his own qualifications, and in failure of literary merit, if richly laden with a cargo of this humble virtue, he may possibly engage the *little* lord of K—— in his interests, though a critic of the first celebrity in this critical and canting world. From hence I proceeded to Ballylin, the residence of Mr. King; here I obtained two subscribers to my first publication—Ballylin house is a handsome edifice, but does not seem favorably situated for public observation; if my impression of the house and demesne be correct, the view is not sufficiently open to the road, to present their beauties to the traveller; nor is the ground upon which the house stands, sufficiently elevated to command an extensive view of the country—the beauties, therefore, of Ballylin, appeared to me of a retired character, adapted, not to the curiosity of the traveller, but to the pleasure and convenience of its inhabitant. As I traversed the country toward Birr and Banagher, I visited several other seats deserving of attention; but it would be too prolix to enter into a description of them all; I shall therefore content myself with mentioning in a cursory way, that beyond the village of Ferbane, on the left hand, as you go from thence to Birr or Banagher, stands the house and demesne of Gallen. The entrance to these concerns is light and open, and the whole has a neat and modern aspect. Whigsborough, the seat of Mr. Drought, within about five miles of Parsonstown, particularly attracted my attention as a model of neatness. I have seen much more extensive concerns than

this, but very few that were laid out to more advantage : here the frame and position of the house—the gates—the little wooden bridge—the water and the verdant sod, all conspire to make a pleasing impression upon the beholder. The place is so laid out as to expose its little group of beauties in full view—no black walls or heavy gates—no injudicious planting to obstruct it, and the few advantages with which nature has supplied the spot, have been so improved by art, as to give the whole an aspect of great beauty. The gentleman of this house happened to be out hunting when I called, and therefore I had not the pleasure of seeing him, but in the politeness and good sense of a lady of his family, I found an adequate source of information.

Soon after the races at Birr had concluded, I crossed the country to Banagher, a town, which on the score of its beauty or its buildings, has little to induce description—from hence I proceeded through Eyrecourt (a village which derives its name from the Eyre family, and is part of the Eyre estate) to the north of Tipperary. Eyrecourt is a town of still less magnitude than Banagher—The latter appears to be well circumstanced for the corn trade—it has a good weekly market, and the river Shannon which passes at one end of the town (and opens a communication with the south and west of Ireland, and by forming a junction with the grand canal at Shannon-harbour, with the city of Dublin also) may be considered as an important benefit. Banagher and Eyrecourt have, I understand, what is commonly denominated a free-school—that is, a school free for every man who will pay well for the education of his children—Even expensive literary establishments are good, and teachers of

youth deserve to be handsomely provided for, but why is it that we have not more free-schools for the education of the poor?—is it of no consequence to the state, that these should know their duties in order to perform them?

From Eyrecourt I rode to the persecuting village of Portumna,* and more is the pity, that it should deserve the appellation, for it is a sweet picturesque little spot—Here I obtained a short but opportune interview with the Countess of ——— just as her ladyship had returned from walking—Had she known my creed of religious liberty, I cannot tell what might have been my reception; but I should hope for every thing favourable from a person of her mild and benevolent appearance—I solicited her ladyship's name and subscription for two copies of my first volume—the latter she contributed without hesitation, and ordered me to insert the former, upon which I begged her acceptance of one of my pamphlets, and departed. Here I remembered the old adage, “a shut mouth shews a wise head”—it was from the press that I wished to make an appeal to the incensed Portumnians, not having sufficient ability to answer their *hard arguments*, *viva voce*. It was on this journey that I had the honor of being in company with a lady of much vivacity and good sense, who, I have been since informed, is a Jewess—Had I not heard this, I should never have suspected it—Many persons pretend to discover a peculiarity of feature or manner in this people, but I presume it is mostly after they have been told of their pedigree—It is not likely that those

* In allusion to a transaction which was advertised in one of the public papers, of a mob which attempted to stone, and afterwards waylaid two Methodist Missionaries, who with difficulty escaped out of their hands.

national and characteristical features which might have been discernable at the time of their dispersion, should continue distinguishable after a lapse of so many ages—Soil, climate, and mixed marriages, must have contributed to destroy them; hence I conclude, that those natives of Europe who conceit they can distinguish Jews from others, by their features only, have mistaken the matter, and overrated their own sagacity. In the drawing-room of this family, my attention was particularly attracted to a picture of the French guards, approaching the apartment of the late unfortunate Lewis, surrounded in his last moments by his family, in every attitude of sorrow: it was in the morning, the hour of reflection and prayer; but whatever might have been the preparative, I found my heart in unison with this affecting scene—I was glad the gentleman of the house made an apology and retired, as for about half an hour before the family assembled at breakfast, I had ample opportunity of relieving my feelings, by the tears which I plentifully shed to the memory of that weak, though amiable and unfortunate prince.

The river Shannon passes near Portumna, over which, at the S. or S. E. end of the village, a large wooden bridge has been erected—Near the centre of this stands a toll-house, which contributes to the improvement of the surrounding scenery—here the post-carriage passenger, however indifferent to the objects around him, will have his attention awakened by the double toll he will have to pay. After crossing the bridge I rode up to Counsellor Maunsell's, whose house stands on a hill to the left of the river, and commands a prospect over it to the village of Portumna, the castle of the Clanricarde family, and

another castle to the left, which I heard had stood a siege in the Irish wars; these, with the river winding its way below you and fertilizing the country; the bridge, the toll-house, and the boats loading and unloading at the dock, altogether constituted the prettiest landscape I had seen on my journey—I found Mr. Maunsell, whose benevolent character promised encouragement to letters, had been for some time from home, nevertheless I took the liberty of riding up and down his lawn, to enjoy the beauty of the prospect; I could have dwelt upon it for hours, but was obliged by the imperative call of duty, soon to descend and leave this gratifying spectacle behind me. I have since had the opportunity of visiting the proprietor of this handsome seat, and it is with pleasure I confirm the testimonies which were given of his politeness.

It was on this journey I was furnished with one proof, among many, of the fickleness of fortune, and what is of still more importance to be known, the insufficiency of the most extensive learning and knowledge of the world, in the production of either wisdom or happiness, without solid christian principle.

It was about ten o'clock at night, as I was ruminating by my fire side, at one end of the inn, while my landlady was, probably, ruminating on her affairs at the other, that a loud rapping at the hall-door started us from our reverie, and furnished me with this incident—It was a gentleman traveller who demanded entrance—the house had been previously closed, but upon reiterated rapping the hall-door was at length opened.

Hearing a noise in the hall, I took my candle in my hand, stepped down to see what was the matter, and

found my landlady and the waiter disputing about the admission of this visitor, whose appearance at that late hour, unattended and dismounted, might possibly, notwithstanding his other misfortunes, which were neither few nor light, have been his greatest crime, in the view of a prudent and self-interested hostess—Having at length, with some difficulty, effected a landing on her concerns, and arranged the articles of settlement, I expected things had drawn to an amicable conclusion, and lighting the gentleman up to my apartment, we unanimously called for a chearful glass, and with a good fire before us, entered into conversation—I found he had travelled over different parts of the continent of Europe; had been an attentive observer of the revolutions there—knew the customs of many countries—could speak several languages, and having weighed, compared, and digested laws and men, was now the advocate of *liberty* and *the rights of man*—All this was grand, and even luminous—it augured much; but alas! before long, I began to suspect, that this friend of human freedom, notwithstanding all his researches, was still a stranger to those maxims of wisdom which were necessary to emancipate himself! the world had frowned upon him, and being ignorant of the saving power of the gospel, he found no refuge from its cloudy brow. I gave him to understand, that I was, myself, no stranger to the bitter cup of adversity, of which I had tasted largely; but thought, if he once became acquainted with the gospel, and from a conviction of its truth, endeavoured to draw both his religion and his politics from that source, a new and more rational prospect of things would open before him—that, under its influence, he would become

capable, instead of hanging on his distinguished relatives for support, of arriving at independence, and of becoming an useful member of society by the exercise of his own talents.

—This poor man's knowledge of the world seemed extensive, but alas! it was insufficient either to ward off the blow of misfortune, or to sustain him under it, when it had arrived. He had married early in life, had then a wife and children, whose portion I fear he had squandered; and was, at the moment of our conversation, on his way to the house of a distinguished relative, whose aid, in the reparation of his misfortunes, he intended to solicit. Early in life he had gone abroad, and had entered, I think, the Austrian service: how perilous must such a situation have been, even to a young man of established good principles, but to an inexperienced young man, ignorant of himself and of the gospel, however well informed on other subjects, how fatal!—My companion seemed to have drank in those sentiments of liberty which some years since overspread the continent of Europe, and reached even to the islands of the sea; but I never saw an instance in which their futility was more completely exemplified. I looked for the evidences of that virtue which is the offspring of true knowledge, but instead of these my ears were assailed with blasphemies!—Alas! I had little proof that this man had profited by his misfortunes—on the contrary, he made no scruple to prostitute *without provocation*, the name of that Being, whose judgments were suspended over him, and in whose hand are our present and future destinies. Before we separated I hinted to him my opinion on this subject—but

there was soon a period put to our conversation—The waiter walked in, and in a tone which I suppose was more offensive to my companion than the croaking of a brood of ravens, demanded his hotel expences for the night!—the thing was sudden and unlooked for—hotel expences before morning!—it implied a doubt of his honour—he raged—he stormed—and he swore—but the waiter, like an anvil, firm to the stroke, or like a parson who never deviates from his text, continued crying, “Sir, your hotel expences for the night”—the contest continued for a short time, and for a short time I apprehended the waiter would have had to yield; but the landlady, a squat fat woman of about fifty, overbearing, as I suppose, the dispute, and perhaps apprehending that her deputy would be dislodged from his position, unless forces were instantly poured in, tumbled into the room without ceremony, and getting under the erect body of my companion who was a tall man, she looked him courageously in the face, and in about two minutes poured upon him such a volley of his own shot, as soon compelled him to haul in his top-sails. I had endeavoured before this to make peace, and ventured a little to mediate for my companion, but perhaps not so soon or as fully as a man should have done who knew “the heart of a stranger”—however, I offered my landlady a condition which I thought would go far to pacify her but it was too late—(this may serve as a caution to all those who have a duty to perform, not to put it off until the season has expired)—the die was cast; and my landlady having obtained a victory, poor Mr. ——— was obliged to throw down his money for the refreshment he had or-

dered, and walk out. Being a child of misfortune myself, I was not insensible to this treatment; I expostulated with my landlady on the severity of her conduct, but she pleaded in her own defence, that it was necessary to guard her house against the intrusion of improper visitors; and that this gentleman was one she inferred from a piece of intelligence she had obtained from a person who had shewn him the way to her house, viz. that the same night he had been discharged from another house of entertainment in the town, for a species of misconduct not proper to be mentioned here. Whether this was true or false, I know not; but while I lamented my companion's fate, and his want of wisdom, which was a much greater misfortune than his want of money or of friends, I was by no means convinced of the humanity of our hostess. The gentleman having retired, I could not avoid reflecting on this odd transaction, and making upon it the following remark: "He was the advocate of liberty, but while the slave of vice, what influence could the political freedom of a country, an important blessing, have upon his happiness as a christian or a man?"

From Portumna I rode about seven miles across the country to Burris-o-kane, a village on the northern margin of the county of Tipperary. Here, through the blessing of Providence on the indefatigable labours of Gideon Ousely, one of those missionaries who had escaped stoning at Portumna, a considerable reformation has taken place in the manners of several of the middle and lower classes of the protestant population.

While at Burris-o-kane, Mr. Cornwall having informed me of an ancient and extraordinary manuscript, in the possession of Dr. Harrison, who resides between

that village and Nenagh, I begged of him an introduction to this gentleman; which having received, I accordingly waited on him, and was favoured with a view of what I conceive to be, a very valuable specimen of Irish antiquity. This, consisting of a small square book of fine vellum, written throughout, was found by the best testimonies I could collect about thirty years since, in one of the caves of a mountain called the Devil's-bit, within seven or eight miles of the town of Nenagh. These caves, the Doctor supposes, were formerly inhabited by certain monks who fled from the barbarity of the Danes, when their incursions harrassed the people of this country; and with reason he seems to conjecture, that this volume, which is supposed to comprehend the four Gospels, the Life of Christ, and certain forms of prayer then in use, was carried by the unhappy fugitives as a sacred deposit, to the place of their retreat, and continued in a cave there, after these monks had been cut off or died, until it was found at the time noticed above, by certain boys in their search for Stares' nests. These lads, or their parents, not understanding the value of such a treasure, and probably supposing that it would be an acceptable present to their parish priest, who was frequently an inmate of Dr. Harrison's house, they accordingly presented it to him, and he to oblige the Doctor who is an antiquarian, transferred to the latter his right, title and interest in this gem of antiquity. Thus I hear it came into the possession of Dr. Harrison. The characters of this manuscript are of three sizes, all legible and well executed; but the first, which is the neatest of all, appeared in my view (who never before saw any text more ancient than the large

and uncouth characters of the English press, in and subsequent to the reign of queen Elizabeth) a perfect model of art and elegance. I thought it a little remarkable, that this volume (notwithstanding the evident proofs of antiquity which it exhibits) should be in as good preservation, as books usually are of one hundred years standing! These ancient fathers appear to have been stimulated by a desire to perpetuate the knowledge of that holy religion, which by the barbarians around them was threatened with destruction; hence they had the precaution to enclose the sacred volume in a box which promised to preserve it for many ages. This box is composed of three metals—copper inside, silver outside, and a plate of brass between. The brass plate (which is visible through various apertures in the outside cover, elegantly cut) must have given the box, when new, a very beautiful appearance. On the outside cover there are various emblematical figures; upon these Dr. Harrison favoured me with several ingenious observations. He conceived some of them allusive to the Old Testament dispensation; but a small portion of the embossed exterior, which represented the crucifixion, was the only one about which there could be no doubt. When we consider the metals and mechanism of this box, together with the admirable texture of the volume it encloses, and how little they have been injured by the lapse of ages, we cannot but conclude, that the arts had made considerable progress in Ireland at an early period of its history. In the investigation of this subject, the antiquarian has room for the exercise of his learning and ingenuity; but as it is a subject with which we are very partially acquainted, we presume not to enter

deeply into it. As to the language, or languages, in which this book is written, I apprehend they have not been fully ascertained. A nobleman in this county had the book conveyed to London, and from thence to the university of Dublin, where it remained for several months, but came back to the county of Tipperary in most or all of its original obscurity. Some are of opinion that the characters are pure original Irish, such as the language stood before it was corrupted by the Anglo-Saxon, which I am informed was the tongue spoken by those Normans, who in the reign of Henry II. invaded and subdued this country. The original perfection and beauty of the Irish language, being thus in all probability lost to us, and having with many other languages, as well as nations and empires, had its origin and decline, a literal translation of this ancient manuscript may not now be expected, although so many words and parts of sentences have been ascertained by Dr. Barret and others, as have, together with the emblematic figures on the cover, given adequate foundation to believe, that the work contains the gospels and other writings of religious import.

Soon after this visit to Dr. Harrison, I received a hurt in my right foot, alighting from my horse, which confined me for several days at my inn, and with other considerations determined me, for the present, to cut short my visit to Munster; from which province I departed with my foot weak and bandaged in flannel, October the 24th, 1811, and arrived at home, beyond my expectation uninjured, the day succeeding, having obtained in the course of my short excursion about eighty subscribers to my first volume.

CHAP. V.

Author proceeds to Athleague and Strokestown, in the county of Roscommon—Description of those gloomy Objects—Wretched State of the Poor in that District—Humorous Advice given to the Author, by an Officer of Distinction—His Reply.

AFTER resting for some time at home, I found my foot so far recovered as to be able (with difficulty) to draw on my boot, which having done, I threw my leg over my faithful poney, and turning him towards Strokestown in the county of Roscommon, proceeded thither by Athlone and Athleague in the same county. In each of these neighbourhoods I obtained a few subscribers, perhaps about forty-nine or fifty, in the course of a fortnight. As to attempting an outline of those places, Athlone, a respectable trading and corporate town, we have already noticed, although in a very cursory way; but as for Strokestown and Athleague, if I was capable of depicting them, the pictures, like the originals, might fill the reader's imagination with gloom.

The little street of Athleague is composed for the most part of thatched cabins, which had a very dull and gloomy aspect in November. There are various respectable seats in the country around it, but very few decent houses in the town. Those of the clergyman of the parish, and of two or three families beside, preserve it from utter contempt; but the place has neither public

nor private buildings, nor any appearance of manufactures or commerce to induce description. Did this village exhibit an aspect of decent poverty—did the inhabitants keep their cabins white-washed, and their little solitary street swept clean, it would afford the Author more pleasure to speak of their village in the language of commendation, than in the present merited language of dispraise. Athleague has, however, one good object, the river Suck, which crosses the N.W. end of the village, and passing through the beautiful demesne of Mount Talbot, winds its way to Ballinasloe, and from thence to its junction with the river Shannon, near Clonfert.

In the neighbourhood of Strokestown there are also a few pretty seats, but they are not sufficient either by their number or extent, to compensate to the eye for the gloomy impression which I think must be made upon that organ, by a prospect of the town as you enter it from Roscommon. It contains, however, a few respectable families of benevolent character, some of which are engaged in trade. It has also a pretty good weekly market, and several fairs in the year for the sale of yarn and other products of the country, but in the distant aspect of this place, there is nothing whatever to convey the impression of improvement, property, or public spirit; and yet it forms part of the estate of a wealthy nobleman, and stands in the immediate vicinity of his lordship's residence. When you enter the village in the direction I have mentioned, a few good dwelling-houses to the right hand, and the entrance to Lord Hartland's house and demesne, give you some notion of an European town,

but the bleak and unimproved appearance of the neighbourhood—the badness of the road on the hill just above the town, the wretched appearance of several cabins, the habitations of human beings, and which, it is not an hyperbole to say, few men of fortune would permit their dogs to inhabit,* fully justify the description we have

* The wretched state of the poor in this district is further confirmed by the following statement, transmitted by Mr. Short, the Protestant curate of Fuerty in the County of Roscommon, to Mr. Mason: but which, though the portrait of his own parish, decyphers so correctly the state of the poor in that county and other parts of Connaught, as almost to render superfluous, an advertence to the history of any other parish, for information on this subject—

“ The situation of the lower ranks in this country,” says Mr. Short, “ subjects them to two material disadvantages: one arising from the reduced prices of labor, and another, from the want of any manufactory to engage the younger members of their families. In the majority of this extensive class, we find six or seven children looking exclusively to the father for support, as few obtain employment until they are of an age to use the spade. (Mr. Short might have added, that when they are of age, they are frequently obliged to repair to England, or to the more agricultural districts of their own country to obtain employment.)

“ Under these circumstances,” continues Mr. Short, “ it cannot be expected that many of the comforts, which attend a moderate share of the necessities of life, can be found within their walls. Their appearance corresponds with the poverty of their situation. The *hovels which they inhabit*, with a few exceptions, *are wretched in the extreme; in many instances, inadequate to the purposes of shelter, and significant of the destitute condition of the owners.*—In disposition these poor people are inoffensive, but in mind unenlightened: civil and kind to strangers; industrious, yet affording little remarkable in the history of the day—In short, if we consider their want of improvement in morals and religion, we shall rather be inclined to commiserate their ignorance, and wonder that it is not more fatal, than

given—No lakes, no groves, few or no villas in view to counteract the impression which the smoky spectacle made upon my imagination in the gloomy month of No-

hastily condemn them for errors, against which they have never been fortified by early instruction."—Parochial Survey of Ireland, Vol. 1, pages 407 and 408.

The above opinions perfectly correspond with our view of the subject, and considering their *undeniable authenticity*, it is perhaps well for the peasantry of Connaught that they are not better informed—Were their minds once irradiated by the light of letters, it is hard to suppose that they would remain long content in their present situation; but accustomed as they are and have been for ages, to live in dirt, smoke, ignorance, and almost without shelter, they either feel not their condition, or feeling it to be hopeless, resign themselves to their destiny without a murmur—Thus circumstanced, it is not surprising, that petty larceny and other vices which grow out of a degraded state, should be practised by many of those poor people—Sound education—enlightened instruction from the pulpit and the press, and an improvement in their physical condition, are the only remedies—But how shall this combination of advantages be brought to operate in favor of this portion of our countrymen?—The gentlemen under whom they live, seem for the most part, perfectly well satisfied with their present condition—The farming societies of which we have heard so much, what have they done for the peasantry of Connaught?—The middle classes of society, oppressed as they are with loss of trade and an overgrown taxation, can scarcely live—The government, has an heavy and expensive establishment to support; and to parliament, the people are justly looking for an abridgement, not an increase of the burdens under which they labor—From what quarter then can relief be extended to the suffering classes of our countrymen? Certainly from no other than the landed proprietors and first class of the commercial interest—but effectually to alleviate public distress, and improve the condition of a people, would require *sacrifices of luxury* from these classes, which, though an imperative duty, in a time of public calamity, few are found willing to comply with.

ember—All conspired to revive the thoughts of an object which I have never seen, and perhaps never shall see—An old Indian settlement, in an uncivilized and unimproved part of the American continent—If I may be blamed for forming this picture in my imagination, let it be my apology, that the disadvantageous shades have not been produced by a comparison of this town and neighborhood, with the towns and gardens of Italy or France, but with those towns of our own Island which I have seen. Whoever has seen the town of Lisburn, and has rode from thence to Belfast—the town of Portarlington in the King's County, or even the towns of Mountmellick, Tullamore, or Moate, in Leinster, and has marked, (in proportion to the encouragement they have received,) their progress in trade and improvements, and the aspect of decency and comfort which they have imparted to the neighborhoods around them, will not severely censure me for endeavouring to excite my countrymen at Strokestown, to emulate their example, *whenever they receive adequate encouragement to do so*—It is natural for the lover of his country to wish, that the whole and every part thereof should be going forward in improvement—that the inhabitants of Ireland should not only be distinguished for their hospitality and national prowess, but for their liberal conduct to each other—for their good faith—their readiness to promote the interests of their country, and their distinguished exertions for the adoption and promotion of every plan, calculated to enlighten, fertilize, enrich and beautify it in the face of nations.

Having an introduction to Mr. D——— a magistrate in this neighborhood, and a man of good information, I

received an invitation to lodge at his house, and while there, was agreeably entertained, not only with a view of his little cabinet of curiosities, for Mr. D—— is a virtuoso, but also with an opportunity of seeing, and hearing him read, some ingenious pieces which he has composed, for he is a writer also, although not publicly known.

On this journey I visited an officer of distinction, who feeling disposed to amuse himself, recommended me to go and head the Spaniards against the French, telling me that they might make a general of me, and that this would be a better way to make my fortune than by writing books. Could, however, the joke be realized, the fact is, I would prefer my own humble condition to the largest measure of glory, which could be purchased by the calamities of war*—In this respect I would imitate the ancient christian, the primitive quaker, the Dunkard of Pennsylvania, or the peaceful Laplanders, who, as Thomson says,

“ Wisely they
 Despise th’ insensate barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple nature gives—
 No false desires, no pride created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
 And through the restless ever tortur’d maze
 Of pleasure or ambition, bid it rage.”

I shall close this little journey with another quotation from the same poet :—

“ Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;

* See the Author's observations on this subject, page 442 of his first publication.

They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste :
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain—
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame—how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man."

CHAP. VI.

Author's Excursions in the County of Westmeath and parts bordering on that district—His description of Mullingar—Of the beautiful seats of Reynella, Rosmead, Ballinlough and St. Lucy—Curious character of the old landlady at Castletown Delvin—Circuit for ascertaining the Lakes and other primary beauties of Westmeath, marked out—Proceeds to Oldcastle—His description of that place—Afflicting Story related by a Gentleman at the Inn there, of a shocking outrage committed by a body of our Protestant brethren in the North, on some peaceable Catholics, noticed with pain—Solemn reflections at Lough Crew—Description of the little beauties of Bellany—Of the gigantic Knock-i-on, and the beautiful Lake Deravaragh, at its foot—Returns home a few days previous to the Christmas of 1811, and closes his labors for the year, with reflections on the nature of that work in which he had been engaged.

THE month of November had considerably advanced, when I returned home from that little excursion into

Connaught, which has been noticed in the last chapter; and until the year closed, I confined myself, for the most part, within the limits of Westmeath, usually leaving home on Monday, and returning on the Saturday following—Some brief sketches of my excursions, and of the most remarkable places in this district are here subjoined.

Moate, in the county of Westmeath, is situated about fifty-one miles west of Dublin and seven east of Athlone—its industry and improvements have justly procured for it one of the most distinguished positions on the map of this county—its main street, in which a considerable number of good edifices have been erected within the last fifteen or twenty years, runs about three quarters of a mile, from east to west, and north of this, there has been erected within the same period, an additional street, called Newmarket, but which is more commonly known by the name of Newtown—In and near this last mentioned street, there are, besides several very respectable dwelling-houses, a Sessions-house, a Roman Catholic chapel and convent, a Methodist chapel, and a considerable brewery—The town of Moate is remarkable for its cleanliness and public order. The principal street is spacious, and the suburbs, particularly at the east end of the town, will not wound human feeling, by the prospect of that filth and wretchedness, which mark the habitations of the poor, in the precincts of many towns in this country of greater magnitude.

Moate has the advantage of every other town in this county, in the important article of its manufactures—The linen, cotton, and woollen manufactures, are here carried on extensively; and whilst to the proprietors

they prove a source of wealth, and to hundreds of the laboring poor, of subsistence, the man of humanity comes in for his share of the profit; the joy which results to his heart, from the prospect of so many of his fellow-creatures being rescued from want, and put into a capacity of proving useful to themselves and to the community.—Athlone, although a strong military position and good commercial town, supplying as it does, not only its garrison and inhabitants, but a considerable part of the County of Roscommon, with merchandize, has, nevertheless, if we except a brewery or two, no manufacture of consequence to distinguish it. The same may be said of Mullingar, the assizes town of the county of Westmeath, which, with respect to its mercantile situation and resources, has, however, the advantage of Moate. Mullingar and Moate cover, in all probability, about the same extent of ground; but the former is a more compact and connected town, and can, perhaps, boast of a more numerous population; while the latter is more open, cleanly, and remarkable for modern improvement: but we have observed, that Moate is inferior to Mullingar on the ground of its mercantile advantages—this appears from the following circumstances: Moate stands nearly central between the trading towns of Tullamore and Athlone, with which, of course, it has to contend for the inland commerce of the country—it is situate ten miles N. W. of the former, and about eight east of the latter—it has also to dispute with Kilbeggan and Clara, two towns of inferior importance; the former, seven miles east, and the latter, five miles S. E. of its position.

Mullingar has no considerable trading towns nearer

to it than Kells, Trim, Edenderry, Tullamore, Moate, Ballymahon and Granard, which may be conceived to form a circle around it, with a radius of about sixteen miles: of course it has the advantage of Moate, in the article of internal commerce. Moate has no direct communication with the metropolis by water: Tullamore is the nearest port of the Grand Canal Company, and the *land* carriage of goods from thence to Moate, is not much less expensive than from Dublin to Tullamore by *water*, a distance of about forty-six miles. The Royal Canal comes immediately to Mullingar; its superiority to Moate, for easy and convenient carriage, is therefore obvious.

Moate is not what may be called a strong military position—Government has temporary barracks in this town, which, however, are not always occupied—at present the Rutland regiment of militia, a body of about one hundred, and to their honour be it spoken, well conducted men, inhabit them; but this partial occupancy of the army, furnishes the town with what may be called a very slender and uncertain military trade. Near Mullingar extensive barracks have been lately erected by government, which manifest its design to maintain a strong military force there; this must, of course, prove a fruitful source of interest to the trading inhabitants, and with respect to military commerce gives it the advantage of Moate, the sister town. Mullingar has also the advantage of Moate, a most important one, in regard to the number and opulence of its surrounding inhabitants. Mail and stage-coaches pass through Moate, but do not lodge there; the larger efflux of passengers from the province of Connaught to Dublin, and from

hence returning, passes we presume through Tullamore by the way of Shannon Harbour, near the confines of the county of Galway,—this being a port of the Grand Canal Company, their packet boats ply thither from the metropolis, and return with passengers: lumber boats also convey merchandize to the Connaught traders in that direction; and hence a diversion of goods and passengers from the Dublin and Galway road, on which Moate stands, having more or less taken place, it has not now the same advantages of thoroughfare as Mullingar, in which two public coaches, with their passengers, regularly stopping for the night, must of course circulate a good deal of money.* Mullingar is, I believe, nearly central between Dublin and Sligo: it is the grand pass between those places, and the usual lodging place of passengers. We know of no other road between the ports of Sligo and Dublin, capable of diverting from this any considerable portion of the inhabitants travelling between these ports; and the efflux of passengers from the former to the latter increasing as the coaches pass through Boyle, Carrick and Longford, Mullingar necessarily becomes a town of considerable thoroughfare; but although it has this and other monied sources which Moate cannot boast of, yet while the

* If it be objected here, that the money left at an inn is not circulated; we beg leave to ask, is the consumption of tea, wine, bread and meat at an inn, of no service to the grocers, the wine merchants, the bakers and the butchers of a town? to say nothing here of the benefit resulting to the neighbouring farmer from the consumption of his hay and oats, and which enabling him to support his family more decently, the country merchant in his turn reaps a part of the advantage, by the money which the farmer necessarily expends with him.

latter maintains its manufactures, public credit and improvements, its rank and position in the county will be as conspicuous and commanding as any other town which the map exhibits.*

The road from Moate to Mullingar, until you approach Lough Ennell near the latter, is rather barren of interest. There are a few seats, and a few only visible from the road. The principal of these are Rosemount, Streamstown and Jamestown: this latter, the seat of Sir Richard Nagle, Bart. you find to be a handsome object, when you approach to inspect it; but as it stands upon a plain, almost totally concealed from the observation of the traveller, the country derives but little ornament from its local beauties.

When I had arrived near Lough Ennell, I penetrated the country a little to the right, and from the hall-door of a Mr. Cormick, had some prospect over the lake to Rochfort, Belvidere and Bowran-park, and the spectacle was truly gratifying—but from Mrs. O'Reilly's seat, which stands in a more open and elevated situation, in the same neighbourhood, you have still a more perfect and extensive view. Here the passenger may rest his eye for a few moments with pleasure: if he is provided with a good glass, and views attentively the objects which we have just noticed, and which are visible from the public road, he will probably not think ten or fifteen minutes of his time thrown away. Having obtained

* We are sorry to observe that the town of Moate has suffered very much in its character and interests since this piece was written in the year 1812.

the names and subscriptions of several respectable inhabitants on the borders of Lough Ennell, I pressed forward to Mullingar, and in this short journey was twice furnished with cause of thankfulness for the preservation I had experienced. The roads being slippery with the frost, and my horse's shoes (which had been prepared some time before) worn smooth, I was nevertheless under the necessity, on account of the shortness of the days, and the frequent interruptions to my journey, to ride hard during the intervals of my visits. Poor Toby (an honest creature which I had purchased when worn down with my pedestrian exercises) was not, however, as much convinced as his master of the importance of rolling the Tennis-ball post-haste through the country—he seemed as if he would wish to be excused; but as I fed him well, and took good care of him in every other respect, as the hostlers on the road well knew, I would take no apology, and begging leave to touch him with the steel, he slid forward, and without farther ceremony laid himself and his master sprawling on the ground—twice we performed this precious ceremony, and as often to my great thankfulness we escaped unhurt. Having arrived safe in Mullingar, and made the best reparation I could to my horse for the dangers to which I had exposed him, I thought it high time to pay some attention to myself, which having done, five or six gentlemen walked into the room, who had just arrived in the coaches which ply between Dublin and Sligo. After dinner we got into conversation, and three of the company thought proper to subscribe to the Tennis-ball—one of these was an officer of artillery, a man of mild and amiable manners, and another proved

to be Mr. Everard, of Sligo, in favour of whose public character my friend Mr. Devenish, near Strokestown, had spoken warmly. Next day I proceeded for the second time towards Castletown Delvin, a poor little village on an estate of the Earl of Westmeath ; it has no weekly market, and the inn is by far the most decent edifice it contains. On the road I visited a few respectable seats which lie in that direction, and with one or two solitary exceptions, obtained a subscriber in each. The principal of those seats is Reynella, the property of a Mrs. Reynells, with the beauties of which little spot I was really charmed. These beauties lie modestly retired from the road, and begin to unfold themselves after you have passed the second gate, in your approach to the house. The planting within this gate precludes the prospect of an artificial lake, which approaches within a few perches of it ; but the moment you have passed through the gate and adjoining plantation, the beauties of the house and demesne begin to open upon the view, and they are such as must interest every one who takes pleasure in beholding the creation around him improved and beautified. Indeed, if I was called upon to describe this place in a few words, I would say, in the figurative language of a poet, that Art had exhausted her invention to deck a demesne of sixty or eighty acres with the most brilliant and beautiful of her works. Here the water dragged from its secret springs is poured into a large bason, the crystal surface of which, vies in brightness with the azure canopy whose image it reflects ; while infant groves, touched with perpetual verdure, sheep grazing in peaceful silence on the borders of the lake, black and white fowl floating

upon its surface, and even the fancy dresses of those who walk upon the opposite margin to enjoy the beauty of the prospect, heighten and improve the scenery—to these if we add the effect which results from an actual view of the mansion-house across the lake as you enter the demesne, and which in all the elegance of modern improvement presents to the spectator from a little eminence above the lake, its snowy front, enclosed by plantations on the right and left, with openings between them to more distant prospects; while two or three clumps, placed with great judgment on little hills remote from the interior improvements, give an appearance of amplitude to the demesne, and by their distant and conspicuous position, form a kind of grand outline to the scenery—I say, if we consider the effect of these improvements individually, we shall be able to form some idea of the aggregate beauty of that place. In your approach to the house you pass over a neat wooden bridge which crosses an arm of the lake, and on the right hand side of this object, if you cast your eyes downward, you will probably be entertained with the prospect of some pairs of bald-coot floating on the surface, beneath a thick shade of willows, which form a kind of enclosure from thence to the mansion.

It was in the gloomy month of December that I visited this charming spot, and I confess I was at a loss to determine, whether the idea which I had formed of the peculiar serenity of the sky and clearness of the atmosphere around me, was produced by the objects I have been describing, or whether these were indebted for a part of their beauty to the temperate state of the elements at the time I beheld them; but be this as it may, I think

the impartial beholder will agree with me in acknowledging that this beautiful seat of Mrs. Reynells has powerful attractions for the eye of sensibility. Had an inlet of the sea approached the confines of this demesne, and exhibited on the opposite shore, a chain of blue mountains in contact with the sky, what a magnificent spectacle would here be exhibited to the eye of the poet and philosopher—but although the imagination of these is not exalted by the prospect of stupendous mountains and a rolling sea, objects which forcibly impress upon the heart a sense of the greatness and majesty of the Divine Architect, yet in looking over the individual and aggregate beauties of this place, the man of sensibility will find much to admire and much to interest his feelings.

Having left this little spot behind me, I continued my route to Castletown Delvin, and at the inn there was entertained, while dining and taking tea, with the conversation of the most curious kind of old landlady I have yet met with, whose usual practice it is to enquire of her guests, Who they are? What they are? From whence they came, and whither they are bound?—Having previously heard of her character, I was prepared for the scene which followed; and it was one, which if the stoic's muscles were at all susceptible of risibility, would, I think, have put them into motion.

My landlady having asked me my name, which I plainly told her, she next desired to be informed where I lived—I told her that I had sometimes lived in one part of the island, and sometimes in another; enumerating several counties in which I have had temporary residence—In consequence of this information, I perceived she

took me for an inspector, but not being able to ascertain her point, (for I obstinately kept her in the dark,) she shifted her suspicions, and presumed I must be the new surveyor of excise, who had been appointed to the district—being cruel enough to take advantage of this mistake, for I was bent on being entertained in return for her curiosity ; I desired to know when the gauger had last visited her house to take stock, bid her produce her stock-book, and asked, whether she had got any *potteen* whiskey in the house—These unexpected requisitions, uttered with much gravity, appearing to shed a momentary gloom upon the countenance and conversation of my landlady, I laughed and relieved her feelings—but she was not a woman to be thus put off—in a few moments she resumed her spirits, and returned to the charge ; but neither her importunity nor her humour could extort from me the measure of information which she wanted, and I left her house in all the gloom of my original obscurity. She concluded the evening with letting me know, I was the queerest man she had ever seen, that she could not tell what to make of me, and that, although I passed myself for a stranger, she believed I knew the country and the people in it as well as she did. The next morning before I departed, having either forgotten, or affected to forget my name, she asked me was I not a Mr. T—, who had formerly visited her house and *owed her a balance of accompt* ; upon which assuring her I never had the honour of being entertained by her before, she told me, if I was not Mr. T—, I was exceedingly like him, but that I kept myself so concealed, she could not tell who I was, or what to make of me. I have been at many inns in the course of

my travels, and have met with several landlords and landladies *in character*, but never before with an old woman so curious and entertaining, as my landlady at Castletown Delvin.

The celebrated Henry Grattan happening to breakfast one morning at her house, she besieged him, (as I had heard and she herself acknowledged) with the same kind of artillery—"Pray sir," said she, "where do you live?" "At home, ma'am," said he—"Pray sir," said she, "where is your home?" "In Dublin, ma'am," said he—"Pray sir, what is your name?" here he was silent, but a gentleman who was with him, being either inclined to satisfy the landlady's curiosity, or desirous to put an end to her interrogatories, whispered in her ear the name and quality of her guest, upon which, I am told, she poured a flood of compliments upon the orator, assuring him, that if she had been apprized beforehand of his approach, she would have announced it in the village by a public bonfire.

Before I proceed to give the reader a farther description of the incidents of my journey, I shall notice, for the information of the stranger, who wishes to see the beauties of the county of Westmeath, that if he takes a circuit from Tyrrel's-pass to Mullingar; from thence to Castletown Delvin; from thence to Castle Pollard, and returns to Mullingar, and when there, devotes a day to the inspection of Lough Ennell, and another to that of Lough Hoyle, he will find within this circuit, of perhaps forty or fifty miles, its principal beauties concentrated—there are, to be sure, several elegant seats near the western margin of the county, such as Willbrook, Bonown, the beautiful lodge and demesne of Major

Murray, on the banks of the Shannon, and perhaps a few others—but from the best information I could collect, and from, at least, a tolerably correct knowledge of the county, I have concluded that the circle here marked out for the stranger's information, encloses within it, by far a larger portion of its property and beauty, than any other circle, which the pen of the writer, or pencil of the painter could depict.

Having discharged my landlady and her bill, I bid farewell to Castletown Delvin, and after a fruitless application to a noble lord, proceeded to Rosmead, the seat of Henry W. Wood, Esq. to whose patronage I had been previously recommended by the worthy minister of his parish. It may, perhaps, look like offering incense at the shrine of wealth, to mention the impression which the condescending carriage and benevolent manners of this gentleman (and others of his rank and character) have made upon my mind, and the peculiar force which their virtues derived from being placed in contrast with the numerous less useful characters which surround them—but such comparisons as these will force themselves upon the thinking faculty, and nature, in despite of reason, will sometimes form strong conclusions—When we see, in the countenance and carriage of any man, great or small, (but particularly in the higher circles from whence dignified virtue sheds its benign influence upon humble merit with peculiar effect) the characteristical marks of reflection and a benevolent mind—their evidence is not easily resisted—greater evidence than this, is to be sure, every day resisted by *inveterate prejudice*, but as I had no prepossession of this kind, I felt myself open to the impression which Mr. Wood's appearance and demeanor

were calculated to produce upon a mind not wholly destitute of feeling and perception. This man of fortune and good family, bore in his appearance and manners, the marks of a character, which of all others under heaven I most admire, that of a christian gentleman—I need say no more—may he persevere in the faith and virtues of this character, until he arrive within view of that country, where the christian “rests from his labors and his works follow him.”

The mansion-house of Rosmead, which occupies a commanding position, is situate about two miles north of Castletown Delvin, in an open and highly improved country, and the extensive demesne which surrounds it is completely in the stile of modern improvement. As you approach this object from Castletown Delvin, at the junction of two roads within about a mile of the house, the left wing of the pleasure grounds beautifully planted, first salutes you; and when you have turned to the right and rode a little forward, an open view of that portion of the demesne which surrounds the approach to the house, and of a neat porter's lodge, sheltered in a stripe of meadow just opposite, apprize you of your proximity to the mansion-house of Rosmead—This little lodge, which, in proportion to its size, had as perfect marks of neatness and architectural skill as the lordly edifice on the lordly ground above it, was not likely to escape the notice of a man, who having been chiefly acquainted with little comforts, was therefore greatly pleased with the idea of comfortable living in the valley—the sheltered stripe of meadow on which this lodge stands (not immediately on the road side as is usual, but

at a little distance from it) did not, we can assure the reader, lessen its beauty, or the author's interest in the more ample scenery before him.

The approach through the avenue to the house, indicates the open and hospitable temper of the owner. There is no gate to obstruct your passage—the avenue sweeps from the public road through the demesne, and conducts you without interruption to the mansion-house. This beautiful modern edifice stands, as we have just noticed, in a good position, and of course commands an agreeable prospect of the neighborhood—it looks down on a little river at the foot of the lawn, which although an object of small magnitude, contributes by its meandering current to beautify the prospect; while to the stately steed and lowing heifer on its margin, it presents, as it rolls along, its nectarious fluid, and by its plaintive purling music, charms to composure the cares of the weary peasant, who on the evening of a “harvest home” courts rest and silence on its grassy banks.

From Mr. Wood's house I rode to Sir Hugh O'Reilly's (now Sir Hugh Nugent) of Ballinlough, a baronet of ancient family, and indeed a man of friendly and hospitable manners, if I may judge by my own experience—neither of these gentlemen were under the necessity of resorting to that supercilious *hauteur* to maintain their rank, which, in cases totally unnecessary, is resorted to as the strong hold of weak and little minds, whose ignorance and want of discernment, saps the foundation of that consequence which they tremble to support. Truly great men, on the contrary, knowing that their consequence is best supported by the discharge of those

duties which devolve upon them as distinguished citizens and christians, feel no fear—they rest not their strength upon the outworks of society, which, as forming a bulwark against the assaults of anarchy and insolence, are necessary to be supported; but it is from adherence to the *watch-word* of the celebrated Nelson to his country in the hour of her danger, that every man of every rank must derive permanent support.*

The castle and demesne of Ballinlough, had an appearance of antiquity highly gratifying to my feelings (while the house and demesne of Rosmead seemed distinguished by the beauties of modern improvement) I reined in my horse within a few perches of the grand gate of Ballinlough to take a view of the castle: it stands on a little eminence above a lake which beautifies the demesne; and not only the structure of the castle, but the appearance of the trees, and even the dusky colour of the gate and walls, as you enter, contribute to give the whole scenery an appearance of antiquity, while the prospect is calculated to infuse into the heart of the beholder, a mixed sentiment of veneration and delight. The reader has been already informed, that the little excursions we have been describing were performed in the gloomy month of December: a month not quite so fa-

* "England expects every man to do his duty"—Admiral Lord Nelson's watch-word to the British Navy at the battle of Trafalgar, where just as he had obtained a decisive victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, he fell covered with wounds, and with the plaudits of his country. His remains were interred with great pomp at Westminster Abbey; and a splendid pillar has been erected to his memory in Sackville-street, Dublin, by the Irish people.

vourable as some others for the sketching of light airy landscapes, because the painter's eye and the poet's imagination must be more or less influenced by the season—but should these be called upon, to make the beauties of Ballinlough the subject of their canvas and their song, let them choose that season of the year in which we are now writing for the performance of their task ; as the gloom of winter, in unison with the venerable objects of that place, must, more or less, affect the hue of their imaginations, and prepare them to deliver to the proprietor and his friends, a picture characteristically marked.

For my own part, I shall not, with my moderate talents, which have been little cultivated, pretend to give the public a perfect and complete picture of any thing—I may, indeed furnish the youthful part of my readers with a few light sketches of interesting prospects ; but to produce a descriptive piece to the public eye, in all the grand features and minute tints of a perfect composition, is as much beyond my pretension as my leisure to attempt—I shall therefore just observe in a cursory way, that the view which I sketched of Ballinlough lake and castle, was taken through an opening of the old, bending, and in part, barkless trees, on my right and left, and which with their withered foilage scattered on the ground, contributed their share to the characteristic features of this scene. Through such an opening (which in part shaded and in part presented to the view, the castle, the lake and the intervening lawn) let the reader picture to himself what sort of impression must be made upon the mind of the beholder, while sitting on his horse at a moderate distance from the vista, he looked at-

tentively through it to the objects which we have just noticed—Let him who has studied with attention the beauties of a masterly painting, recollect the effect which hath been produced upon his imagination by the skilful blending of light and shade in the composition; and the influence which the due distribution of these has had upon the whole; and he will be able to form some estimate of my sensations, while my eye was full bent on those living objects, which the skill of the painter, however perfect, can only produce to the admirer of nature in minute and dusky shadows.

Having visited the castle of Ballinlough, the interior of which appears a good deal modernized, Sir Hugh had the politeness to shew me two or three of the principal apartments; these, together with the gallery in the hall, had as splendid an appearance as any thing which I had, until that time, witnessed in private buildings. The rooms are furnished in a superb stile—I cannot pretend to estimate the value, either of the furniture or ornamental works, but some idea thereof may be formed from the expence of a fine marble chimney-piece purchased in Italy, and which, if any solid substance can in smoothness and transparency rival wax work, it is this. I took the liberty of enquiring what might have been the expence of this article, and Sir Hugh informed me only five hundred pounds sterling, a sum that would establish a country tradesman in business!—The collection of paintings which this gentleman shewed me, must have been purchased at an immense expence also—probably at a price that would set up two: what then must be the value of the entire

furniture and ornamental works?—Through a large glass door in one of those magnificent apartments which opens at the rere of the castle, the baronet conducted me ; and from a rising ground on which the castle stands, obliged me with a view of the lake in that direction. The reader may form some idea of the pleasure which such a prospect afforded, while standing within a few yards of the castle, with the glass door set open, I beheld before me, at a moderate distance from the eye, the lake, and a skirt of the demesne ; and when I turned round, to relieve that organ, the castle and one of the superbly furnished apartments which we have just noticed, presented before it the works of the architect and painter in all their varied perfection. Having pointed out to the Baronet an alteration which I conceived would improve the appearance of his demesne, and expressed my sense of his politeness, I took a farewell view of his concerns, and departed. From thence I proceeded to visit Sir Thomas Chapman, a country gentleman of plain and unaffected manners. I had not time to enquire the name of his seat—it is on the verge of a little village on his estate, called Clonmellon. The house and demesne looked handsome, but the transient view which I obtained of them a little before night, did not qualify me after the fatigues of the day to enter minutely into their beauties.* The painful though indispensable part of my

* I have since had an opportunity of seeing this seat, which is called St. Lucy, in open day. Considering that it has not the advantage of an elevated position, it is a very beautiful concern, and commands an open view to the castles of Trim, about ten miles from thence, to Lloyds's Pillar at Kells, about six miles east from Clonmellon, and to the hills or mountains of Lough-

business was now to be performed. I accordingly solicited a short interview with the Baronet, which having obtained and communicated to him the plan of my work, he had the politeness to enrol his name in my catalogue, a favour the more to be valued, as he told me, although he complied in my case, it was not his custom.

It had been my frequent practise in those excursions, to mark out in the course of the evening, the tract of country I proposed going over the succeeding day, together with the gentlemen's seats in that direction; and one day in the month of December, having travelled hard to accomplish the route which I had thus laid out, I found myself benighted before I had arrived at the village of my destination. Travelling by night, and without company, in a strange country, and on an uninhabited road, is unpleasant at any time, but here I was furnished with an additional source of perplexity, the observation of a second road which I could just perceive branched off to the right hand from that on which I travelled. Being wholly unacquainted with the country, I was at a loss to determine which of these roads I should pursue, and in this painful dilemma pausing for a moment to derive succour from reflection, I adopted

crew, about the same distance, in another direction. This demesne is beautified by a lake at the rear of the mansion-house; and from a ground somewhat elevated beyond this, an old church-yard and an interesting ruin near it, shed their romantic influence upon the scene. The lands of this estate, so far as I had opportunity of noticing them, appeared in high order, some of the meadows producing, as Sir Thomas assured me, twenty loads of hay to the acre, and the value of this property is considerably enhanced by a quantity of well-grown timber.

the resolution of proceeding straight forward ; soon after which, a consolatory circumstance occurred, which will undoubtedly excite the reader's amusement—it was the glimmering of a candle through the window of a house in the village I sought, the latter of which being built on a hill, and the house I allude to just opposite the road I was travelling, the observation of this candle afforded me as much pleasure, as that of the light-house does to the distressed mariner, who, in a dark and tempestuous night labours to bring his ship to port. I was at this time within about a mile of the village, and thought if I should be mistaken with regard to my object, that at least I had the consolation of believing I was approaching the habitation of human beings. At this time there was one family in my list unvisited. I had left it for the last, because it was in the immediate vicinity of the village, and as I had made it a point to improve time and use all possible dispatch, I determined not to curtail my next day's progress by postponing this visit until morning. Although the shades of night had fallen, it was not yet 6 o'clock—I therefore made up my mind, to call here before I should alight at my inn—(for I thought when once arrived there, rest for the remainder of the night would be my own and my horse's due)—I accordingly rode up to the house, fastened my horse to a wicket which opened into the lawn, and rapping at the door was admitted. I had commenced my apology for this unseasonable intrusion ; but the gentleman of the house who had just returned from one of his farms did not give me time to finish it in the position I was then in, but conducting me into the parlour arranged my establishment for the night, before I had either com-

municated to him my business in his part of the country, or produced for his inspection any other certificate of my character than that which I carried in my face. This was singular hospitality to a perfect stranger, but for every thing there is a cause. This young man, in whose mind a secret, but I trust useful enquiry had been instituted, is a person of good landed property. On seeing my prospectus he made no scruple of subscribing to the publication I was promoting, and being alone, for the rest of his family had gone to Dublin, he spoke of the gratification which this accidental visit afforded him. The following day proved so extremely wet, that I could not travel, nor could my host leave home—the greater part of it was therefore spent in conversation on subjects of the utmost importance. I was ready to believe, that my visit to this house, and my detention there for two nights were not merely accidental. Mr. M——, whatever use he may have since made of the time thus occupied, or whatever impressions may have since resumed their ascendancy over his judgment, was not then backward to acknowledge that he derived as much advantage from our conversation during the period of my visit, as I derived from the hospitality of his house. Indeed he made still stronger acknowledgments than this—but man is nothing—the sun only is the source of light. Being a Protestant of the most refined opinions myself, and engaged in the propagation of those opinions, I felt a little uneasy when I first discovered, that the person to whom I was indebted for this amiable treatment was the member of an opposite church. The painful sensation produced by this discovery, wore away, however, as our minds were

candidly unfolded to each other, (an effect always produced by free communication and enquiry,) and on the second night in which we slept in the same apartment, it afforded me no uneasiness, that my host's prayers were offered up through *many* intercessors, while I adhered firmly to the Apostle's doctrine, that, we have "one GOD, and one MEDIATOR between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." 1 Tim. ii. 5.

From Clonmellon I crossed the country to Oldcastle, a little town on the northern margin of Westmeath, whose antique appearance on one of those hills with which that neighbourhood abounds, rendered it in the winter season an interesting object. The recollection of a little society of Quakers, having been once established in the vicinity of this town, but which, of late, has become wholly extinct, contributed, with the antiquity of the village, and romantic appearance of the surrounding scenery, to affect me very sensibly. I felt my heart alive to the recollections of an early interest in the concerns of this people, and although at that time, with very few exceptions, no farther connected with them than by the common ties of humanity, yet the force of early impressions, with the preference which I still give in my judgment to several of their principles, were such, that I could not but feel affected with the idea of the posterity of the Oldcastle Quakers, having alienated themselves from a place, which once derived respectability from the property and conduct of their ancestors.

Oldcastle, as I remarked before, stands on a rising ground, and commands a prospect of the country for some miles around. From the cursory view which I took

of the town, I think it may be composed of about forty old houses, and perhaps half a dozen of more decent aspect. I was however informed, that it has a very good weekly-market and eight fairs in the year. In these, beside other products of the country, large quantities of linen-yarn are sold to the northern and other manufacturers. The money thus circulated to a considerable amount in the town and neighbourhood, renders Oldcastle a place of some trade—it has several shops, a very decent inn, recently established there by Mr. Napper, and the trading inhabitants are in more comfortable circumstances than a stranger would suppose from the appearance of their town. .

While in this village I met with a gentleman, nearly related to a clergyman in this country, who has published several large volumes, and spent the evening with him much to my satisfaction. This gentleman gave me a minute detail of a very shocking transaction which took place in the north of Ireland, sometime previous to the rebellion of 1798, and which I notice with pain for the sake of public example. The account I received is as follows :

A body of Roman Catholics, who lived peaceably in one or two baronies, which they wholly or at least principally occupied, having received information, whether true or false, of a design to injure or insult them on the 12th of July subsequent to this information, they, for the single purpose of self-preservation, entrenched themselves in a Danish fort on their own lands. Here, on the above day, (in defiance of the commands and exhortations of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who was both a magistrate and minister) they were attacked

by a number of our protestant brethren in arms, dislodged from their position, and three of them killed upon the spot. The barbarities committed upon this occasion are not here detailed in full—it is with the utmost reluctance that we notice them at all; but if unprovoked, they were such as would reflect disgrace upon a savage nation, and we hope for the sake of humanity and for the honour of the Irish nation, that a repetition of the same cruelties may never again stain the page of history. The gentleman, who gave me this information, is a member of the established church, a man of well-known protestant family—the clergyman and magistrate who expostulated with the people, was his own father-in-law; and on these accounts, as well as from his appearance and manners, I could not suspect him to be, either capable of, or inclined to fabricate such a story.

I hope the day is fast approaching when we who call ourselves Protestants, will shew by our good faith and peaceable demeanor the superiority of our principles to those of the people against whose doctrines we protest—This would be the proper subject of contest between us. The principle of persecution, which appears to us, to have been strongly interwoven in the system of popery, let us not imitate—it is this and the corruptions connected with it, which, in the judgment of great men, have promoted the discredit of that religion. Let us, therefore, instead of proclaiming hostility to the persons of Roman catholics, labor to be useful to them, both in our civil and moral capacities, and let us be aware (unless their zeal should lead them to attempt, together with the destruction of our heresy, that of our lives and liberties)

that, as men and members of sociey (setting christianity aside) they are entitled to our services, and he who withholds these, but much more so, he who steps forward on the ground of a religious difference, to molest them in their peaceable rights, is not an enemy to the catholics alone, but to himself, his country and his God !*

In my progress from Clonmellon to Oldcastle, I stepped aside for a moment to inspect Lough Crew, the residence of Captain Smith, but although I had not the pleasure of seeing this gentleman at that time, I considered myself well repaid for the dedication of an hour, by the pleasure which I derived from the contemplation of his seat and the objects near it—In the dwelling-house (which stands in a position artificially low, and to which you descend by a flight of stone steps from a verdant platform above it) there is nothing but its ruined appearance to recommend it to attention ; but even this, in the rural and sequestered spot where it is situate, is not without effect ; particularly, when taken in connection with the broken pillars of a row of once existing edifices, which from the same hollow ground, no bad emblem of the grave, spoke their moral lesson ; and with the parish

* What a misfortune it is, in a country so well circumstanced for happiness as this, that prejudices should run so high as to embitter all our natural advantages, and even render the residence of honest and peaceable citizens extremely perilous in certain districts, where ignorant armed bigots by their nocturnal assemblies, or hot headed loyalists by party exhibitions, set peace and order at defiance. It is thus we rob ourselves of that unanimity which constitutes the glory of a country, which sweetens the cup of national affliction, and without which, energy for the improvement of our population, can neither be acquired nor preserved.

church, at the distant end of the grass plot, partly sheltered and partly open to the view; and, lastly, with rows of venerable yew trees, which surrounding the sacred edifice and platform we have noticed, lend their influence to complete the solemnity of the scene. All these in a position sufficiently secluded from public view to protect the contemplative man from the effects of idle curiosity, were not ill calculated to produce impression—for my own part I was not insensible to their influence—Here is a spot, thought I, sacred to devotion—If the verdant sod, which under the shelter of those venerable trees, I am now traversing with slow and silent pace—If that dark and solemn pile where the awful truths of eternity are proclaimed on the day of rest and devotion—If those broken pillars which remind me of the futility of human schemes, of the short lived existence of man, and of the final ruins of creation, do not dispose my mind for contemplation, and prepare it to ascend to Him, who can alone pardon the guilty, and set the prisoner free; who can, to the worm, impart strength divine, and transform the beggar upon the dung hill, into an angel, before whose presence the pigmy conquerors of the earth would tremble! then my mind must be strangely insensible to its most important interests, and to those subjects, which of all others in the universe, most loudly demand its diversion from the passing scenes of earth, and fasten it in contemplation on that future and invisible country, from whence no traveller returns to report his fate.

After contemplations to this effect; I passed forward towards Oldcastle; and when returning the next day to Castlepollard, I stopped at a distance to review the spot

which had given birth to my reflections—I asked a countryman the name of yonder place, pointing to the trees in a valley just opposite, and to a woody mountain, which appeared to shelter it from the storm—“That is Lough Crew,” said he—“the residence of Captain Smith, my friend?”—“Yes,” said he—“Pray who built the concerns which I saw there in ruins?”—“the father of the present Lord Shelbourne,” continued the countryman—I was interested to know a little of the history of Lough Crew, from what I had seen and felt there the day before, and of the woody mountain, which rose in dignity just above that shady and sequestered spot, and both of which were visible to the naked eye, from the road I was travelling—I thought they were objects which might have interested him, who only beheld them at a distance, but to one who had visited the spot, and felt the influence of its solemn beauties, not only its name, and the name and quality of its departed founder, but every other circumstance connected with its history, would, of course, be a natural subject of interest. A chain of hills, which extend from Oldcastle to Sallymount, a few miles distant, and enclosing a considerable tract of the country within their circle, form a spacious amphitheatre, give to this road and to the scenery near it, a magnificent appearance—As you ride towards Castlepollard, the house and concerns of Sallymount, on the declivity of one of those hills, presents itself as an interesting object; and Bellany, the seat of a Mr. Battersby, in a valley to the left of that road, much more so—Sallymount from its elevated position, commands a more distant prospect than Bellany, but cannot boast of its retired beauties, nor does it by any means derive from the

surrounding scenery, those advantages, which Bellany, embosomed in hills, and embellished by more minute graces which shall be noticed hereafter, appears to have received from the magnificent objects around her. Let the reader suppose himself travelling in this valley, and now and then looking at the conspicuous concerns of Sallymount and the surrounding hills—suddenly he spies a road turning to the left—he looks with attention—it is fenced and shady, and leads to a plain dwelling-house and offices situate in the same valley, and terminated by a beautiful lake, which now for the first time attracts his attention—Charmed with the glimpse which he had obtained of these rural beauties, he will be naturally inclined to explore the spot which presented them, and visiting the house, he will have, from the hall-door or drawing-room window, not only a more enlarged but more interesting view of the lake—At the further extremity of this, he will see three little hills rise in modest dignity out of the water, and from the top of one of these, called Bilberry rock, to the verge of the lake, the whole side is covered with a beautiful green plantation, which contributes to complete the picturesque appearance of this little prospect. When he has returned to the high road for the purpose of prosecuting his journey, it is natural, before he bid a final adieu to the beauties of Bellany, that he will take an enlarged prospect of the surrounding scenery—He sees a chain of hills at a due distance from the concern, enclosing the house, lawn and lake, the three little hills which bound the latter object, the plantation on Bilberry rock, and whatever other beauties ornament the place, as if for the purpose of protecting them from the storm, and adding magnificence

to the scene—If he is not charmed with this prospect, and does not give it a preference, in his judgment, to Sallymount, standing on a cold bleak hill without wood or water, and having in point of extensive prospect, the only advantage of Bellany, we shall only say that his taste is very different from ours, and we shall leave him without envy to the enjoyment of his stormy position.

Previous to my arrival at this place, I beheld with attention the ruins of an old castle, called Mylough, which stands on one of those hills which seem to form a circle around the country, by Sallymount and Oldcastle—These ruins were not without their share of effect upon the general view—their lofty and conspicuous position, seemed to heighten the romantic appearance of the country, while the improvements of Mr. O'Reilly of Beltrasna, on the opposite side of the road, tended to enrich it.*

Having left Bellany and the country near Oldcastle behind me, I rode on towards Castlepollard, and on the road from thence to Mullingar, called at two or three gentlemen's seats. From one of these (not far distant from Castle Pollard) though situate on a plain, I had an interesting prospect through an opening in a chain of hills to Pakenham-hall and Mr. Pollard's seat, but the situation, as I have just remarked, was too low to command an extensive prospect of the country.

Travelling on towards Mullingar from this place, I soon came in view of the most magnificent spectacle which I had hitherto seen in the County of Westmeath—

* Beltrasna, the property of Mr. Napper, whose praise, as a good landlord, I heard echoed from every quarter of that country.

In some parts of this county, I had beheld the spots where art seemed to have exhausted her invention to rival nature—in other parts, where wood, water and architecture, conspired to beautify—but here nature was the single agent, and if she has not performed her part to advantage, my capacity to discriminate has become extinct—Not that the country around this magnificent spectacle is unimproved, there being several seats in the surrounding valley, which with their respective improvements, constitute a kind of embroidery to the skirts of the lofty Knock-i-on, its neighboring hills, and the beautiful lake Deravaragh, which in the valley between them spreads its crystal flood; but it is these which supremely deserve the traveller's attention, as constituting the grand objects of the landscape.

The great hill of Knock-i-on tops the whole scenery, and commands a prospect over the country for many miles around. I thought to ascend it; for short as the days were, and interested as I was to accomplish the business for which I had incurred both danger, labor and expence, I could not, with satisfaction to my mind pass by this gigantic object without endeavoring to scale it; that, from its lofty pinnacle, I might possess a perfect prospect of the surrounding country; but alas! I found I had overrated my own abilities, being obliged to give up this enterprize after having scaled three fourths of the hill—here I sat down with my head light, my heart palpitating, and my body bathed in sweat—The day was remarkably fine, for the month of December, perhaps the most so I had ever witnessed; but my delicate constitution was not equal to the enterprize I had undertaken, and a strong wind, which seemed to increase

as I ascended the hill, rendered this undertaking additionally difficult—Here I sat for some time till I had composed myself, while a young man who was with me, but who appeared to have little taste for this kind of entertainment, attained its summit with ease, and was in possession of a landscape, which I would have given a peasant's hire for a week, to have had the opportunity of surveying with attention through a good glass, that I might be able, not only to enjoy the prospect myself, but to describe minutely to my young readers its interesting features.

The prospect of Knock-i-on and its neighboring beauties, commences at a villa which stands in an open valley to the right hand, on the verge of the lake, as you travel from Castle Pollard toward Mullingar. Mr. Hall, a clergyman, who lives in a glebe-house on a hill in the immediate vicinity of Knock-i-on, told me that, from the foot of the latter object, the lake covers about five miles of the valley towards Castle Pollard, and from the glebe-house, which stands as we have noticed on an elevated position (but we need hardly tell our readers, not so elevated as Knock-i-on) he could see on a clear day, the town of Granard or even the spire of Kells, a distance of about twenty miles—what then must be the prospect from Knockion? a position, I suppose, as high again as the hill upon which Mr. Hall's house is erected.

Having rested myself and recovered breath, I descended the hill, and mounting my horse, which I had left tied to a thorn bush while rambling toward the clouds, I resumed the public road, which crosses a hill at the foot of Knock-ion, and commands a very good prospect also. Here I took a parting view of the lake Derrava-

ragh, of the aspiring hill which I had left behind, and of the lesser hills, which running in a chain at the opposite side of the lake, form a kind of contrast to the lofty Knock-i-on—I turned about my horse toward Castle Pollard, and reining him in, looked attentively over the country—In that direction, at the distance of about half a mile to the right hand of the road, Gartlandstown-house from a commanding position, presents its front full to your view—half a mile farther on, to the left, the villa which we have just noticed as standing on the verge of the lake, presents its beauties to your view, while all along the country toward Castle-pollard, the gentlemen's seats lying scattered in the valley, looked exceedingly beautiful, although I considered them only as the embroidery of that scene, of which the gigantic Knock-i-on, his infant sons, and the chaste Deravaragh, are indisputably the important objects.

Saturday night December 21st 1811, I arrived in Mullingar, and early next morning proceeded to my own habitation, after which, preparing to attend the service of the church, I began to taste the pleasures of temporary repose after great labor, having travelled some thousands of miles to obtain an establishment for this work, to which I have now nine hundred subscribers, and which, I hope, will be increased to one thousand, if I shall be favored with health until the ensuing spring, when I propose sitting down to publish my work, and to encounter still greater dangers and difficulties than those which have hitherto befallen me.

Great Author of my existence vouchsafe thy assistance to the creature which thou hast formed ! I am feeble, be thou my strength—I am ignorant, be thou my wisdom—

I am defenceless, be thou my protector. If thou art with me, I shall fear no danger, neither shall I lack wisdom in the way—but separate from thy presence and protection, this theatre of jarring interests and contending passions is but the ante-chamber of that spacious prison, whose dreary walls are enlivened by flames which torment the inhabitants without intermission, and whose silence is broken only by the voice of blasphemy, or by the louder shrieks of lamentation and despair!

REFLECTIONS

At the Close of the Year 1812.

The labours of the year being now over, and the season approaching when my work on theology, with all its imperfections, shall appear before the tribunal of public opinion, I shall before I enter upon the unknown incidents of a future year, offer to my reader a few concluding reflections. These may also serve as a preparative to the consideration of the argumentative discourses contained in that volume.*

* It was the Author's intention to have published the foregoing reflections, together with the incidents of his travels up to this period, as a supplement to his book of theology. It was found, however, upon trial, that these materials would swell his first publication considerably beyond the limits which were assigned to it the prospectus. The matter also was considered not perfectly consonant to the serious subjects treated of in that work, and hence arose the Author's idea of publishing his travels in a distinct form, and of rendering those travels in some sort worthy of public attention, by enriching them with materials drawn from every quarter of the island.

What may be the event of publishing my sentiments I know not, but I have looked forward to the worst which can happen.

Those whose prejudices or interests are incompatible with the public welfare, will probably be offended—Revenge may be excited by the doctrines of my book—the throne of bigotry may mark me out as a meritorious object of destruction—faults, which I have never committed, may be charged upon me, and those which I have committed may be magnified—these are the wages which I anticipate, and which indeed every man may more or less expect, who labours for the welfare of his country. The good man may sigh for this, but his sigh cannot alter the course of things.

When I commenced that work I laboured under the pressure of four considerations:

The duty and necessity of publishing my thoughts—My own mental, moral, and literary imperfection—The dangers and difficulties to be encountered in a work like this—and lastly, the newness of the enterprize.

My pecuniary resources were limited, and I had neither power nor patronage upon which to depend—In a word, I had nothing to look to but the blessing of Heaven upon my own single endeavours.

I laboured under what, in such a world as this, may be termed a peculiar misfortune—that of seeing several public evils. I laboured also under the misfortune of having a strong principle of conscience, which neither the errors of my heart and life, nor my calamities could conquer—it told me it was master and should be obeyed—it claimed the dominion of my time and talents—it reproved me for having abused them heretofore—and

having at length obtained the consent of my will, and such imperfect obedience as I was capable of rendering, it sent me forth to meet the scourge of persecution, in a country possessing many generous qualities, but in which the envenomed heart of bigotry still exists, and is capable, alas! of the foulest prejudices and resentments, with respect to religion.

I have now to speak a word to the arbiters of literary fame.

What reception a work of this character may meet with from those gentlemen, whose commanding position in the world of letters qualify them to determine its destiny, I know not, but in the discharge of my duty, I submit even to the possibility of incurring their disapprobation.

Next to men of sterling piety, there is not a class of men on the globe I so highly respect as men of letters. I am well aware of the benefits which have resulted to mankind from their researches. The tendency of literature is to open and liberalize the mind, and hence it is, that men of learning and piety in France, in England, in Asia, in America, and among all the various sects of christians, can embrace each other, notwithstanding the multifarious distinctions which divide them.

A mind good and great must be the same in every part of the globe—no differences of a speculative nature—no political disputes can alter its character—it looks at man, as a creature capable of happiness—to this point it bends its attention, and in pursuing it, overleaps the boundaries of sects and nations.

The means used by Providence to draw the contending factions of mankind within the circle of charity,

have been various, according to their various circumstances, but the end has been uniformly their natural and moral welfare.

Those who have been employed as instruments to promote this end, have sometimes had to make great sacrifices—they have even received the worst of treatment in return for their services; but they do not usually water those sacrifices with tears of repentance.

Man has always been cruel to his species—he will continue so until he is made humane by true religion and philosophy—nor can his boasted faculty of reason, nor his pretensions to a true church, and pure religion, save him from the worst of crimes!—Melancholy truth—awful proof of human depravity, every day exhibited—but, if on the ruins of creation and his own, the christian drops a tear, it is not a tear of despair. He knows there is a possibility of raising from the magnificent ruins a city of incomparable beauty and perfection. The foundations of this city have been laid by the great Author of redemption; and his people, in all the various departments where his providence has placed them, are called upon to unite with Him in carrying on this work. For this purpose he has given them many lights, and has conferred upon them various talents; and in every country he who unites with this “first great cause” in the work of his own reformation, if called no farther, so far contributes his assistance towards the completion of the great scheme of Providence, for the present improvement and future felicity of mankind.—Nothing is left undone by the universal Parent for the production of this end. It is to promote this, that he has furnished the sinner with conviction and disappointment, as a

bulwark to the progress of his vices ; and the genuine penitent with peace, as an excitement to gratitude, and to the practice of virtue. 'Tis for this purpose He sent Prophets, Apostles, and Teachers into the world, and endowed them with miraculous gifts ; and for the same end He has given to the Philosopher wisdom, to the Poet fancy, and to the Philanthropist an ardent zeal for the mitigation of human misery. It was a conviction of this truth which gave birth to the idea of publishing my religious opinions. Other considerations may have since strengthened it, but this was the original and moving cause. To obey this conviction was no easy task, considering the numerous difficulties to which my circumstances and my duty exposed me—the first I have already noticed, and in relation to the last it may be observed, that mine was not an attempt to purchase wealth and popularity by the publication of sentiments congenial to the wishes of the people, for proof of which I refer to the doctrines of my book. Nor yet to ingratiate myself with the Government and the Church, by going beyond my conscience in a course of servile flattery. Whatever I conceived to be good and wholesome in public institutions, I held it to be an act of duty to point out—whatever otherwise, either wholly to pass them over, as not being within my province, or if within my province, to mark their origin and effects, without intemperate severity, but with zeal and unshaken resolution. Nor have I applied myself to the indiscriminate flattery of sects, from whose tribunals I kept aloof, that I might hold myself as much as possible in a state of freedom to do justice to their respective characters ; for I was not ignorant of the narrow

policy by which those little governments are sometimes influenced, notwithstanding they are upon the whole instruments of benefit to mankind—and if, in the case of *one*, I stand in any degree justly charged with partiality, I can assure the public that this partiality, if such it may be denominated, has nothing for its foundation but my early conceptions of the public welfare. It may appear odd, but it is a fact, that with very few exceptions, there is not a class of people in this nation I have less intercourse with, or have fewer motives to respect, than the people in favor of whose religious system I have written. 'Tis true, I have heard many charges made both against the genius of this system, and against the integrity of those who profess it, and these charges are, no doubt, in many instances, well founded—but I am not hence convinced, that it has not been the instrument of much good to mankind—nay of more good upon the whole, than any other system of religion now existing, and hence it has appeared to me a duty to hold up its active exertions for the good of mankind to public imitation.

Nevertheless, although I do consider that the system of religion to which we have just alluded, is and has been for half a century, notwithstanding its defects, the most effectual instrument we have, of promoting religious information, and at least, a partial reformation in the world, yet I have not been so prepossessed in its favour as to pass over the whole of these defects in silence, a few of them being glanced at or plainly pointed out in the brief history of its doctrines and government, which the reader will find sketched in that work to which we have recently alluded; and the observations now

made, accounting as they do for the appearance of partiality to this people and their principles, may serve to shew the Author's motives, when the reader comes to peruse those pieces which treat upon the subject ; and should it continue to be urged, that certain existing defects in this system are either wholly unnoticed or partially glanced at in that portrait, let this be the Author's apology, that his conception of the general utility of this system, notwithstanding the numerous frauds which have found shelter under it, the proneness of mankind to notice and magnify these, without doing justice to its virtues, and lastly his own limited views of the public welfare, at the period of writing, have been the true causes.

A few of the difficulties under which I have laboured in endeavouring to discharge my duty as a writer, have been now noticed. I did not rank among them the consumption of my time and strength in the exhausting labours of the closet, nor the distractions to which the concerns of a large family with a limited income repeatedly subjected me, in the very midst of my studies ; and these the man similarly circumstanced can alone appreciate.

In addition to what has been recited, let the reader take into account the hardships which must be endured in a long course of travels in all seasons, sometimes lodging in dry rooms, and sometimes in damp rooms—sometimes well accommodated, and sometimes ill—nearly half my time labouring under the effect of these extremes, and having a constitution, independent of them, extremely tender—if he also considers the pain of dependence, to which works published by subscription necessarily expose the writer, and the danger and diffi-

culty attendant on the propagation of sentiments, avowedly hostile to the generally received principles of the country in which that writer lives—if he takes, I say, the whole of these difficulties into consideration, and after attending impartially to the tenor of that serious volume, which may be considered as the *primum mobile* of my public labours, he will be able, I think, to arrive with some degree of precision at the motives which first inspired me to publish it; nor will he be surprized that I attribute the measure of preservation which I have experienced, and the measure of success with which my industry has been crowned, to the mercy of that Being, who has comforted his people with an assurance, that the very hairs of their head are numbered, and that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his providential permission.

CHAP. VII.

Town of Roscrea—Its celebrity for the Manufacture of Whiskey, noticed—Description of Wraymount, Gloucester, Leap-castle and Golden-grove, in the vicinity of that town—Extensive Landscape from the summit of Knocksheogowna, near the village of Shinrone—Poetic Farewell to the Inhabitants and surrounding Scenery.

TOWN of ROSCREA.—The principal commercial feature of Roscrea, a town of considerable extent and of some trade, in the County of Tipperary, is that of a whiskey manufactory, which supplies the dealers

in *Irish spirit* with a considerable quantity of that favourite liquor. The advantages of this trade to the lower classes of our countrymen, and its tendency to maintain in due operation the *fire* and *talent* of the Irish nation have already been made so apparent in our British legislature, that any attempt of mine to pour new *flame* on the *subject* would be utterly superfluous. I shall, therefore, until the necessity of things oblige me to resume it, bid farewell to this town on the ground of its *Irish spirit*, and passing through the surrounding country, shall attempt sketching such of its natural and artificial beauties as the rapidity of my flight and the pressure of my circumstances permitted me to notice. These, from the difficulties at which I have hinted, will be few in number, and but lightly touched. Imperfect, however, as they must necessarily appear, they will at least have the advantage of recommending themselves to the younger class of my readers in that neighbourhood from their own knowledge of the scenes which I shall attempt to describe, as well as by their novelty and innocent gaiety of description.

The two first seats we shall notice are those of Wraymount, the residence of Major Wray, and Gloucester, the seat of John Lloyd, esq. late member of Parliament for the King's County; the former of these a neat white villa, with appropriate improvements, presents its front to your view on an eminence about half a mile to the left hand, as you travel from Roscrea to Birr, and in that particular neighbourhood, where such objects are not numerous, contributes to enliven the scenery. The latter is a seat of superior value and extent, but does not stand sufficiently elevated to display its advantages

to the traveller. The house is lofty, and the apartments are furnished in a stile elegantly plain, yet suitable to the rank of the owner. From the hall-door there is an interesting prospect over a lake at the foot of the lawn, to the beautiful villa of Mr. Smyth, senior, on a hill at the opposite side about a mile distant. This charming landscape (enclosed by plantations on the right and left, and embellished by a little artificial water-fall, which through a subterranean channel, drops into the lawn, and then disappears,) was truly a gratifying spectacle—without pretending to display the grandeur of nature it was rich. Its extension over the lake in an oblong form to the villa we have just noticed, was a space sufficient to constitute elegance, and yet not so capacious as to fatigue the eye, or deprive it of enjoyment by exertion.

Having gleaned the beauties of those seats, I rode towards Leap-castle, the seat of Admiral Darby, and on my way thither called at Fancraft, the seat of Mr. John Smyth, junior, a young man of good fortune who resides in the vicinity of this castle, but whose house, enveloped in grown timber, is not very conspicuous from the road. On my return from the castle, I lodged by invitation at this villa, the proprietor of which behaved with that hospitality which still continues to characterize our country.

Leap-castle, is one of those objects which by its antiquity and extent, commands attention. It lies N.W. of Roscrea, on the road leading from thence to Killyon, and commands a pleasing and sublime prospect over a valley to those mountains which divide the King's and Queen's Counties. This prospect from the rere of the

castle, is considerably enlivened by a glebe-house and little parish-church on the declivity of one of those mountains. The scenery in that direction is interesting, and as you return and approach the castle you see the latter to advantage, as nothing intercepts the view. It is built upon a rock, and appears to look down upon the spectator in the valley with an air of ancient grandeur, and yet so tempered by modern improvement as not to look frightful.

From the road we have just noticed, which is elevated on a level with the castle, you do not see the latter to much advantage. They are separated by a wall which encloses the castle-yard and demesne—this proximity of the road to the castle implies, however, a familiarity unfavourable to the grandeur of that object. If the prospect at the rere of this castle had comprehended a lake in the intervening valley, its beauty would have been complete; but the want of this, which in our view was a defect, was an advantage in the Admiral's, who appears to prefer land scenery to that of water, and whose improvements, upon the whole, rather mark the man of solidity and good sense, than the child of speculation and fancy. We felt obliged by the civility of this elderly and respectable gentleman, the rectitude of whose judgment on matters of still greater importance than the grandeur of his castle, afforded us sincere pleasure. May the day soon arrive, when that veracity and correct principle which appear to have their seat in his judgment, will be generally engrafted upon the generous qualities of the Irish character, by a sound and enlightened education.

On my return towards Roscrea, from the villa of Fancraft, I visited Dungar-park, the seat of a Mr. Evans—

this was the best position I had yet taken for obtaining a comprehensive view of the town of Roscrea and the surrounding neighbourhood. Roscrea is situate in a valley between Dungar-hill and that called Carrick-hill, and forms an object in the landscape comprehensible from Dungar-park. The house and improvements of Mr. Pretty, member of Parliament for this county, were discernible from this spot, but as I had no convenient opportunity of minutely inspecting them I cannot attempt a description of their beauties. Those of Golden-grove, the seat of ——— Vaughan, esq. which I had visited a few days before, I shall notice a little more particularly. The mansion-house, a good building, is situate about two English miles N.W. of Roscrea, in a valley at some distance from the public road leading from thence to Birr. It stands on a gentle eminence in the valley, enveloped in a large quantity of well-grown timber, which when viewed from a distant position assumes the appearance of a wood—the comparative flatness of its position, its seclusion from the public road, and the trees which surround it, confine its interest and effect chiefly to the beholder from the neighbouring hills. This defect, however, is in some degree supplied to the inhabitant of Golden-grove and its visiter, by a beautiful hill on the demesne, called Golden-grove Hill, whose sloping sides, ornamented with wood, invite the foot of the passenger to its summit, and by the pure air and charming prospect which it offers, seems emulous to repay him for his immured condition in the valley.

[Here, I have occasion to lament the accidental loss of my notes of observation taken on Dungar-hill, and at the house of Mr. John Smyth the night preceding.

Those ideas with which I felt myself inspired on viewing the living objects of nature, have disappeared—the objects themselves are confused or forgotten, and I labour in vain to recover the images I have lost, or to organize those which appear before my imagination in faded colours.]

The soil about Roscrea is for the most part limestone, constituting good tillage ground and a sound sheep-walk. It is not improbable but there may be some spots of loamy earth adapted to the feeding of heavy stock on the lands of Dungar and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Roscrea; but this is not the general character of that soil.

View from Knocksheogowna-hill in the County of Tipperary.*

From Roscrea I rode through the village of Shinrone to Knocksheogowna, and on my way called at Anna-ville, the object alluded to as peculiarly interesting when viewed across Gloucester-lake—at Mount Eaton, the seat of Mr. Armstrong—at Derry, the neat and attractive villa of Mr. Hammersly, and at sundry other villas which beautify that neighbourhood. Every improvement of art, however, shrunk into comparative insignificance when put into competition with the lofty Knocksheogowna, that work of nature. From its top, the grove or castle in the valley, these objects so stupendous to

* *Knocksheogowna*, in the Irish language, signifies the *hill of the female fairy*, or if you please, the *fairy queen*. There is a well in its vicinity, which the ancient Irish supposed to possess the virtue of curing fairy-stricken children—no doubt this hill and well were portentous objects to the good people of this country, when superstition covered it with her sable mantle.

the villager beneath them, were but as a speck in the capacious landscape. The prospect from this hill southward extends about twelve miles, and is bounded by a chain of mountains which runs through part of the King's county and county of Tipperary, and forms a kind of amphitheatre from N. E. to S. W. The view northward, over a country perfectly level to the naked eye, and even when viewed thro' a tolerable telescope, appeared bounded only by the horizon. The day I happened to visit this spot was rather cloudy for taking prospects, but the view was evidently immense, and the position by much the most commanding in this part of Ireland.

Among the seats which lie scattered in this bason, which the chain of mountains we have noticed appeared to form, stood particularly distinguished that of Sopwell-hall, the residence of Francis Trench, esq. who is also proprietor of the estate on which Knocksheogowna stands. The improvements of Cangort-park, the property of Mr. William Trench, are also visible from this spot, and tend to improve the scenery ; but the house enveloped in grown timber, could not be distinguished. A seat of smaller extent, which stood on the west towards Portumna, with the north and south wings lightly ornamented with planting, and the front towards the sun-rising, presented itself more fully to observation. Its situation was neither lofty nor grovelling, and its beauties like some other seats were not lost in a multitude of ornaments. The house, the lawn, in perfect verdure, and the planting judiciously distributed, were in full prospect and could be distinctly marked. Here it was not the grandeur of the edifice, the richness of the improvements,

the extent of the demesne, nor yet the extraordinary liberality of the proprietor which recommended this little seat to attention—it was its neatness and symmetry—its good position, and that full display of its beauties to the eye, which gave it, as a point of ornament in the landscape, the advantage of several other seats much more extensive and magnificent. From the southern verge of the hill a new edifice, the residence of Captain Shephard, marked the origin of neatness, but the planting on his demesne being only in a state of infancy, it did not derive those advantages from appearance which result from the growth of timber and other improvements. Captain Robinson's house, which stands on a gentle eminence in front of the declivity of the hill, between south and east, was in this respect better circumstanced—the improvements are full grown and extremely well distributed. A row of Scotch fir, which encloses the declivity of the hill, and runs towards the northern and southern extremities of the valley, was truly ornamental, and although his demesne comes too closely in contact with this hill, to be an object of attention from its summit, yet this plantation furnishes a very beautiful embroidery to its skirts on the south-east side, as you descend in that direction to partake of the Captain's hospitality.

Corolanty, a handsome seat when you approach it, appeared from this hill, what we might denominate a good *naked* object—the house is large, but the improvements were either few or in their minority, as they could scarcely be discerned from the top of Knocksheogowna—but it may be asked, what great object have you seen from this eminence, and is there no lake or river to embellish the landscape which you represent as

so beautiful and capacious? I repeat the observation, that the day on which I visited Knocksheogowna was not at all favourable for the comprehension of so extensive a prospect as that which it commands: my defect of observation was therefore supplied, by the information of Captain Robinson and his sons, who informed me, that seven counties can be distinctly marked from the summit of this hill, and that, on a fine clear day, the town of Athlone, twenty-six miles off; and that of Cloghan, fourteen, are visible even to the naked eye: Birr, and the new barracks in its vicinity, about six miles off, I could, however, recognize through cloud and storm, as good objects on the landscape, but beyond them I could see nothing but the horizon.

As to water, the river Shannon pours its silver wave along this valley towards Limerick, in silent splendour—it passes through Portumna, and takes its course westward of the Tipperary mountains, and nearly thus far we can see it with the naked eye—but on its diversion southward, the mountains eclipse it from our view. This river and those mountains, distinctly viewed, are alone sufficient to constitute a piece of good scenery—but when, on the north side, we look in vain for some known termination to the prospect, we are almost lost in wonder.

In addition to the view of that mistress of our rivers, there is a pretty little lake, called Loughnahinch, in the valley towards Sopwell-hall, which has a good effect—The soil of this hill, &c. is mostly limestone, like that in the neighborhood of Roscrea; it is tolerable for tillage and is reputed a good sheep-walk, but the lands in its vicinity are not adapted to the feeding of heavy stock.

The day after I had sketched the above, I rode about two miles to survey the ruins of a Quaker meeting-house and its adjoining grave-yard, which are fenced in, and kept in some tolerable measure of preservation, by a gentleman in that neighbourhood, whose respect to those venerable ruins I thought deserving of notice—In the vicinity of these there are divers farm-houses, formerly the residence of those peaceable men—I rode up instinctively to two or three of those habitations and surveyed them—I thought I could discern through their ruins, those marks of rural comfort and simplicity which distinguished the early ages of this society—I was not mistaken—in the prosecution of my journey that day, I repeated the same enquiry when any object filled me with a like sensation, and found that the neighbouring country had been thickly inhabited by the early members of this society, not one of whose posterity now make profession of their principles in this fruitful valley. Can I describe the sensations which filled my heart on approaching the ruins of that house of worship?—Venerable ruins, said I, you have long since been deserted by your sons, and their fathers, who laid your foundations and gave their name to the neighbouring valley, are now no more.* Blessed God! what revolutions in kingdoms and communities have taken place within the short period of my own poor tossed life!—my tears flow within those walls and almost render indistinct this broken record of my feelings! Where, said I, or with whom, have you lodged your peaceable testimony, my forefathers? Alas! it has almost disappeared from the earth!

* The lands in the vicinity of those ruins are called Quaker's-town.

Nations and empires and communities and families, are more convulsed than ever, and the principles of peace and charity, which you propagated by your doctrine and example, seem neglected or forgotten—Men of peace, I have travelled up the avenue to this meeting-house planted by your hands, while my heart melted with a thousand tender recollections. I thought of the peaceful silence in which you sat cultivating communion with your God within those walls, and of that faithful testimony which you bore for his name, in your age and country—I recalled that sense of calm serenity, which returned with you to your farms, and rendered sweet to your taste your rural exercises and enjoyments—I remembered that example of justice and charity, which this vital feeling enabled you to set to your country—that simplicity of dress and manners which characterized you, and brought to our recollection the ages of patriarchial simplicity and innocence—But all—all have disappeared with you; and in this beautiful country once the theatre of your harmless action, not one of your posterity continue to support your testimony, or revive the recollection of your character. Virtue, however, remains eternally the same, though her drapery may be subject to mutation, and her sons, however separated by seas and continents, or by the still more cruel and barbarous barriers of prejudice, have but one grand object, and one ruling principle in every age and country.

It was not until after taking my position on Knocksheogowna, and attempting to describe its scenery, that I had an opportunity of visiting the concerns of Mr. Doolan of Wingfield. After beholding the prospect which this seat commands, all those which I had visited before, shrunk, on the ground of position, into littleness;

and yet this situation, with all its advantages, was perfect littleness, when viewed from the proud pinnacle of Knocksheogowna—Wingfield takes in prospect a considerable portion of the amphitheatre formed by the surrounding mountains. Within this circus, the town of Birr and the new barracks, six miles off, were distinct objects even to a naked eye. Gloucester, Wraymount, Corolanty, Golden-grove, and other seats with their improvements, which lye scattered between Wingfield and the mountains of Slievbloom, embellish the scenery; and had tufts of planting been thrown at proper distances, upon the summits of those mountains, and a large lake introduced into the intervening valley, I cannot conceive how any thing in description could have been more beautiful than that of the prospect from Wingfield. Water, is not, however, as in the Counties of Sligo and Leitrim, a characteristical feature of Tipperary; so far, at least, as I have seen it; but those improvements which have resulted from a rich population, render it a country as pleasing to the eye of the traveller, as it is profitable to the owners or cultivators of the soil.

I had almost forgot to mention, that the river Bresna winds its way through the valley between Wingfield and the mountainis of Slievbloom, but appeared, in my view, to be an object of too little magnitude in such a landscape to be considered in the light of ornament.

On my return from this part of Tipperary to Roscrea, I was recommended by a gentleman, one of my subscribers, to go and see an object of great antiquity, a castle which stands on a hill in the neighbourhood of Shinrone, commands an ample prospect of the country,

and had been bombarded by the army of William the third, on its march, as I suppose, to the siege of Limerick—The circumstances connected with this antique object were sufficient to awaken my curiosity; but as, on the score of prospect, it had nothing to offer comparable to the lofty Knocksheogowna; and as I had already devoted as much of my time to the observation of this neighbourhood, as I could justly afford, I yielded to the consideration of prudence, and pursued my journey without returning back to contemplate this piece of grandeur in ruins.

And now ye castles of this place farewell,
Great Knocksheogowna, and thy neighboring vale—
Farewell ye scenes where rural sports prevail—
Ye haunts of jovial intercourse, farewell—
Ye lofty mountains and ye flowery meads—
Ye hills, ye dales, ye gardens, and ye glades—
Ye spacious landscapes and ye proud domains—
Ye lordly domes and villas on the plains,
Farewell———
Ye seats of hospitality and ease,
Where sparkling wine and lively converse please—
Ye generous men who lent your aid to roll
This ball of fortune to a distant goal—
Farewell———
Ye awful ruins where the muse reclined,
Lost in the solemn pond'rings of her mind,
And all ye silent scenery around,
Which loudly spoke to feeling without sound—
Farewell———
Though in weak colours here your beauties shine,
Tho' dull the portrait and tho' faint the line,

As drawn by gratitude accept the lay,
 The debt of gratitude the muse will pay ;
 Her greeting now in modest guise bestowed,
 May reach the traveller on your distant road.

CHAP. VIN.

Author's visit to Nenagh—His description of some Seats in that neighbourhood—Returns to Roscrea, and proceeds from thence through Borris-in-Ossery to Abbye-leix, Ballinakill and Ballyroan—From thence to Mountrath, Portarlinton and Monastereven—Visits in his progress, Ballyfin, Garryhinch, and Lauragh, three seats of distinction in the Queen's County, with several others of inferior note—Capacious landscape comprehensible in a view from the Steeple of Coolbagnagher—Reflections produced by the observation of the Woods of Narraghmore, near the place of the Author's Education—Visit to the Rock of Donemaase—Character and relative advantages of Portarlinton, Mountmellick and Monastereven—Observations on the advantages of Commerce, and the necessity of a social compact for improving the condition of the people.

NENAGH is a town of some eminence in the County of Tipperary, about 16 miles nearly west of Roscrea, and 75 S. W. of Dublin—the country around it abounds with gentlemen's seats, so many of them deserving of attention, as almost to discourage any attempt at description—I shall, therefore, confine myself to a few specimens, and leave the reader to form his opinion

of the aspect of that neighbourhood and its improvements, from the following brief description.

The cottage and limited demesne of Mr. Henry White Going, near this town, though much inferior in magnitude to many other seats in that district, is not, however, the least deserving object of attention in it. There are, perhaps, more beauties concentrated in this cottage than are usually to be met with in places of the same character—it would be tedious to describe the neatness of the apartments, and the taste with which this cottage has been furnished by the proprietor and his lady, the observation of which produced that kind of impression which might be expected to result from the inspection of an enchanted sylvan scene. Through a bedchamber, which for beauty, fragrance and prospect, might rival the fanciful descriptions of romance, the inhabitant has only to look out, and through an opening in a shrubbery at the rere of the cottage, he sees a river within a few perches of the window, on the banks of which, the wearied stranger may sit and meditate without molestation, or ramble through the walks on its margin, sheltered by the foliage of a shrubbery from the piercing rays of an autumnal sun, a gentle May shower, or the intrusive gaze of an impertinent passenger—here also the inhabitant or visitor, if in want of amusement, and has no scruple about the cruelty of angling for fish, after participating in the advantages we have noticed, may come home laden with the produce of his pleasures, to enjoy the still more gratifying pleasures of the domestic circle—Annabeg, the seat of Mr. Minnit, and Peterfield, that of Mr. Clifford (the latter of which seats comprizes a

very fine and spacious demesne) are also among the objects worth visiting in this vicinity.

In my progress to the first of these objects, I forded the river of Annabeg, over which a bridge was then erecting, and entered on the demesne—the house, which is a neat modern edifice, stands in a lawn beautifully elevated above the neighboring valley, and bearing marks of infant improvement, and near the western margin of this property, the river Shannon pursuing its course toward Limerick, adds considerable grandeur to the surrounding landscape—This river united with a chain of sable mountains on its western margin, and the little castle of Dromineer, which stands on a neck of land in a solitary situation on the verge of the eastern bank, constitute the picturesque of that place. The observation of this scene, in common with many other scenes of similar interest, gave birth to a wish, that a larger portion of my early life had been devoted to the art of drawing.

Peterfield, the seat I have just noticed, is a much more perfect and extensive demesne than that of Annabeg, but its flat position conceals its beauties and advantages from the distant traveller—The church of that parish in which it is situate, (a light and elegant edifice) stands near the confines of this demesne, and presents itself to the observation of the traveller on a smooth and beautiful road which forms a boundary to it. From Mr. Green's lawn, in the opposite direction, this object derives from distance and some surrounding foliage, a considerable auxiliary effect—In fact, from that position, it is as beautiful and picturesque a piece of architecture as any eye need wish to contemplate in a landscape—The lover of scenery who passes through this neighbourhood, will

find himself amply compensated for his drive from Nenagh to Annabeg and Peterfield by the beauty of this latter demesne, which to be known must be inspected on the spot, and by his view over the Shannon and the little castle of Dromineer to the mountains we have noticed as terminating the prospect on the west. Here the traveller will not, as in the County of Cavan, have his eye wearied with the prospect of large tracts of barren and uncultivated ground; nor his horse's wind broken by perpetual hills. The country is level, fruitful, and in several parts highly improved. The respectable inhabitants are, for the most part, polite and hospitable; although the the poor appeared extremely ignorant or slow of apprehension—The opportunities I had of discovering this were generally unlucky; for they usually occurred while posting in great haste from one part of the country to another; and my enquiries as to the roads which conducted to this or that gentleman's seat, were frequently so often repeated before I could get the information I wanted, as completely to overthrow my patience. On these simple occasions, as well as on others of more importance, I have been a painful witness to the consequences of neglecting public education and improvement in this country.

Having completed my business in that neighborhood, I returned to Roscrea, and proceeded from thence by Borris-in-Ossory to Abbyeix—In this direction and perhaps nearly midway between those latter villages, stands Spring-mount, formerly the residence of Sir A. Johnson Walsh, Bart. but now the seat of H. H. Bourne, Esq. The house, a light modern edifice, stands on a plain at a little distance from the road, in front of a beautiful and

extensive lawn, and in a country highly improved; and altho' it has neither the advantages of lake or mountain, it exhibits in a striking point of view that perfection of taste and judgment, to which the moderns have arrived in their plan and execution of villas.

After departing from this seat of hospitality and elegance, I proceeded to the villages of Abbeyleix, Ballinakill, and Ballyroan. The picturesque situation of the first would admit of much description, but being disgusted with the capricious conduct of an individual in that place, I left it abruptly,* and proceeded through Ballinakill to Ballyroan. Ballinakill is rendered remarkable by the splendid seat of Mr. Trench, on the confines of the town. From the slight view which I obtained of this place, as I drove by it, I perceived that it had much to induce description; but the proprietor being in England, I did not think it convenient to inspect his improvements. Before my final departure, however, I had an opportunity of obtaining an additional glance of this seat from a neighbouring hill, on which stands the neat villa of a rich farmer. In England I should have thought this villa perfectly in character, but in the neighbourhood of Ballinakill, I confess it was vastly more than I expected, and as was natural for an unexpected and unsought beauty, it made a deep and novel impression. Of the name of this place and its proprietor, I am now wholly ignorant; but as the lodge and demesne exactly quadrated with my own little standard of rural elegance, (for I have already informed the reader that I

* This village has been since visited. The reader will find it noticed in a subsequent part of this work.

prefer small beauties to large ones,) I shall attempt an outline of its character. The lodge was a neat white-washed edifice of about thirty-six feet by twenty-four—it might have contained two small parlours, a hall, pantry and kitchen, on the ground floor, and as many apartments above them; but certainly not much under or over—its extent was exactly adequate to the accommodation of a family of taste and small fortune, and the garden, offices, and demesne, exactly corresponded with this—all compact and in good order bore the aspect of comfort; but save one or two objects in the little domestic landscape, nothing had the appearance of grandeur. This landscape beside the lodge, offices, garden, lawn, and fields around it, included the public road from Ballinakill to Ballyroan, the grand gate on the precincts of Mr. Trench's demesne, and an oblique view of his improvements; and from the hill on which the lodge stood like a snow-drop, a few other objects were in view which tended to enrich the scenery. I had almost omitted to notice a beautiful little lake in the lawn, which is a principal ornament of this place; but whether introduced here by nature or by art, I never enquired. Upon the whole I think this, for its extent, to be one of the prettiest little villas which I have yet seen in this part of Ireland; and should our outline catch the eye of any gentleman visiting that neighbourhood, we would recommend him after seeing Mr. Trench's house and traversing his demesne, to pass from the grand gate over the road to the hill on which this villa stands. If he happens to be an Englishman, he will no doubt be pleased with this epitome of English neatness and beauty; but this prospect will be lost to

him, if he does not ascend the hill on which the farmhouse stands; as it is from this position alone that the beauties of the surrounding landscape can be satisfactorily surveyed.

Though Ballyroan is a place of but little note, it has a comfortable inn, which is an object of no little importance to the traveller, and in the country around it there are some villas deserving of attention. Amongst these Bland's-fort, recently the seat of Mrs. Bland, (tho' calculated rather for convenience and rural pleasure than for magnificence and shew,) is one of the principal—it stands a good deal secluded from public observation, on an eminence enveloped in trees, at some distance from the public road leading from Ballinakill to Ballyroan. The advantages of this retired concern in order to be known must be examined upon the spot, for they do not obtrude themselves on the gaze of the high-road passenger. The mansion-house is a plain useful edifice, neither bearing the heavy marks of antiquity nor of light modern improvement—it is a piece of architecture which displays the elegance of the middle age, and with this the surrounding scenery is in perfect unison—the lawn and demesne are bordered and enriched with timber rather valuable than ornamental; and the lands so far as I had opportunity of noticing, bore the marks of improvement—these domestic advantages are such, indeed; as might be naturally expected from the sound judgment of Mrs. Bland, who in the preservation of these solid improvements was no doubt influenced by the consideration of her son's interest, who is now of age, and the proprietor of this place—but I must remark, before I bid farewell to Bland's-fort, that so long as it continues

to be occupied by the present amiable family, he who only passes by the place and looks upon it will miss the observation of more than half its beauties.

The soil about Ballinakill and Ballyroan is, I believe, for the most part, limestone or quick gravel, adapted to the growth of oats and barley—that in the neighborhood of Abbeyleix is a sandy soil, of inferior character, but plentifully furnished with the useful articles of water and fuel. Those which we call black cattle are in this country, and in divers parts of the Queen's county, for the most part of a light description. Sheep and this class of cattle are, we presume, the stock best adapted to the soil.

Abbeyleix is a place of great antiquity, and one of the oldest manors in Ireland. It is said to have been the occasional residence of O'Moore, king of Dermot, whose remains were interred there—his monumental inscription, supposed to be in the Saxon language, is not yet totally defaced, but as this language is little known there are few persons now qualified to indulge the public with a translation of its contents. Before my departure from this neighbourhood, I was recommended by one of my subscribers to visit Mr. Scott, of Ann-grove, a gentleman whose cultivated mind and love of letters promised, to a person of my pursuits, a favourable reception. His conduct answered the expectations given me, and although his house, like that of Springmount, in the same neighbourhood, lies rather low for commanding a view of the country, yet when those useful and ornamental improvements which he is now carrying on are compleated, and the view to and from his house rendered more open, by the removal of those

clumps of trees which now obstruct it, then Ann Grove without deriving any other advantage from nature than that of a level plain, and a pretty country around it, will be a place of considerable beauty. Springmount has the advantage of Ann Grove in this respect, that every improvement which could embellish it appears to have been brought up by the hand of art to the highest elegance and perfection—and of Springmount Ann Grove appears to have the advantage, in the more full display of its beauties to the traveller, on that road which passes between them, and of which those seats, one on the right hand and the other on the left, form two important ornaments. In my progress towards Mountrath from Abbeylax, I called at Forest-lodge, the villa of Mr. Hawksworth. This seat without pretending to magnificence or extent, was calculated to attract attention by its grotesque appearance—it commands a tolerably good prospect of the neighbourhood, and stands on a piece of antique ground, which here shoots up into a hill like a cone or spire, and in a moment presents you with the horrors of a precipice. This wildness of scenery to which the planting has been judiciously adapted, constituted its principal feature, and while standing at the hall-door of Mr. Hawksworth's house, and contemplating his eccentric demesne, where the wood wild hill and valley come into contact with each other and form one continued grove, I felt that kind of romantic pleasure which such scenery is calculated to inspire.

Larch-hill, nearly south of Mountrath, is a place worth seeing. Its beauties, as you approach the place from that town, commence in a neighbourhood rather wild and heathy, and by this contrast are rendered more

particularly striking. The house, though not much elevated, commands a good prospect over the demesne to the mountains of Cullinagh, about fourteen miles distant. These mountains are part of an estate recently purchased by Lord Norbury, and in that country they form an important object in its best landscapes. The improvements on Larch-hill display great taste and judgment. Of these a beautiful circular lake at the foot of the lawn, with the ornamental planting on its margin, was not the least remarkable. The prospect over this lake through an ample vista in the plantations to a fine rising country, which terminates in the mountains we have just noticed, was alone sufficient to animate and render brilliant the whole landscape—but Larch-hill is not altogether dependent upon this grand feature, for its character of beauty. The little plantations, which on hills remote from the interior improvements top the scenery, and give the spectator an idea of the grandeur of space, come in also for our share of admiration, in common with the other proofs of taste and judgment which that scene exhibits.

All those seats, however, shrink by comparison into littleness, when put into competition with Ballyfin, that pride of the Queen's County. This beautiful demesne, (now the seat of Sir Charles Coote, Bart.) was the late country residence of the Hon. W. W. Pole, whose virtues in the various relations of life, but particularly in that of landlord to a numerous tenantry, are deeply engraven on the hearts of the people of that country. Were the features of this place as conspicuous as they are charming in their retirement, there are few travellers of sensibility who pass that way that would not stop to

contemplate them, and few Tourists of the same character that would not devote an hour to the inspection of their beauties.

Ballyfin is situate about three miles N.W. of Mount-rath, on the road leading from thence to the towns of Maryborough and Mountmellick. It stands on a gently rising ground enveloped in woods, which form an embroidery to the demesne, and enclose it from the view of the traveller on that road. On the west and south it is covered by the mountains of Slievbloom; and from Cappard, which is the highest eastern promontory of that chain, it is seen to advantage as a principal ornament of that bleak and open landscape, which extends from thence to the towns of Mountrath, Maryborough, and Mountmellick, and comprehends a valley of considerable extent in the Queen's County. The dwelling-house of Ballyfin is a large building in the form of a half square, it has an aspect of neatness and extent, but in its exterior appearance nothing very ornamental or magnificent. The rooms, however, which I saw, were spacious, and furnished in a stile of elegance suitable to the place. Under this head may be classed, as an article of the first consideration, a rich and valuable collection of paintings, the works of eminent artists.

Though the house of Ballyfin is not sufficiently elevated above the improvements to become an object of attention to the traveller, it nevertheless commands one open and extensive prospect to the mountains of Cullinagh, about fourteen miles distant. This view, through an ample vista in the richest plantations which that neighbourhood exhibits, extends over a large and beautiful lake to a country elevated beyond it to those

mountains; and this single prospect uniting with the beauties of wood, water, pasturage, meadow, and the grandeur of space and elevation, compleat all which the eye can reasonably require to constitute a beautiful and capacious landscape. The improvements cover a tract of about one hundred and eighty Irish acres, distributed in such varied perfection, as to give to the prospect towards Cullinagh an aspect of great richness and grandeur.

After leaving Ballyfin, and proceeding on my journey eastward, I had to remark, that the state of the road which led from thence to Mountmellick, was not (equal with the beauties of this demesne) an object of admiration to the Tourist. This may, in part, be accounted for by the absence of Mr. Pole, the late proprietor, whose attention to public business left him no time to bestow on these concerns of comparative unimportance, and to the recent settlement of Sir Charles Coote in that neighbourhood—but I am sorry to observe, that this proof of inattention to the credit and accommodation of the country is painfully conspicuous in the vicinity of many fashionable seats and towns of commerce, where no such apology exists, and of which before my arrival at Portarlington I was furnished with no less than two striking instances.

The scenery about Mountrath, particularly on the N.W. side, is marked by great neglect and grand outlines. Ballyfin, Cappard, and a few other objects of improvement, present their beauties to the eye of the spectator, and remind him that Art in her wintry flight over that wild landscape, did alight and touch some solitary spots with her improving pencil—but these

touches have been so partial as to produce very little alteration in the general aspect of the country.

On a large range of mountains N. of this town, it is not improbable but there are quarries of considerable value, which conformable to the neglect with which that wild range of country has been treated, have never been explored. This presumption is considerably strengthened by two circumstances—the discovery of a slate quarry in one of those mountains; and the existence of several quarries of granite, which have been opened, and for a considerable time past supplied that and the neighbouring counties with a very decent kind of chimney-pieces and hearth-stones, of a light colour, some of which have been sent to the Dublin market. The soil in the neighbourhood of Mountrath is reputed of superior quality to that around Mountmellick—the vallies produce good lively crops, and the mountains afford to the neighbouring farmers, a wide range of pasture for their cattle—these are, for the most part, cows of the middle and inferior classes, which as they are generally sold in the Queen's County fairs at moderate prices, are a good article of traffic for those graziers who transplant them to a richer soil, where they quickly improve.—The scenery about Ballyhupahawn and the mountains of Slievbloom, would be highly interesting, if embellished by plantations and other improvements.

In my progress towards Portarlington I visited Garryhinch, which shall be noticed hereafter, and met with a kind reception from Mr. Warburton, whose sanction and support in the publication of my former work, were politely contributed; as were also those of Major Chitwood, in the same neighbourhood. But I would do my

my reader injustice if I passed over, in silence, the conduct and concerns of Mr. Vicars, a clergyman whose manners reflect the highest credit on his profession, and whose beautiful villa is an object worth the attention of those who traverse that neighbourhood for pleasure or for information. In the conversation of this gentleman, and in the inspection of his improvements, I spent an evening and morning with much satisfaction. His extensive information and the philanthropy of his mind, were, to me, who am in pursuit of improvement, the most acceptable springs of entertainment; and while reposing under his hospitable roof, in the intervals of attempting to glean the beauties of his villa, I was not inattentive to glean from his edifying remarks some plant of knowledge, which might give weight to my volume in the hands of a masculine subscriber, or some flower of fragrance, which by the odour it would shed upon my pages, might render them grateful to the fair.

Lauragh, the seat of the Reverend Robert Vicars, is situate about two miles east of Mountmellick, as you pass from thence to Portarlinton. The house, a neat modern edifice, stands at a due distance from the road, sufficiently elevated to command a good prospect of the neighbourhood, and sufficiently open to be an object of interest to the traveller who passes in that direction—From a mount in Mr. Vicars's improvements, the work of art, you have a perfect view of the surrounding country; and did this prospect comprehend a due proportion of water, in richness of scenery it would rival any thing of the same extent which we have yet witnessed in that part of Ireland; but of this it is nearly destitute—Towards the south, the rock of Donamaase, and the

mountains of Cullinagh and Dysart, form a sublime boundary to the scene—Eastward, the Wicklow mountains, about twenty miles distant, are also visible when the atmosphere is clear; while the improvements of Lord Portarlington from South to East, that is, from Coolbanagher to Spirehill, greatly enrich the prospect. This Spirehill beautifully planted, and so called from a spire which has been built on its summit, is an extremely interesting object in that direction of the country; and as the eye passes Northward, Garryhinch, enveloped in wood, unites its advantages to complete the spectacle—Westward, the mountains of Sliebloom, (rendered famous by Spencer, in his *Fairy Queen*,) with the town of Mountmellick near the foot of one of those mountains, terminate the prospect; and N. W. there is an open and extensive view of a level country.

Within this circus, the scene is richly improved by the well distributed and highly ornamental plantations on Mr. Vicars's own demesne—the hill and the valley exhibit those improvements to the view in rich abundance, and on the south east margin of the demesne, a little pond, which Mr. Vicars intends to bring forward and render more capacious, and which, at present, is the only water visible on his demesne, will be a good object in that direction.

The dwelling-house and demesne of Mr. Joshua Kemmis, just opposite those of Lauragh, unite their advantages with the latter to improve the landscape, and had nature or the hand of art, introduced a large lake into the valley between those seats, this scene would, for its extent, be one of the richest in that part of Ireland.

The soil in this neighbourhood, and toward Mount

mellick, is, for the most part shallow and moory ; it has been considerably exhausted by those woods, which so recently as the seventeenth century overspread this country ; nevertheless, it produces smart crops of corn, and furnishes the inhabitants with light pasturage and meadow.

From Lauragh I proceeded to Portarlington, a town which the reader will find more particularly noticed in the subsequent memoirs ; and after resting there during the Sunday, proceeded to Monastereven and Kildare, and from thence to the Curragh, which having traversed to the proposed extent, I returned homeward by Coolbanagher and the rock of Donemaase, to the inspection of which places and the objects around them, I devoted the principal part of a day.*

* In this journey I met with some bad treatment which gave birth to the following reflection—Of what importance to a traveller is a good inn—Compelled by his circumstances to make those houses of entertainment his abode, how cruel to take his money without remorse, and requite him with bad entertainment or perhaps gross incivility.

Of this, the worst species is that of which servants are made the agents ; and of that, damp beds and sheets, and rooms not properly aired. To take their own word for it, however, these are never to be met with in any house you visit. Traverse the island from Cork to Derry, and from Sligo to Dublin ; and all to a house, are in good order, by their own account. Many of them indeed are so—but the marked inattention or incivility of some others, deserves reprobation. In one of these, having expostulated with the landlord on the gross impertinence of an insulting fellow, whom he kept ; he replied that “ the man’s wife had been for a good while in the service of his family, and on that account he could not think of discharging him”—In another, that, “ gentlemen are now so accustomed to those things that they do not mind them”—a fine apology—In

In my progress to these places I visited Eagle-hill and Nurney, two seats which attract your attention as you pass from the Curragh of Kildare to Coolbanagher—They lie, I think, S. or S. W. of Kildare, and command a view of the Wicklow mountains, about fifteen miles distant—There is a chain of hills in the more immediate vicinity of Eagle-hill, which forms a kind of amphitheatre around it, and has a good effect—The elevated position of this seat, and the prospect which it commands, have rendered its name extremely appropriate. I dwelt with pleasure for a few moments on the woods of Narraghmore, about four miles south of Eagle-hill—they are a good object in that point of the landscape, and the interest which I took in beholding them, was not lessened by the recollection of their having been the frequent scene of my juvenile amusements, when at Ballymore school. How shall I account for the influence of those inanimate objects upon my feelings?—Why is it that I retain no painful sense of my sufferings which were acute, when I was a boy, and fasten tenaciously upon those objects which then ministered pleasure to my childish heart?—Was it the shade of those charming groves, or the still more charming songsters which warbled forth their hymn of gratitude for the beauty of the season, that won my affections?—Was it the chirping accents of those little captives that I then dragged from the embraces of their parents, and whose cries ought to have moved me to compassion, that have made such a

cities and some large towns you may find a remedy for this, but in many inferior towns, your patience is your only alternative.

lasting impression upon my feelings?—Was it the bow and arrow which I carried in my hand, and with which the wood had furnished me, or was it the display of my skill in the exercise of those early instruments of war, in the presence of my companions, which gave to that object in the landscape such a magic influence over my heart?—Perhaps it was the recollection of the pleasure I derived from the gratification of that inextinguishable passion of nature, the love of liberty, which was the source of my interest—or perhaps it was because the social instinct, another powerful passion of the soul, had been gratified by the company of a few chosen friends, that I here melted into sensibility—Ye inanimate objects of my childish affection, resolve these doubts—tell me the spring from whence you derive your fascinating power, and by what laws you command the homage of adult reason, and render the passions it should govern subservient to your influence, even when the season of passion has almost expired?—Methinks I hear you reply—“We have no power of our own to produce pleasure—that sweet delusion which carried captive your senses, while your eyes hung in silent rapture upon our groves and upon the enchanting scenery around us, is not ours to bestow—it has its origin in nature, and is sent by the Author of nature, with other capacities of enjoyment, to temper the cup of adversity and render man thankful—Lift thine eyes to yonder cliff—see the craggy rocks which hang over the traveller on the road beneath, and threaten him with destruction—Do these know that they inspire him with terror, and are they conscious that they warn him to prepare for death?—Behold those mountains

which nod in awful majesty over an arm of the sea, while foaming billows from beneath rise with indignant fury, lash the rocks, and expend their rage upon the shore—Are these calculated to inspire the man of sensibility with awful thoughts of the Eternal?—and do our more tranquil scenes inspire him with delight?—it is to the Author of nature that he is indebted for these impressions, so well calculated to attract him to gratitude, and to point out to him the awful consequences of presumption!—Retire then, O child of probation, into thy own bosom, and adore that wisdom and mercy which have done all things well, and which, in the distribution of their bounties, have honoured thee with reason to render these the works of God subservient to thy instruction.”

Having arrived at Coolbanagher, and obtained from the gentleman who then resided on that hill, a servant to accompany me; I entered the church, which stands exactly on its summit, and having clambered up to a considerable height and obtained a position in the spire, I found a prospect before me, which if my imagination did not belong to the class of marvellous, was sufficient to repay it with interest for the danger to which I had exposed myself in gaining a firm footing on that giddy eminence; but alas! here, as on Knock-i-on, I found I had overrated the strength of my head, which always flies best when it is near a safe landing-place, and never builds castles in the air so successfully, as when it has good evidence of a sure foundation. The reader by this time will begin to suspect, that I did not long maintain my position in the steeple of Coolbanagher church, and he is right in his conjecture—the awful station I had

taken, so much elevated above the surrounding country, conspired with the sharpness of the air, to produce a vertigo, which obliged me to descend, but not until I had laboured to catch an outline of one of the finest prospects in the Queen's County. The glance which I obtained of the surrounding scenery from this position, was such as to inspire me with the purest notions of a beautiful and extensive landscape—and although I had it not in my power to obtain a steady view of its minute features, yet from the outline which I saw, and from my more deliberate observations on a less airy station, I became convinced, that, for the enjoyment of one of the most elegant and capacious landscapes in the Queen's County, the steeple of Coolbanagher was the true position. The outline of this prospect is composed of the Wicklow and Dublin mountains on the E. and S.E.—the mountains of Slievbloom on the W.—the rock of Donemaase and its chain of neighbouring hills on the S.—and the beautiful improvements of Emo-park, the seat of Lord Portarlington, including Spire-hill and the town of Portarlington on the N.E. Within this circle, the church and glebe-house of Coolbanagher, from which I took my prospect, and the planting around them, form a most prominent and striking feature when viewed from the valley towards Emo, as you travel from thence to Mountmellick.

Nurney and Eagle-hill, those seats which have been recently noticed, and divers other handsome villas, embellish the surrounding country : so that without danger of contradiction we may venture to assert, that this beautiful and capacious landscape so advantageously surveyed from the giddy steeple of Coolbanagher, is one of the

most interesting which the Queen's County has to exhibit. The church of Coolbanagher, (which is a neat pile of modern building) with about an acre of grave-ground walled in and ornamented with planting, constitutes a pretty object on the road as you travel from Emo-park to the rock of Donemaase. A superb monument of the late Earl of Portarlington ornaments this platform, on the east end of the parish church; and two or three more of respectable appearance stand near it, to apprise the living of their rank and quality, amongst which I discovered the monumental inscription of the late Colonel Warburton. The prospect from the grave-yard towards the north and north-west is intercepted by the planting, which is there formed into shrubberies; but the shade which these offer to the man of contemplation, in a place so appropriate for its exercise, repay him for this privation.

Having gleaned the beauties of this view, I mounted my little carriage, which, with its solitary inhabitant, had undergone severe penance on the roads near Ballyfin and Portarlington, and stopping at a farmer's house to obtain a guide to the rock, in which capacity his son, a civil and rather intelligent young man, offering to accompany me, I took him up, and driving off soon arrived at the place of our destination.

“The rock of Donemaase, or Dunna maaes, which signifies in the Irish language ‘the fort of the plain,’ is certainly a place of great curiosity, and one which nature and art had combined to render of the most formidable strength before the use of artillery had been known. It is one of those hills which so peculiarly stand separate from the neighbouring chain, and being extremely steep was naturally inaccessible on all sides,

but the (east,) where was the entrance.* This isolated rock was formerly the residence of the princes of the country, who had a dwelling on its summit, and we find that on the first arrival of the English, in the reign of Henry II. anno 1167, it was the principal residence of Dermot Mac Murragh, king of Leinster."

The late Sir John Parnell, proprietor of the estate on which the rock stands, manifested the estimation in which he held this antique object, by attempting so far to repair one or two apartments in the ruins of an old castle on its summit, as to render them fit for the occasional reception of a banquetting party, but after making some slight alterations, and giving to his friends a few entertainments, he abandoned his project, and left the ruins of the rock, with those of empires, as a memorial to the spectator of the ravages of time, and the littleness and short duration of the most mighty monarchs and castle-builders, who, like meteors, have flamed for *a moment* on this little planet and then disappeared.

The prospect from the rock of Donemaase, though extensive, is by no means as beautiful to the naked eye, as that from Coolbanagher church. The circle of country perceptible from the former object, may probably measure about one hundred miles, and of this the view N. or N.E. has nothing picturesque to offer. The

* See Sir Charles Coote's Statistical Survey of the Queen's County, from which the above quotation is extracted, save in the description of the entrance or accessible side of the fort, which is there noted as on the S.W. This, as a probable error of the press, discovered by my own actual observation, I have taken the liberty to correct. The entrance towards the rock is rather towards the east than west, and the inner and outer fosses which guarded that entrance are still visible.

mountains of Wicklow and those of Slievbloom are among the objects which form a boundary to this capacious landscape. The chain of hills in the vicinity of the rock, and from which it stands considerably removed ; the plantations of Sir John Parnell, on one of those hills, south or south-west of this rock—a clergyman's lodge on the east, and some other objects, conspire to interest the spectator—but it is the rock itself, and those castles on its summit which had once constituted the strong hold of the kings of Leinster, that are the glory of the scene, and the deserving objects of attention.

Though the shades of evening had already descended, and the deep silence of night was approaching with hasty strides, yet I had the curiosity on descending from the rock to attempt ascertaining the measurement of its middle circle. This apparently simple, but in my circumstances, truly troublesome enterprize, my guide and I commenced at the entrance of the inner fosse, and with great difficulty surmounted the stones and small rocks which obstructed our passage in measuring our steps around it. From the best calculation I could form from such an imperfect survey, the circumference of the rock in that place measures about fifteen hundred feet ; and that of the base (which unites with a deep valley on the S. and S.W.) I calculated to be about three times that amount. Here, as at Coolbanagher and Knock-i-on, I had to lament that infirmity which diminished my enjoyment of the landscape. In this respect Knocksheogowna had the advantage of those other objects. The base of the latter hill occupies a considerable tract of ground, and hence, though a very commanding eminence, it slopes with such gentle gradation

into the vally, as to produce, to the weakest eye or head, no painful sensation, while that of Knock-i-on, shooting upward like a cone or tower, makes the ascent difficult, and the position giddy and alarming. This complaint, to which I am subject, has often rendered my curiosity or thirst of observation, a dangerous passion—While struggling on the rock of Donemase, with a second attack of this vertigo in one day, I had to remember the horrible sensation with which I was seized in the summer of 1798, while clambering up Vinegar-hill in the County of Wexford, to contemplate with attention the countenances of those unhappy men, who fell in the battle fought with our troops on Thursday the 21st of June. I arrived at that hill the Sunday morning following, and found several of the slain unburied: the stench which proceeded from those carcasses exposed for three days to the rays of a burning sun; the general scene of desolation which was before me, and the remorse which I felt for having indulged, what in my own case I feared was an unjustifiable curiosity, conspired to overpower nature—my head grew giddy: I felt a palpitation seize my heart: my limbs trembled; and with difficulty I escaped with life from this awful scene of carnage and infection.

PORTARLINGTON.

Portarlington, (one of the handsomest inland towns in the province of Leinster) is situate on the river Barrow, about thirty-seven miles south west of Dublin, in a country considerably improved*—The town, in your passage

* The Barrow takes its rise in the mountains of Slievbloom in the Queen's County, and in its progress to the sea, passes through the towns of Mountmellick and Portarlington, from whence bending towards the S. E. it takes its course by the

from Mountmellick through the two principal streets, which meet nearly at right angles in the market-square, extends about two English miles towards Monastereven, agreeably to the course of the river; but beside those principal streets, there are several of inferior note which open a communication with these and with the market-square—This square, and the streets we have noticed as principal, are adequately spacious, the houses uniformly decent, and in some instances highly elegant, and the streets, (which cannot be said of many extensive towns in this country) are suitably accommodated to the convenience of carriages and foot passengers. Portarlington may be pronounced the second grand emporium of education in the province—The people of property send their children from all parts of the country thither for education, as the number of seminaries in this town, for the education of youth of both sexes, exceeds that of every other in the province of Leinster, the City of Dublin only excepted.

Portarlington is a place rather of fashion and elegance. The magnificent ruin of Lea Castle (which stands immediately on its margin) to the town of Monastereven, from whence it proceeds due south through Athy, Carlow, and Leighlin-bridge, to its junction with the Nore, on the demesne of Lord Callan, two miles north of Ross—At this latter place, these united waters form a beautiful crystal expanse, which may be considered as the principal ornament of that town—From Ross this river proceeds towards the bay of Waterford, and in its progress, forms a junction with the river Suir—Thus enriched and reinforced this stream rolls its navigable tide towards the ocean, and then empties its tributary waters into that mighty reservoir.

* * * The reader will find the properties of this river farther explained, in our description of the country between Carlow and Ross.

than of commercial enterprize: the latter term may be considered as more applicable to Mountmellick, a good market and post town in the same County, about five miles south of the former—There is an intercourse kept up between those towns in the way of trade, but neither this communication of interest, nor their proximity to each other, have proved sufficient to blend into one those distinguishing features of their character—Both Portarlinton and Mountmellick, are what may be termed good Protestant towns, the one being principally inhabited by the descendants of French Hugonots and their connections, and the other, in a considerable proportion, by the descendants of English Quakers; and these descendants of the French and English reformers, retaining by *profession* their first principles, we have hence denominated the towns which they inhabit, Protestant.

In Mountmellick there is one establishment for education, which we think deserving of notice—the Leinster provincial school; founded by the society called Friends or Quakers, towards the close of the last century, for the benefit of the youth of both sexes, in the province of Leinster, the limited circumstances of whose parents might otherwise have deprived those children of the advantages of a suitable education—This, we believe, was the primary object of the institution, and although on adequate conditions, its benefits have been latterly permitted to flow out to the children of members in easy or affluent circumstances, yet the instruction of the class we have first noticed in the principles of the society, and in learning suited to their rank and prospects, continues, no doubt, to be the paramount object of the institution. That the funds of this institution may be applied

whole and entire to their objects, a certain number of overseers are appointed to superintend it in the form of a standing committee; persons who receive no emolument for their services, and who are supposed to be superior to corruption; while the officers who do receive a salary for their constant attention to the duties of the school, are not, as in some institutions, so numerous as almost to eat out the vitals of the charity.

This institution (if our information be correct) is limited to thirty boys and thirty girls at a time, and the officers in the pay of the society, besides the ordinary servants of the house, are a governor and two English teachers, to which a classic teacher has been added since the extension of its benefits to the children of members in easy or opulent circumstances. To descant at large upon the advantages resulting to mankind from these and similar institutions of religious society, would perhaps be out of character, in these loose and desultory sketches; but it may not be amiss to revive in the public mind, the recollection of that spring of christian piety which first set them in motion, and which, in proportion as it has become broken and impaired, these institutions of charity have been rendered abortive by public neglect, or by the avarice of self-interested conductors.

To conclude our observations about Portarlinton and Mountmellick, we shall observe, that although the former exceeds the latter, in rank, in fashion, and in the number of its seminaries for the education of youth, yet we very much doubt if it exceeds Mountmellick in the aggregate wealth of its inhabitants—The cotton and worsted manufactures—the tanning, malting, brewing, and an extensive trade in the country mercantile department,

have been long successfully carried on in this latter town ; and here one instance of the benefits which flow from temperance and a steadily maintained commerce, appearing, we embrace the opportunity which these details afford us of throwing in our mite of approbation to their support.

OBSERVATIONS.

The advantages of trade and commerce, are these—They give useful employment to the mind—they are honorable instruments of private comfort and independence—they levy a tax of courtesy upon self-interest, and hence break down, to a certain extent, the barriers which separate society—and lastly, they give the virtuous trader, an opportunity of exercising his benevolence—But as the most useful and honorable operations of trade are liable to be rendered abortive by the growth of *self-interest*, a principle which, when once predominant, gradually retires, and ultimately entrenches itself within those circles where it can find the largest portion of nutriment for its avarice and pride ; how needful does it appear that society in its own defence, should establish a social compact which might act as a bulwark to the progress of this evil, by drawing (from our numerous distinctions in civil and religious life) the moral character of a country into occasional correspondence, an end which hitherto, has only been partially answered by all the civil and religious compacts which have taken place in Christendom.

In the production of those salutary ends which necessarily result from the union of many in one compact, the societies in this part of the world called christian, furnish us with a few useful examples--among these are the Mo-

ravian, Quaker, and Methodist sects, and there is not any person whatever acquainted with their history and with the character of human nature, but must acknowledge, that (next to the religious principle which first united them, and the force of habit which hath given it dominion) the gratification produced to the social instinct by the pleasures of social intercourse, is the most powerful instrument of preserving their existence. Take from these sects all interchange of kind offices, all prospect of pleasure or profit to be derived from mutual intercourse, and all fear of suffering in their character or other interests by disunion, and then mark their progress through the world—Assisted however as they are, by periodical meetings and by private intercourse, still the benefits of their religious and social policy are partial—partial with regard to the world, and partial with regard to the communities in which those benefits are occasionally tasted—To render the measure of useful example which they exhibit, profitable to the general population of a country, that country should organize itself on a common basis of good faith and mutual services—To effect this object, monthly meetings of the decent inhabitants should be instituted in each town and parish, for the purpose of calling the people into occasional intercourse, and of rendering that intercourse an instrument of improvement to their district—In parochial meetings such as these, the peace, the harmony, the morals, the education, the trade, the agriculture, the individual merit and distress, comprehended within that parish, should be noticed and discussed—Resolutions might there be formed and afterwards put into execution for the improvement of its state in all these relations—The members, in order to

promote unanimity and good will should breakfast together (as is the practice of several friendly societies) on the morning of their meeting-day, and having settled the affairs of their parish, and by free and friendly communication, drawn the streams of individual affection into one common current, each member should return with alacrity to the duties of that rank and calling in which Providence has placed him, and with a sentiment of gratitude to the same Providence, for having called a society to co-operate with itself in correcting the errors and miseries of human nature, without interruption to the public peace, or a destruction of those distinctions which society has established for the protection of its individual claims.

To give permanence to such a valuable institution as this, the parochial meetings of each county should establish a quarterly meeting within the precincts of that county, to act as a centre of unity to the parishes; a consolidation of parts, which would be found of material service in promoting the improvement of the country, and in correcting those errors, which for want of a centre of unity to the people (we mean the people of judgment and good principle) have unhappily and repeatedly, alas! spread desolation through our fruitful vallies, involved our ignorant countrymen in ruin, and the better informed and disposed members of the community, in consternation and dismay.

GARRYHINCH AND WOODBROOK.

Garryhinch, the seat of Richard Warburton, Esq. and Woodbrook, that of Major Chitwood, lie contiguous to each other, and are situate in an improved neighbour-

hood (chiefly indebted to art for its advantages) about three miles west of Portarlington.

The house and demesne of Garryhinch, have a much more magnificent and extensive appearance than those of Woodbrook, but the latter, in our view, had the advantage of the former, on the ground of its rural simplicity—An artificial river supplied by springs in the neighborhood of Coolbanagher and Emmo, and which, in a form of pleasing irregularity well calculated to represent nature, passes through the lawn of this rural residence, conspired with the cottage and other objects of that scene, to produce the effect of simplicity. The light aspect of the entrance corresponds with the lodge and improvements, and the whole are so well calculated to imitate nature, as to drag the mind of the spectator captive in the chains of a pleasing delusion.

The most gratifying view which I had of the beauties of Garryhinch, was from the bridge which commands a prospect along the river Barrow, as I rode from thence to Woodbrook—Here the view was truly delightful and commanding; the river overshadowed by the foliage of trees, rolled its peaceful current through the meadows; the planting on its banks opened a pleasing prospect to the eye, and this prospect being terminated by the beautiful mansion-house of Garryhinch, altogether produced a most pleasing effect upon the mind sufficiently at ease to enjoy the beauties of art and nature, in this instance so happily combined.

Garryhinch house is supplied with a valuable and extensive library and a few good paintings—Among these latter, are a drawing of the holy family, by Reubens, brought over from the continent by the late Colonel

Warburton, and the portrait of a near relative of Mrs. Warburton, jun. by an Irish artist—I admired what I conceived to be the characteristic form of Reubens' figures, and the duration of his colors; but as was natural for a person who is no connoisseur (and who by inclination and the force of example leans to the interests of his country) I confess I was more captivated by the marked features and brilliant colors of the Irish performance, than by the mild figures and softened tints of the Italian.

Upon the whole this visit to Garryhinch and Woodbrook was not unproductive of pleasure—The day proved singularly fine for the month of January—The country around those seats is respectably inhabited—The improved appearance of the cottages mark the comforts of the poor; and to these pleasing circumstances were added, the patronage of several amiable and benevolent characters, both here and in the town of Portarlinton, in which latter place, that of Colonel Anketelle, from the manner in which it was conferred, has left a peculiarly grateful recollection.

Before we bid a final adieu to Garryhinch, we beg leave to observe, that this seat was for many years the country residence of the late Colonel Warburton, (father to the present respectable proprietor) a gentleman who had long served the county of his residence, as its representative in parliament, and whose amiable dispositions and exemplary conduct in the relations of private life, have left a sweet savour of his character in the minds of those who had the honor of enjoying his acquaintance, or the opportunity of profiting by his virtues.

OBSERVATION AND ANECDOTE.

I connect every idea of comfort (so far as comfort is dependent upon external objects) with a neat lodge and demesne, in a neighborhood highly cultivated and improved, but cultivated and improved in a sense much more important and extensive, than is conceived necessary by some of those, who have been placed by public suffrage in the first class of taste and correct judgment. One of this description, the proprietor of a superb seat in the County of Carlow, to whom I had the honor of an introduction, perceiving on an attentive perusal of the prospectus of my first publication, that this latter would contain no treatise on the culture of the earth, nor yet on the physiology of plants, but rather a course of essays on the cultivation of the human head and heart, he returned my papers with such an air of *shrewd discovery* and self importance, as gave me plainly to understand that he was a person of too much *good sense* to be taken in by such trash as this!—I took my papers and withdrew, without once wishing to change states with this highly accomplished man of fortune; so happily has nature fitted every fool to bear his own burden.

It is not, then, the mere agriculture and improvement of the earth, though wrought up to the highest pitch of perfection, which constitutes, in our view of the subject, a *well cultivated country*. This may be a branch or component part of the system; but the cultivation of which we speak as being of the first importance, is that which concerns the minds and manners of the people; and that this is the most deserving object of public attention, and includes within it every other species of improvement, appears from the well known fact, that when the reforma-

tion of religion took place in Europe, then arts, sciences and languages (which had long languished) immediately revived, and that in every country where the benefits of a free government are enjoyed, and the minds and morals of men duly cultivated, there all the decencies and useful improvements of life continue to follow in a train.

MONASTEREVEN.—From Portarlinton I rode to Monastereven, another town in the Queen's County, and a port of the Grand Canal Company. This village (which is beautified by the late country seat of the Marquis of Drogheda, in its form is not very *unique* or compact, yet upon the whole its aspect is not displeasing. For the measure of beauty it possesses, it is considerably indebted to the waters of the Canal and Barrow, and to the bridges which have been thrown over them; but beside these useful and ornamental improvements, the houses in general have a very decent appearance, and there are no less than three inns for the entertainment of strangers. The packet-boats, in their progress with passengers, from Dublin to Athy, and returning, as also one or two public coaches, pass thro' this place, and bring a conflux of strangers to it, yet I could not learn that Monastereven is a town of much trade. It has, however, one extensive brewery, and in the way of education (beside a respectable seminary for young ladies, under the conduct of a Mrs. Tourelle,) there is a nursery here for the support and early instruction of a large number of young children in the rudiments of the protestant religion. This institution is under the direction of the Incorporated Society, and the children are, we believe, transplanted from hence to the several charter-schools in the province of Leinster.

CHAP. IX.

Description of Mount Pleasant in the vicinity of Clonaslee—Author proceeds by the Mountains of Slievbloom to Birr or Parsonstown, in the King's county—Seats of Distinction in that direction noticed—Returns homeward by Shannon-harbour, and visits Moystown, the Seat of Colonel L'Estrange—Copious Description of Brittas, the Seat of Lieutenant General Dunne, and of the Village of Clonaslee on his Estate.

SOON after the conclusion of my last excursion, I rode through an arm of the King's county to the village of Clonaslee, and from thence to Birr in my way homeward. The first object I found deserving of attention in this little circuit of about fifty miles, was that of Mount Pleasant, the seat of Maurice O'Connor, esq. This seat is situate in a wild and rather unimproved country, about seven miles south of the village of Ballycumber, in the King's County, and five north of Clonaslee; and although it is the production of a few years only, may be justly considered as the pride of that neighbourhood.——This light and ornamental seat stands open to the view of the traveller from the north and west, on a piece of ground beautiful for its elevation and inequality, and remarkable for the proofs of taste and judgment displayed by the proprietor in the adaptation of his planting and other improvements to the natural circumstances of the soil and country. To see this seat, and that general landscape of which it forms

the flower-knot, to advantage, you must take your position on Pallas-hill, north of Mount Pleasant, the residence of a Mr. Malone. Twenty-five minutes before your arrival at this spot, you would by no means calculate from the aspect of the country over which you had travelled, that a scene so replete with the beauties of art and nature would here present itself to your view. The picturesque landscape comprehensible in a view from this position, extends to the mountains of Sliev-bloom, a few miles south of Mount Pleasant, and these mountains excepted, which form a sublime boundary to the scene, the residue of the landscape is indebted to the improving finger of Mr. O'Connor for its vivacity and beauty.

The mansion-house of Mount Pleasant, which is a tall light edifice, in the stile of modern architecture, stands elevated on an eminence opposite Pallas-hill, above a lake which beautifies the demesne, and whose watery expanse in the valley, reflects upon the neighbouring lawn and even distant mountain, a ray of its crystal brightness and beauty.

Mount Pleasant is the principal seat in view, as you pass from Ballycumber to Brittas, the seat of Lieutenant General Dunne; to whose villlage, called Clonaslee, which is situate at the foot of the mountains of Sliev-bloom, I passed from Mount Pleasant, and there rested for the night. After looking at Brittas, and a few other objects in the vicinity of this village, I proceeded towards Parsonstown, and for some time had the mountains of Slievbloom on my left hand to bear me company. I need hardly tell my readers, that to a man who admires nature in her most gigantic and grotesque figures,

these were acceptable society. Indeed for some miles they were the only society which interested me—and in a country extremely wild and comparatively unimproved, it is pleasant that nature has furnished the traveller with any one form of her works.

After having rode about seven Irish miles, I at length approached a spot which bore some marks of human improvement——it was Lettybrook, the seat of Mr. Drought. The proprietor of this seat happened not to be at home when I arrived there, but in the conversation of a lady of singular judgment and good sense, and a singular example of the ancient and uncorrupted hospitality of Ireland, I had every necessary advantage of information as to the soil and circumstances of that neighbourhood.

Lettybrook, Castle Bernard, and Droughtville, three seats which lie contiguous to each other, improve the scenery in this direction. In your progress to Birr, the second of these seats suddenly presents its retired beauties to your view. It is situate on a narrow plain, which is watered by the little river of Castletown, at the foot of two mountains which cover it on the rere. The planting which forms an embroidery to this demesne, is judiciously adapted to the surface of the soil, and these uniting their influence with the neat aspect and beautiful position of the dwelling-house, constitutes this one of the most interesting romantic villas in that part of Ireland. The village of Kennity on Mr. Bernard's estate, stands in the immediate vicinity of this object. On my arrival at this village I visited the Protestant minister, whose manners corresponding with his profession, afforded me edification. A little beyond

Kennity you obtain a view of the house and demesne of Droughtville, which though not immediately on the road side, are sufficiently near to shed the influence of their beauties on the general scene.

A little farther on, in your progress to Birr, you cross an arm of the Bog of Allen ; and having proceeded about half way over the bog, if you wish to bid farewell to the mountains of Slievbloom and the country you have left behind, here will be the spot to take a parting look of your silent but sublime companions. In one hour more you arrive at the gate of Mr. Sing, a clergyman who resides within view of Birr, the town of your destination ; and from his seat the prospect of this town over a valley of green fields and hedges, is truly interesting.

Returning from Birr homeward, I touched at Shannon-harbour, a port of the Grand Canal Company. Here a confluence of waters tends to improve the aspect of that wild country, which abounds with turf bog, an article very useful though not very ornamental to the landscapes of that neighbourhood.

Shannon-harbour has recently begun to assume the appearance of a village. Beside the hotel, which is a capital edifice and appears well maintained, as indeed the company's houses usually are, there are several neat whitewashed boxes concentred on the bank of the river ; these constitute a good object when viewed from the Banagher and Cloghan road, and uniting their influence with the limpid waters of the Shannon and a few gentlemen's seats which lie scattered in that flat country, preserve the landscape from absolute wildness and inanity. Of these seats Moystown and Castle Iver are the

principal. The latter has the advantage of most other seats in that vicinity, in point of position. It is situated between two roads which lead from Cloghan to Banagher and Birr, and commands a tolerable view of the surrounding valley; but the bog forming a considerable proportion of this prospect, renders the elevated position of Castle Iver of little interest. The planting, however, on this demesne is beautifully distributed, and on the road from Birr and Banagher to Cloghan, it is one of the best public objects.

Moystown, the seat of Colonel L'Estrange, though situated in a valley, is a much more enriched and valuable concern than Castle Iver. The house is a plain Grecian building, but large and commodious. The improvements cover a beautiful demesne of about one hundred and fifty English acres, and in the whole Colonel L'Estrange farms about six hundred acres of his own estate. What the soil of this estate has been denied by nature, art has abundantly supplied. In the centre of an immense tract of bog, you behold Moystown exhibiting to the spectator many beautiful improvements, and furnishing to the inhabitants not only the necessaries of life, but even abounding with some of the finest productions of warm climates. In a green-house of light and elegant construction, the device of Colonel L'Estrange himself, you will see an assemblage of plants and flowers the produce of various climes; but particularly the Chinese rose, a perennial flower, regaling the senses by its perpetual fragrance and beauty. The peach and grape compartments appeared in the highest order; and in proportion to their extent, I do not recollect to have seen any thing more abundant than the appearance of

those delicious crops at Moystown in the summer of 1813. The pleasure derived from the various beauties and improvements of this place, was sensibly augmented by the polite and amiable conduct of Mr. and Mrs. L'Estrange, the latter of whom at the period of my visit, had laid the foundation of a school on this estate, for the instruction of the children of the poor in that neighbourhood.

Here the river Brusna empties her waters into the Shannon, and assists that mighty river in the important service which she renders to the inland commerce of our country, by opening a communication between the western and southern provinces.

Soon after my visit to Moystown, I drove by Croghan-hill, which is probably the highest position, and Green-hill, which is one of the prettiest seats in the King's County, to Rathangan, in the County of Kildare, a town which has been already noticed in these memoirs.

Greenhill, the seat of Thomas Longworth Dames, esq. is situate about seven miles N.E. of Phillip's-town, and five west of Edenderry. From the road I travelled, the gate and eastern boundary of the improvements were alone perceptible, the prospect to the house and principal beauties of the place being intercepted by a hill. Considering Green-hill as one of the prettiest seats in that neighbourhood, I should have been surprised that the dwelling-house was not placed in a position sufficiently elevated to look down upon the improvements of the neighbouring country, if I had not heard, that the foundation of this beautiful concern was laid by the grandfather of the present proprietor, in whose day the beauties and advantages of prospect were but little con-

O

sidered. On the road from hence to Kinnegad, by Castlejordan, this seat, I was informed, appears to considerable advantage, but as I did not travel that road, I can say nothing about it from my own observation.

The soil of Mr. Dames's estate, and in other parts of the valley between Croghan and Edenderry, constitutes as I have already noticed, some of the best feeding ground in the King's County. I had almost forgot to mention, that the inhabitant of Greenhill has the advantage of one open prospect to Castle-carbery, a position several times mentioned in the course of this work, as one of considerable eminence in the King's County landscapes.

From Green-hill I proceeded towards Rathangan, over a part of the Bog of Allen, which some of the intelligent farmers in that neighbourhood who have conversed with engineers on the subject, pronounce to be eighty feet above the level of the Figule, a little river which rises near Croghan, and passing through this neighbourhood empties itself into the Barrow, within a few miles of the village of Clonbullock. I thought this the highest bog over which I had ever travelled, and one which commanded the most noble and extensive prospect; and therefore, agreeable to my frequent custom, I delayed a short time to enquire into its history, and that of the country around it. I found a few patches of the bog near the public road reclaimed, and now green with vegetable productions, but these cottage improvements, though gratifying to the benevolent feeling, made no sensible alteration in the general aspect of that country. If I had not known that bog grows in a manner similar to vegetable substances, the elevated appearance of this heathy tract would have greatly surprised me, but when

I considered the unusually extensive prospect it afforded, and the variety of sublime objects which form a boundary to the landscape comprehended in this view, I thought it deserving of attention, and worthy of being enrolled among the beauties and curiosities of this island. Croghan-hill, Castle-carbery, the spire of Portarlington, those called the red-hills of Kildare, the mountains of Slievboom, and even those of Wicklow, near forty miles distant, united to form the boundary of this scene, of which the bog I have noticed was, of course, to the traveller over it, the most conspicuous internal feature.

BRITTAS AND CLONASLEE.

Brittas, the seat of Lieutenant-General Dunne, and Clonaslee, a village on his estate, are situate in the Queen's County, in the immediate neighbourhood of the mountains of Slievbloom, about fourteen miles S.E. of Birr, fourteen N. of Roscrea, seven S. of Tullamore, and seven W. of Mountmellick; and these are the principal trading towns in the country around that village. Clonaslee being thus removed to a sufficient distance from the influence of those towns, it is of course better circumstanced for trade than those villages, whose proximity to large trading and military towns constitute them the mere nurseries of the latter: like those rivulets which not having sufficient force to overcome the obstacles which impede their progress to the ocean, are obliged by the weakness of their current to become tributary to the neighbouring rivers. Clonaslee has also the advantage of those villages which are situate in districts of the country purely agricultural. The worsted and cotton manufactures, but particularly the latter, are carried on

extensively in the town of Mountmellick, and partially in that of Tullamore: and as many of the weavers employed by those manufacturers (a race of men who always multiply in proportion to the demand there is for them) reside in the country around Clonaslee, of course to procure workmen in either of those branches would be no difficult task to any manufacturer settling there. Should persons of this class obtain adequate encouragement to build, improve, and establish manufactories there, then the interest in such establishments being secured to the founders and their posterity, an additional motive would be held out to enterprising traders to settle on this estate. Lastly, as the lands which surround a new settlement are usually procured on easier terms, than those in the neighbourhood of long established trading towns, of course the necessities of life will come easier to hand; and this, to a man who proposes founding a factory, and employing a large number of the poor, is a consideration of importance. If the whole of these advantages attach to Clonaslee, as as it is probable they do; but which the man of business who visits the spot in pursuit of an establishment will take care to ascertain, then a factory could be established with less expence, and a better prospect of accommodation in that village, than in several of the established towns around it: this at least is our view of the subject; a view, which should it be found supported by reason and conformable to fact, we shall never repent bringing before the public; because manufactures and commerce, naturally opening a channel of intercourse between the different classes of society; whatever tends to extend their empire, tends to extend the empire of a common

interest; and this, of all other human causes, is the most powerful in softening the prejudices of faction, and blending the contending parties of a country into one civil mass.

The soil around Clonaslee, particularly on the mountain side, has been represented as a running sand or gravel, best adapted to the maintenance of light horned cattle, and producing, with proper cultivation, smart crops of corn; and this statement, which I received upon the spot, appears to correspond with the aspect of this portion of the country.

The lodge or mansion-house of Brättas, within a few furlongs of the village, stands elevated above a road which opens a communication with Birr, on the declivity of one of those mountains which we have just noticed; but so completely enveloped in woods, as to be impervious to the eye of the traveller who passes under their gloomy shadow. From the valley N. W. of those mountains, as you approach those heights from Mount Pleasant, the woods are seen shedding the influence of their venerable foliage upon the romantic scenery around them—I could not help thinking as I surveyed this place, how well calculated it is to inspire the superstitious (who might pass it by in winter or in the night season) with visionary ideas. In an age of romance this scene would have furnished the brain-sick imagination with large matter of invention—Here the tyrant of the gloomy castle would have found himself in a region suited to the sullen severity of his title—Here the fairy queen with her numerous nimble-footed followers would have smitten (through an infectious wind,) the sinewy frame of the passing peasant, would have robbed him of the profits of

his dairy, or have stolen from his wife the rosy pledge of conjugal endearment—The magician also would have come in for a share of the honors of domestic misfortune, and the people in an age of simplicity, and in every age there are such subjects of deception, would have swallowed down those compositions with as much avidity, as the stories which are now thought convenient to be told them for the purpose of preserving them in a state of pupillage.

Should the traveller, however, take courage to penetrate the umbrageous gloom of Brittas, he will find, instead of a romantic castle, with massy iron gates echoing to the sighs of distressed virtue, a neat lodge in the stile of modern architecture, a variety of useful and elegant improvements, and in a word, those various appearances of social and civilized life which put to flight the spectres of superstition and the fantastic images of romance.

When the superfluous timber on the demesne of Brittas is felled and disposed of—When light and ornamental plantations are substituted in their stead—When the prospect from all parts of the neighbourhood is open to the house and surrounding improvements ; then Brittas will be an object of high interest in that bleak and mountainous country, and a point of still greater distinction than it is at present, in the topography of that neighborhood over which it lifts its deep and gloomy woods. When the village of Clonaslee has a few fairs in the year, and a weekly market for the sale of merchandize and corn—When two or three cotton or stuff manufactories are established there, and furnish to the peasantry in its neighborhood, a source of comfort and improvement—When the proprietor and his lady have founded a

Lancasterian school, for the education of the poor, and a decent inn,* for the entertainment of strangers; then Clonaslee will be a town of consequence in the Queen's County, and an increasing source of profit to the respectable proprietor; and if we have not miscalculated its advantages, it stands better situated for embracing the improvements we have mentioned than any other village in that part of the kingdom.

CHAP. X.

Author proceeds to the town of Kildare, and from thence through Naas to Dublin—After resting for some time in that city, he sets off for Newtown Mount Kennedy, and passes through a portion of the beautiful scenery of Wicklow, which is poetically described—Returns to Dublin and visits Bushy Park, the country seat of Robert Shaw, Esq. member of Parliament for that City—Meets at an Hotel with certain Students of the College of Maynooth—Author's conversation with those Gentlemen, noticed.

AFTER resting at home for a short period, I proceeded to the old town of Kildare, which I concluded to have been built in a very bad place for the accommodation of the inhabitants, as I saw neither river nor rivulet in that place to supply the inhabitants with water—

* An inn has been opened since the above was first copied.

The Curragh, in its vicinity, is too well known as an extensive race-course, or place of national amusement, to require description; but, I confess, I could not but feel sentiments both of surprize and gratitude, to find among the inhabitants of this sporting neighbourhood, and even among those to whom the amusements are professional, several persons who cheerfully contributed to the publication of my book on theology, a work so foreign in its objects to the views of sportsmen.

The road from Kildare to Naas, and from thence to Dublin, but particularly between the two latter places, is so frequently thronged with carts, cars, carriages, and foot passengers, as to give the traveller but slender opportunity of making observations on the seats and scenery within view—he will find on several parts of the road, particularly if travelling in a gig or dog-cart, enough to employ him while whipping into the way and out of the way, while steering clear of public coaches, of weak and disabled men, of apple-women and tinkers, and of a numerous tribe of pedestrians, who are steering towards the great city in pursuit of FORTUNE, or with broken hearts and tattered garments are returning to the country, with a perfect conviction of the fallacy of that goddess, without stopping to contemplate the beauties of the country—We shall therefore avail ourselves of this reasonable apology for passing over the intermediate space in perfect silence; and again conducting our readers to the great city, we shall beg the honor of their company from thence to the following scenes of our itinerary.

FROM DUBLIN TO NEWTOWN MOUNT KENNEDY.

On the road from Dublin to Bray, you pass through

the village of Black-rock ; so called, as we have been informed, from a rock of that colour on the sea-shore—Before you enter this latter village, you will be gratified with a view of the bay ; the houses beautifully arranged on the opposite shore, the hill of Howth, the light-house, the ships riding in the bay ; and these, taken in conjunction with the vast confluence of citizens to that neighborhood for the benefit of the water, produce a very lively and animating spectacle—When you leave this scene behind you, the mountains of Dublin begin to present themselves on the right hand, and between the road and those mountains, you have the charming prospect of a country besprinkled with villas—Here it is the scenery rather than the soil which recommends itself to your attention—the latter is by no means of the first class, but from its contiguity to the metropolis, and the consequent value of its productions, it is brought to the highest possible perfection by the occupiers. When you leave the village of Bray behind you, and which, as a watering place, is also much frequented, you come within view of the Wicklow mountains—that called the Sugar-loaf, with a neat farm-house and garden at its foot, is the first to present itself as you ride down Mullin-reymond-hill, in a valley at the bottom of which it takes its position—Although this is by no means the highest promontory in the Wicklow chain, yet as the first to salute you on your entrance into that county, its peculiar form and contiguity to the road render it eminently striking. The inhabitant of a plain country must be more than insensible, if he is not surprised and gratified with the observation of this important centinel of that magnificent group of objects, which soon after croud

upon the view, and fill the imagination with a strong impression of their grandeur and sublimity.

Here I found subject matter for the pen of a Thompson, a Harvey, or a Scott; but for the scanty portion of my time and the humble measure of my talents, a theme by far too copious—Nature had qualified me to enjoy those beauties, but when entering upon the task of describing them, I found an elegantly classic taste, an imagination consummately prolific, an intimate converse with the best poets, and circumstances perfectly at ease (requisites with which nature and fortune had parsimoniously supplied me) absolutely indispensable to the just description of that scenery which was then rushing upon my view in all the charms of novelty and grandeur.

My visit to this neighborhood was short, and my observation of its beauties extremely partial; but the traveller has only to open his eyes and look around him, in order to have his senses impregnated with the grandeur of the place.

Engagements of prior importance obliging me to postpone to a future and more convenient period, my general inspection of the beauties of Wicklow; I am here necessarily confined to that portion of the country which lies between Bray and Newtown Mount Kennedy; and even of this, I must repeat the confession of my incompetence to give a good general outline, much less a correct and public description of each gigantic object and minute improvement.

I have already informed my reader, that the sugar-loaf was the first object to attract my attention, as I approached that magnificent group of beauties, of which it might be considered as the centinel or vanguard—

However calculated this frontispiece may be to strike with pleasing astonishment the eye of the infant traveller, in his progress from Dublin to Wicklow, it bears no proportion to that assemblage of objects which soon after present themselves to his view, and of which, though nature has laid the foundation, art has done so much to beautify and render awful, as to leave the spectator uncertain to which of them he is most indebted. The prospect of this assemblage commences as you enter a valley called the Glen of the Downs, about two miles beyond the Sugar-loaf. The road passes directly through this valley, and on each side is sheltered by immense mountains, covered with huge rocks and tall oak trees, which combining their influence with that of a close attachment to the road, impress the traveller with such sentiments of admiration, as he will find difficult to transfuse into the mind of another by description. On the summit of one of those mountains, which from thence to the base may measure about two furlongs, Mr. Latouche, the proprietor, has erected his observatory called the Octagon—I did not scale this height, but should suppose from its elevated position over the sea and one of the finest land-scenes in Ireland, that there are few positions in the country better calculated to command a rich and extensive view.

It happened to be on a fine summer evening in the month of June when I first drove through this valley—All but a band of music in a little cottage at the foot of one of those mountains (where Mr. Latouche was entertaining a party of his friends) was silent as the summer's sky—the scene was captivating—the serenity of the evening increased as the sun descended to gild the western ho-

rizon—the exertions of the labouring world had ceased ; and my meditations on the beauty of the season and awful grandeur of the scene, were not interrupted, even by the song of the milk-maid or the jocund whistle of the peasant—To the music which softly echoed through the mountains, and to which, at another time, I could have responded with pleasure, I now paid little attention ; my passions being moved by a species of grandeur far surpassing the charms of the finest concert ; and if upon these the music produced any effect, it was that of preparing them to receive with an increase of soft susceptibility the interesting impressions of the scene.

In the progress of my journey, I endeavoured in vain to obtain a glimpse of Belview house from the road I travelled. It stands at some distance from thence, on the declivity of a mountain, which at once cuts off from the inhabitant the prospect of a grand and interesting country, and from the traveller proceeding towards Newtown Mount Kennedy, the pleasure of contemplating the residence of the lord of this scene, of whose liberal embellishment of nature he is furnished with so many striking evidences in the surrounding country. To supply this defect, I rode from the villa of a gentleman in that neighbourhood to Belview house, which I understand was not built by Mr. Latouche, whose taste would, probably, have conducted him to a site better calculated to command a view of the scenery around him. The prospect from thence to the Irish channel is, however, highly beautiful and interesting, and nothing which I have yet seen exceeds in richness and variety the pleasure grounds and hot-houses of that place. These latter extend in a chain of grape-house,

peach-house, orangery, &c. until they conduct you to the green-house, through which you enter a richly furnished apartment which stands open at the rere of the mansion-house, and within a few paces of this is the domestic chapel, into which you also pass from the green-house walk. The elegant simplicity of this apartment, and the bibles and hymn-books with which it is furnished for the daily service of the place, attracted my attention—Here I paused for a few moments with a sentiment of respect, and approbation of that piety, which had not forgotten to return thanks for the favours of this terrestrial paradise.

From Belview I returned to Ballyroan house, the seat of Mr. M'Dermot, a young man of fortune who had given me a polite invitation to dine, on my return towards Newtown Mount Kennedy.* His whitewashed villa stands near the public road, at the foot of a beautiful elevation, and hence its comparatively low position (considering the scenery which surrounds it,) excited my surprise at the taste of the original proprietor, who in possession of a bird-eye view of the sea, of Wicklow-head, and of one of the finest land scenes in Ireland, could choose to throw his house in a position where the public vehicles and fleeting forms of the traveller were substitutes for ornamentally planted mountains, whose sides were besprinkled with villas, for vallies teeming with life and vegetation, and for the solemn grandeur of the water, reflecting the glory of its sea-green expanse on the lawns and mountains of the shore.

* This villa is now called Belfield, and is occupied by Charles W. Roche, esq.

After reposing one night at Newtown Mount Kennedy, I returned to Dublin, and before my departure from this city, rode out to Bushy-park, the country seat of Robert Shaw, esq. a gentleman who represents that city in Parliament, and with whom I had the honour of being at school. His seat stands upon a gentle elevation above the village of Rathfarnham, and in that direction commands an agreeable view of the Dublin mountains, over a country besprinkled with villas. The river of Rathfarnham runs through a beautifully planted glen by this confine of the demesne. The walks and shrubberies, particularly those which conduct your footsteps to a grotto on the margin of the river, are happily contrived; and considering that this seat possesses, on the ground of prospect, the advantage of one good view only towards the south-west, Mr. Shaw's finger of improvement has done much towards rendering it a beautiful and commodious retreat from the noise and bustle of the Irish metropolis.

Before the accomplishment of my business in this city, as usual, I fell sick—sick in body and sick in mind, through the fatigue and disappointments necessarily connected with the duties of this wandering life, which in point of embarrassment, yields only to the still more anxious cares of a large family. I was, however, in some degree compensated for those embarrassments, by the conversation and patronage of several persons of distinction; and by the pleasure I derived from a new kind of society, which, during the summer vacation of 1813, I found at my hotel in Dublin. This new addition to the ordinary company of the house, consisted of

several students from the college of Maynooth, who had taken advantage of summer vacation to visit the city, in their progress to the north of Ireland. I requested one of those gentlemen, (who with the zeal of an apostle had just before laid down his knife and fork at table to dispute with me about the Eucharist,) to accept of my book which treats on principles, and studiously avoiding the investigation of mysteries, recommended to the attention of these young men, as I had opportunity, that philanthropy of the gospel which forms a most glorious feature in the character of a christian minister, and the necessity of education in this country, in order to prepare the public mind for the attainment of so inestimable a gift. Without any solicitude on my part to express my opinions, I was, during our joint residence at this inn, several times drawn into those conversations, which cost me dear by the treatment which I afterwards received at that house; and several times, without ceremony, did I lash at those infernal tribunals, which for *the love of God*, had doomed to the gibbet and the rack, those noble and ever to be venerated christians, who would not purchase life at the expence of conscience, nor sacrifice to the pride and intolerance of abominable monsters under the mask of religion, their own integrity and the just liberties of mankind.

With regard to those students, into whose company I was thus accidentally thrown, nothing could be more correct than their whole behaviour; and save that one of them endeavoured to defend the cruelties of those sanctimonious murderers, who on the ground of *political necessity*, had burned or otherwise destroyed heretics in

popish countries, appeared disposed to cultivate the sentiments of philanthropy.

The discipline of Maynooth College, as stated to me by one of these young men, I thought highly exemplary. The appointment of each student, in his turn, to read to the remainder (who are bound to abstain from all conversation) during meals, is a regulation of that college, so evidently calculated to improve time, to seal instruction upon the minds of youth, and to establish them in habits of reflection and self-government, as, in our judgment to recommend itself to the esteem of mankind; and in the same spirit of justice with which we censure the abuses of the Romish religion, we hold up this law of the College of Maynooth to public view, as a deserving object of imitation to all Protestant seminaries.

CHAP. XI.

Author bends his course towards the County of Meath, and in his progress thither visits two or three Seats of distinction—Character of the Soil between Dublin and Trim—Visits the Earl of Fingall, at his Castle in the County of Meath—Moral and Political Reflections produced by this Visit—Visits Bellinter, the Seat of Lord Tara—His Description of that place—Anecdote of a pious Carmelite, who thirsted for the Author's conversion—Description of the Town and Antiquities of Trim—Of Navan, with its Trade, neighbouring Manufactories, and the Soil and Scenery around it—Principal Beauties of Meath concentrated on the Banks of the Boyne.

WHEN a little recovered from the sickness and fatigues of the city, I bent my course towards the County of Meath, and in my progress thither visited several seats in the immediate vicinity of Dublin, two or three of which I shall just notice.

First Abbotstown, a beautiful villa, late the residence of Colonel Gore, and now of Mr. Harkney. This seat recommends itself to the attention of the spectator by its elevated position over a highly improved neighbourhood, and a demesne beautified by wood and water.

Secondly, Coolmine, the seat of Alderman Kirkpatrick. This villa, about four miles N.W. of Dublin, is situate in the vicinity of the Royal Canal, which passes through the Alderman's estate. The house which commands the view of an open and level landscape, may be considered

as one of the best edifices in that country. Among its internal ornaments, a splendid chimney-piece of mottled marble, manufactured from a slab, which, in the construction of this canal, was dug out of the bowels of the earth, on the Alderman's estate, was not the least remarkable. The consummate skill displayed by the Irish artist, in the execution of this little piece, so little inferior to the boasted productions of Italy, and the auxiliary evidence which it furnishes of the existence of valuable quarries, as yet unexplored in this country, render it a pleasing task to point out this accidental discovery, as a motive to future investigation.

The soil on this side of the city appears very well calculated for brick walks. From thence to the village of Dunboyne, and farther on towards Trim, a considerable proportion of the lands are said to be composed of stiff wet clay, of which the sub-stratum is a poor black gravel; veins of limestone may be intermixed with this, but do not appear to be the leading features of that soil. Nevertheless, the meadows which I saw in the neighbourhood of Dunboyne, particularly those of General Brownrigge, appeared as grassy as most lands of middle quality in the island. This stiff clay soil is said to retain such a quantity of water as not to be in a condition to receive seed to advantage until towards the vernal equinox, when vegetation has made some progress. By thus adapting the sowing to the soil and season, I was told it will, if properly cultivated, produce tolerable crops of wheat and oats, but bere and barley do not appear, so generally, congenial to it. Manure and cultivation may do much for the lands in this direction, but I pre-

sume, with the exception of a few solitary spots, their native character is poor.

On the ground of scenery, the country for the most part between Dublin and Trim is still more barren than the soil. With the exception of those little landscapes which surround a few pretty villas, you have but one prospect worth enjoying, until you approach the town of Trim, or Bellinter, the seat of Lord Tara; and to enjoy the pleasure of this prospect you have to depart from the public road, and ride some distance from thence to Grange-farm in the vicinity of Dunboyne, the property of Mr. Garnett, of Summer-seat, a magistrate for this county. In a country without lakes, and remarkable for its sameness, the view from this farm was rather gratifying. It extends about sixteen or eighteen miles to the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, to the hill of Howth, and that of Allen, in the County of Kildare, about the same distance; and within this outline the demesnes of Carton, (with its tower,) Ravensdale, Castle-town, Coolmine, Sterling, and Summer-seat, the residence of Mr. Garnett himself, form good objects in that dry landscape.

The morning after my arrival at Summer-seat, I walked over to Sterling, the seat of General Brownrigge, who at an early hour I found alone in his study, in company with the best of books. After some conversation, we took a turn, in company with a young lady of his family, through a beautiful circular plantation which surrounds his lawn, and encloses one of the prettiest walks I ever had the pleasure of enjoying, furnished with a cottage and other suitable resting places.

ε To the spectator on this lawn, the house and planta-

tions of Sterling appear to great advantage. You see a beautiful white-washed villa in front, and the circular plantation we have just noticed, opening a communication with the house at either end, and extending from thence about one Irish mile around the capacious lawn from which you take your survey. 'Tis true, the place can boast no prospect, and is wholly indebted to art for its little beauties, but these exhibit such symmetry and elegance, and are so well united, as to constitute Sterling a picturesque object to the spectator who inspects it on the spot.

After breakfasting with this amiable and respectable family, Mr. Garnett had the politeness to offer a servant to attend me to Grange-farm, and to the seats which I wished to visit in that neighbourhood, which having accomplished, I returned the same evening to his house at Summer-seat, where I lodged two nights, and early on the morning of the third day of my visit, proceeded in the prosecution of my tour through several parts of the county of Meath.

On the day of my departure from Summer-seat, I called at the country residence of Lord Dunsaney, who, after some conversation, took a copy of my first publication; but finding nothing in the soil or scenery of this place to induce description, I drove off without delay to the Castle of Killeen, the seat of the Earl of Fingall. Here it was not the extent or antiquity of the family mansion, (to which, at the period of my visit, the Earl was building a large addition,) which attracted my attention, nor yet the scenery around it, otherwise than to impress me with an idea of its barrenness—it was the observation of a master-piece of character, in comparison

ri-son of which the beauties of inanimate nature are as nothing.

I had formed such an *antique* opinion of Lord Fingall's person and manners, and had given to the prejudices of his sect such a rueful tinge, as to approach the castle of Killeen with the utmost timidity. My admission, however, without pomp or useless delay, began to produce a revolution in my sentiments; nor was I many minutes in his Lordship's company until the creature of my imagination vanished, and I found him not only a gentleman of modern appearance, but infinitely more mild and less assuming in his manners, than the sons of several little farmers, who by the acquisition of some cheap lands, had found means to push themselves through the offices of petit-juryman and collector of taxes to the commission of the peace, when they became fully qualified to extort even from the broad-cloth vulgar, no small measure of astonishment and obsequious attention. I quarrel with no man for not having it in his power to boast of a long line of ancestors; nor yet for endeavouring to elevate himself to a station of respectability in his country—but I quarrel with a man for being so far a fool as to forget his own origin; and for manifesting his ignorance of human nature, by endeavouring to draw men of superior intellect (though of inferior property) into a recognition of his new authority by a haughty or over-weening carriage, or by revengeful schemes of persecution—a conduct, the direct contrast of this is that which should be adopted by little upstart men who have been newly appointed to power, as the best and most effectual method of procuring that esteem and approbation of intellect, which forms no mean bulwark to the character

of men in office. With the vice and folly to which this wise and politic conduct stands opposed, we have had some painful intercourse, as no doubt many others have had also in the retirement of private life, and we drop this hint, derived from the errors of one or two *little men* of whom we have intimate knowledge, as a useful memento to all others of their rank and character.

Consequence is derived from one or other of the following sources—virtue, learning, talent, office, wealth, or rank. The three first qualifications are centered in *the man*, and by these alone can his character be exalted : the three last are factitious ornaments—they may be conferred upon wise men for the public good, or upon the most arrant fools and rogues for sinister purposes—they may be the reward of honourable service, or the price of the vilest prostitution—they may, in the language of the celebrated Pope, be “ the gifts of kings, or even w—s of kings,” but they do not, neither can they, confer upon the possessor any quality which the independent man of merit will recognise as estimable—they are at best but gifts of fortune, and as such can never bear any proportion to the value of virtue and talents, which are the gifts of God, although when accompanied by these latter (but never without them) they are rendered useful, and entitle the possessor to a double measure of respect.

With regard to Lord Fingall, his manner and appearance produced in me the most agreeable sensations of surprise. I thought they spoke too plainly the language of goodness, to be the tinsel robe of a heart without virtue—and although several of my distinguished friends, and even some of private fortune, have rendered me more important services; yet I never had an interview

with any man of rank which afforded me superior satisfaction, or whose manners left upon my mind a more gratifying impression of private worth.

My visit to this nobleman being concluded, he kindly accompanied me to the lawn before his castle, to the latter of which, as I have already remarked, he was then making a large addition. The gloomy aspect of this immense edifice was by no means gratifying to my imagination, and I confess I was a little surprised that a Nobleman who had seen so much of the modern world, should make the gloomy architecture of the ancients his model. This I accounted for on the following principle—the Earl resided for some time in Germany, a country which I have never seen, but having formed a crude idea that it abounds in castles, and that these castles are the residences of ancient families; I fancied Lord Fingall's imagination, during his residence among that people might have acquired an undue veneration for the antique—I also reflected, that it has of late become fashionable in our island, to rescue from the ruins of modern improvement, the vestiges of our ancient state—such as the names of our seats and townlands—our music—the character of our heroes—the antiquity of our arts and letters, and in a grand national portrait it might be conceived necessary to introduce the ancient architecture of the country, like the ancient religion, into the foreground, to render the piece consistent.

When we consider that Lord Fingall's fortune would enable him to maintain his rank in Germany, where he had been educated, and where his religion would be no obstacle to his acquiring political authority; and when instead of this we perceive him, under all political dis-

abilities, residing in his native country, and contributing by his fortune and example to its improvement, I feel an additional motive to the publication of this testimony of my esteem, and offer it with pleasure in common with that portion of my countrymen, to whom his Lordship, by ties of a religious and political character, is more intimately united.

Here we shall commit to writing a few moral and political reflections to which the circumstances of this visit gave birth. But first we shall solicit the indulgence of our readers for that freedom of expression (but we hope not licentious freedom) which characterizes them.

May we never see the return of that day, when by the restoration of terror, we and our posterity shall be deprived of that wise and temperate exercise of our native freedom which is conferred upon us by the British constitution, and which is the deepest spring of gratulation to the British subject.

It is freedom and equity of law which endears this constitution to the people. It is the possession of freedom which animates them to defend it. It is freedom which encourages the expansion of idea, and rewards with public approbation and support the honourable exercise of talent—but this freedom would be but a name, if within the bounds of temperance and charity, we dare not speak our thoughts to each other. If the honest reflection of my mind, shall deprive me of life, of liberty, or even of the esteem of my countrymen; of what benefit is it to me, that I live under the shade of a boasted constitution—in an age of illumination—in a country called christian—and among a people proverbial for generosity and valour. Taking it for granted,

therefore, that the claim which we lay to these virtues is well founded, I shall proceed without hesitation to finish the reflections suggested by this visit.

The people of Ireland are divided into two grand political parties; one of which adhere to the ancient religion of Rome, and the other professes, for the most part, a liberal and tolerant system of religion called the Reformed—In the hands of this latter has been the government of the country since the revolution of England; an era which may be considered as the birth of liberty, and consequently pregnant with the most important blessings to every class of the community in these countries. These two parties compose what may be denominated the Irish community; if we may apply this term to the inhabitants of a country as yet not perfectly united, but which (notwithstanding its religious and political feuds, the lamentable poverty and ignorance of one half of its members, and the superstitions and disorders which are the necessary offspring of ignorance) has made considerable progress in arts, sciences, and civilization, has distinguished itself at home by its generosity to strangers, and abroad, by its valour in the field. This community lives under the shade of a constitution, erected upon the ruins of a barbarous and intolerant system, purchased by the blood of those who fell martyrs to truth and to the interests of posterity—acknowledged to be now the best constitution in Europe, but which, according to the common lot of all human productions, has retained some errors of antiquity, and into which some modern abuses have crept—This appears to be an epitome of the country and constitution; and it is worth while considering the instruction which this state of things conveys to the ear of reason.

And first, in relation to the people thus divided on the ground of prejudice or principle, it proclaims the necessity of mutual charity and forbearance—it instructs them in the propriety of meeting at stated times for the purpose of cultivating a common interest—of raising from the ruins of poverty and dissention, the reason and humanity of the country—and from the tortured and insulted spirit of christianity, a code of morals, which all christians profess to admire ; but the flagrant violation of which, has long made us offensive, even in the eyes of infidel nations—I appeal to the reason of the country whether a compact of this kind would not be more glorious, and productive of better effects, than our eternal contentions—whether it would not be the best method of softening the prejudices of sect and party ; of uniting in affection, and in the practice of all which is honorable and useful in life, the virtuous of every name, of obtaining from the legislature the removal of existing abuses, and of manifesting to infidel nations the efficacy of that faith, of which the bigot vainly boasts, while his heart is filled with enmity, his tongue with taunts, or his hands continue reeking with the blood of his dissenting brother.

Let us next consider what sort of instruction this state of things conveys to the ear of the government or parent power : and by a comparison of what shall be said on this subject with the state of those enslaved nations, where the midnight dirge has been long since chaunted in sackcloth over the grave of freedom, may the superior virtue and glory of the British constitution be reflected as in a mirror.

Power is delegated by the body politic to its head and

arms for the salutary purposes of legislation and defence—In order to the exercise of those duties, it is necessary that the parent power be invested with the virtues of wisdom and fortitude, inflexible integrity, exemplary humanity, and adequate physical force, to maintain these virtues in constant and effectual operation—Without these it could neither redress the complaints of suffering members, discern and suppress the machinations of corrupt ones, legislate for the body, or protect it from foreign enemies—Consistent with the faithful exercise of those functions, it will give operation to virtue and talents in every branch of the community, and as much as possible in every individual of every branch—it will punish with exemplary severity every known abuse of inferior authority, and by example and wholesome discipline it will discountenance vice and immorality—It will leave every man to the exercise of his conscience, in matters of religion, but conscious, that true and false religion, must produce effects, bearing some proportion to the character of their respective sources; it will consider it as one of the highest privileges of its delegated authority, to pour light into the habitations of darkness, and to open before the view of the people the origin of those principles which have misled them.

It will not apply the public money to venal uses—It will not punish crimes beyond the measure of their turpitude, and thus render itself more guilty than the criminal it condemns—It will not sport with the peace and prosperity of the humble trader, by complex and oppressive laws, or by pouring upon him a race of watchmen, with whom for the preservation of his trade and family he must enter into an alliance of bribery and cor-

ruption—But it will render as simple as possible its excise laws, and by levying the weight of its imposts upon foreign productions, upon the exports of a country, upon the raw materials of a trade, and upon those luxuries and splendid appendages which are the concomitants of wealth, it will render vigorous the sinews of industry, and promote manufactures and internal commerce. It will not set to sale places of trust and profit, but it will search for integrity and talent to fill those places.

If an established system of religious instruction be necessary to the maintenance of social order, and no doubt it is so; then a public system of education is necessary to qualify the people to understand this instruction; and to provide for both is the proper duty of the parent power.

If the parent power should so far forget the objects of its delegation, as to squander in schemes of conquest, or in the maintenance of drones and idle offices, the public property; then its disposition and ability to promote the instruction and social comfort of the people, being paralyzed and broken, the guilt of those disorders which result from ignorance, poverty, and ill example, will, by the severity of public judgment, be traced to it, as to its source—If for the purpose of rendering religion subservient to its own support, it applies to the aggrandizement of the superior clergy, who do little or nothing for the people, such a portion of the public property, as would, after the maintenance of this order in decent mediocrity, improve the circumstances of the inferior clergy, and provide a fund for the education of the poor, then it becomes the parent of discontent, and forces upon the heart of an injured people, a sentiment unfavourable to its character.

If, in taxing the labours of the industrious farmer to support the minister in affluence, it overlooks the wealthy grazier who covers thousands of acres with his flocks, then it appears guilty of an unequal distribution of justice, and will be charged by the severity of public judgment, with the crime of oppressing the industrious citizen, and of sowing dissention between the minister and his people.

If the parent power from a multiplicity of cares, the perplexities of war, the secret and open plots of its enemies, or that innate corruption of nature, which insensibly slides into all the operations of society——If from any one or all of those causes, its original integrity should become broken and impaired, the best exercise of its remaining virtue would be: first, to consider the purposes for which its authority was delegated——secondly, to turn its attention to the reformation of its laws; and lastly, having removed all just causes of complaint, to maintain with firmness, and enforce with vigour, the institutions of justice——by these methods it will again cover itself with glory—it will accomplish the end of its delegation—it will have confidence in the supreme protection—and should an hour of danger come, the aggregate virtue of a country will flock around its standard and guard it from profanation, at the expence of all which is held dear by man.*

* These are the requisitions of justice; but in a world, alas! where innocence is oppressed—where the basest depravity abounds, where the best of measures are liable to misrepresentation, and the best of Governments are beset with enemies, how hard to make them the invariable rule of public conduct.

And now to return to the people, with whom we shall conclude these reflections.

If any portion of the people of a country are suspected to entertain principles hostile to the rest, and in consequence of this impression, are deemed ineligible to the offices of trust and power, the best way in our humble judgment for such persons to remove this foul impression of their character from the public mind, would be, to call upon the aggregate virtue of a country to unite with them in the common cause of reformation; in the illumination and improvement of the poor, in the dissemination of charitable instead of *damning* doctrines, and in the promotion of all natural and moral, as well as political good; and thus making their cause, not the cause of a selfish and ambitious interest, but the cause of human nature and of charity, they would soon cease to be objects of suspicion; and the steady evidences of their virtue, with a common co-operation in their cause, would raise them in due time, to the rank of their fellow-citizens, for then it would cease to be the interest of those citizens to withhold from their brethren, the exercise of a privilege, which is the natural birth-right of them all.

It was thus the Quakers of the seventeenth century *emancipated* themselves from obloquy—it was thus they convinced the parent power, that they were deserving of toleration—it was thus the laws which cast them into prison, deprived them of their estates, and banished them from their country, were repealed; and these remain to be the true methods of reflecting innocence, and of impressing upon the public mind the interests of an injured people.

Having, by the preservation of those reflections, discharged what I conceived to be a debt due to society, I proceeded in the prosecution of my tour through the County of Meath, by Swainstown and the Abbey of Bective, the ruins of which latter place are still extant. Here the soil begins to improve, and the traveller approaches a country, which by the river Boyne and some beautiful improvements on its banks, as well as by its interesting ruins, presents him with new sources of entertainment. Swainstown was the first seat, on the direct road from Dublin to Trim, which had the power to interest my imagination—It is small, but enriched by a quantity of elm trees of great age, and very beautifully distributed; the solemn influence of those aged elms upon a demesne well watered, and beautified by a gentle elevation, which approaches to the road, and is seen to advantage from the hall-door of Swainstown-house, constituted this, in my view, one of the prettiest objects on the public road from thence to the metropolis.

A little farther on in the County of Meath, is Bellinter, the seat of Lord Tara, which on the ground of variety, prospect, and extent, far exceeds the villa last noticed—Bellinter may be considered as the flower of that neighbourhood, and, in a country undistinguished by the grand operations of nature, combines a sufficient number of advantages to call into exercise the descriptive talents of the poet.

The river Boyne, in its progress to Drogheda, winds its majestic flood through a beautiful glen, which at the rear of this mansion-house, is an object rather interesting and grand, while the plantations on the banks of the river, spread a charming shade over those walks, which

Lord and Lady Tara have formed with much judgment, in lines parallel with the river—The view from the front of the mansion-house, is equally interesting, and much more extensive—the eye reaches over a capacious lawn to a chain of hills which completely top the improvements, and form a kind of semicircle around the concerns—The plantations open a proper view to several old castles on the summit of those hills, which at the distance of several miles from Bellinter-house, constitute good objects in that view. The beholder, in the contemplation of this scene, is led to admire the judgment with which art has adapted her improvements to the groundwork of nature—The gardens and pleasure-grounds, through which Lord Tara had the politeness to conduct me, were well worth visiting, more particularly his lordship's glass-works, which are tolerably extensive, and well stocked with those fruits and exotics, which enrich the tables and perfume the habitations of the great.

The soil in this neighbourhood is composed for the most part, (according to my information) of a light clay, on a substratum of black gravel—it is tolerably grassy and good for wheat, perhaps somewhat superior to that in the neighbourhood of Dunboyne, which I have already attempted to describe.

In my progress from Bellinter to Navan, I dined at the pretty villa of Captain Mitge, a gentleman of liberal character—his seat stands on the banks of the Boyne, within about two English miles of the town, of which it commands a very interesting view along the water—In the evening I drove to Navan, and before my final departure, walked through the town, which I found disgraced by a number of shabby cabins in its suburbs,

and made a few observations on its trade and buildings, as also upon those of Trim, in my visit to that place, the substance of which I shall introduce after relating the following anecdote.

Before my departure from Dublin, while rambling through one of its dirty streets in the prosecution of my business, I happened to meet with a good Carmelite, who had for a long time thirsted for my conversion—He put into my hands the confessions of St. Augustine, with an exhortation to read them with prayer for illumination. I carried this book with me to the County of Wicklow, and in one night had nearly read it through, when, according to my usual absence of mind, I forgot to pack it up with my baggage, when preparing to depart next morning—I intended writing to the good Carmelite to apologize for my negligence,* and to inform him, that I had found Augustine much less of a papist than I had expected, for that instead of arguments for masses, wax-candles, reliques, prayers for the dead, and those other things which constitute the essence of popery, I found many good solid reflections in his book, and wondered how he a good and sensible Carmelite could think of stumbling upon St. Augustine, as the instrument of converting any thinking Protestant to his order—Soon after I had looked over the confessions of Augustine, I met with another Catholic book at the house of a lady of that profession in the County of my residence, called the Spiritual Combat, which I read with tears—On opening this little volume at an early hour in the morning, I happened to alight upon some passages

* I have since paid him for this book.

which contained very suitable reflections for a son or daughter of adversity—I felt myself to be one of this number, and applied the consolations and instructions of this book (which St. Francis de Sales is said to have carried about with him, and called his director) as if it had been written for my single use—If popery, and the doctrines contained in this little book, were the same, I should feel but few objections to the name of papist; but when I compared it with the fulsome stuff which I soon after read at Kilcock, in defence of masses, reliques, and the other appendages of that religion, I found my conversion as far off as ever—This little volume, notwithstanding two or three exceptionable passages about the titles and offices of the virgin Mary, I carried with me for some time as a precious treasure, received from an amiable young lady of that profession; and on receiving it from her hand, as one of the greatest favours she could confer upon a poor pilgrim like me, I presented her with a copy of my Tennis-ball, and left her and her sister with this parting exhortation—*to be sure not to take the veil or enter into orders, until they were full forty years old.*

On the ground of antiquity, the town of Trim appears to furnish the tourist with much matter of observation—The castles of that place, called King John's, and the yellow steeple, as also the ancient church with its ivy mantled tower, supposed to have been founded by St. Lynan, the nephew of St. Patrick; are alone sufficient to give an air of antiquity to that place—but beside these, there are in the vicinity of the town, several ruins which render the country interesting, and mark it to have been the residence of ancient chiefs. Of the origin of

that called King John's castle, various opinions are entertained ; some supposing that it had been erected for the accommodation of that prince, who held parliaments there, while others maintain that it was built towards the conclusion of the twelfth century, by Sir Walter de Lacy, to whom all the Country now Meath, was granted by Henry II. the father of King John, and that the latter prince not arriving in Ireland till 1210, and then remaining in the country for three months only, could not be the founder of that castle—The Lacys, says a respectable clergyman who favoured me with a note on this subject, had revolted against King John's government, who took their forts and castles in Meath and Ulster ; and from this circumstance he supposed, that the castle of Trim had been vulgarly denominated King John's—The proper name of that which the common people call the yellow-steeple, from, we should suppose, the yellow hue of the stones which compose it, is St. Mary's Abbey, formerly an Abbey of Canons regular ; but the venerable appearance of the parish Church with its ivy mantled tower, interested me still more than those famous castles—Several times I surveyed that edifice with a kind of sacred delight, and twice, at least, I attended the service within its walls.

Beside those castles, there are also the following public buildings in Trim—The county jail—The court-house—A very neat Roman Catholic chapel, with a gothic front, lately erected ; and a charter-house for females, under the direction of the Incorporated Society—Of these, the Chapel, though not the largest, is by much the neatest edifice—The Court-house and Charter-school, if we ex-

cept the elevated position of the latter, a little beyond the town, had nothing in their exterior appearance to attract attention; but the jail, which stands in the centre of the town, and with its appendages occupies a considerable area on one of the banks of the river, was the most remarkable public building in that place—"Ma'am," said I to a respectable looking woman who stood at a shop-door nearly opposite, "your jail is calculated to give the stranger a very unfavourable impression of the character of your county—It must contain an immense number of dangerous people, since you have been obliged to provide so large a house for their reception"—This observation so well calculated to produce a smile on the countenance of the lady, proceeded in part from a misconception of the object—The various appendages of this jail compose a very large concern, but the prisons for the felons and debtors, with their respective court-yards, being surrounded by immense walls which assume the appearance of a square edifice of uncommon extent, led me to suppose, that the whole was one undivided building—On enquiry, however, I found that this prison, on which £80,000 is said to have been expended, is extremely ill constructed, and that no one stays there but such as have neither talent nor determination to enlarge themselves—Various felons who felt the inconvenience of their confinement, walked through the roof and penetrated the country beyond their prison in pursuit, as I heard, of better quarters—so that considering its inadequacy to the design of a public building, which should unite security with health, and the several elopements we have noticed, I do not much wonder that a gentleman, when speaking to me of

the incompleteness of that edifice, should say "nobody stays in that prison but those who stay there from inclination"—The traveller or tourist who passes through Trim, and wishes for the best information in relation to the objects which are worth visiting, would do well to obtain introduction to Mr. Elliot, the principal clergyman and magistrate of that place, whose little villa in the suburbs of the town, constitutes an interesting retreat from the noise and bustle of the streets—The view from the steeple of his church to the seats and ruins of the surrounding country, must also, to the curious, prove highly interesting, but this pleasure I could not enjoy, being prevented by that infirmity to which I have several times alluded, as precluding the possibility of my taking prospects from giddy eminences.

Though Trim contains two or three tolerably good streets and some of inferior note, and is the assizes town of the County of Meath, and also a market, post and corporate town, yet it does not appear to be a place of much trade—I could not hear of any manufactory there of note, unless the manufacturing of wheat into flour should deserve this appellation—It is as inconveniently situated with regard to fuel, as the old town of Kildare is, with regard to water, so that the inhabitants of Trim, who have frequently to pay a sum for one horse load of turf, which in many other places would purchase three, cannot feel much indebted to the founders of their town, who chose to erect it on a site so far removed from the useful article of turf-bog—Whether this defect could be remedied by opening a communication with some of our coal-mines, by a canal, is a circumstance for the consideration of those who have an in-

terest in its prosperity ; but it does not always happen, while landlords repose themselves in the enjoyment of an easy fortune and feel no sensible abridgement of their rent-roll, that they will incur the trouble and expence of those public works, which have no other object than a mitigation of the burdens of the poor.

As to the property of Trim, or the public spirit of its inhabitants, I can say little—Some respectable characters, whose long residence in that neighbourhood qualified them to form an estimate of its wealth and respectability, did not give me much encouragement to wait upon the inhabitants in relation to my public pursuits—To Mr. Elliot, Mr. Chambers, and one or two other respectable inhabitants, I am alone indebted for patronage—Agreeably, however, to my usual practice, I visited several of the neighbouring seats, and having taken short notes of description of a few of these objects, I here subjoin them for the reader's entertainment.

NEWHAGGARD.

Newhaggard, the seat of Mrs. Connolly, stands gently elevated above a plain, within one mile of Trim, of whose principal castles it commands an interesting level view—It is a light modern villa, with an open prospect in the front to Breemount and Tara-hill, and in the rear this demesne is embellished by the river Boyne, which there forms a boundary to the concern. On contemplating, from the lawn and drawing-room windows of this villa, the stupendous castles of Trim, (which in that horizontal landscape, appeared more beautiful than in any other) I felt much pleasure, nor did I overlook in the general beauty of the place, a little castle near the water, which though the smallest object in that

scene, was by no means the least operative in the production of rural feeling.

TULLAGHARD.*

Tullaghard, the seat of Colonel Donaldson, has the advantage of Newhaggard, in point of elevated position, but in that of local beauty, it is vastly inferior—It stands about a mile north of the town, over a tract of land, which for the most part, exhibits to the eye a scene so tame and lifeless, as to render it questionable whether its high position be an advantage. The present proprietor having recently taken possession of this place, may account for its rough and unfinished appearance at the period of my visit, but from the known taste and polished manners of that gentleman, I calculate, that Tullaghard will not be long in his possession, until it presents to the beholder a new and improved aspect.

The view from this place, notwithstanding the tameness of the interior scene, extends to several objects of public grandeur, which form a boundary or outline to it. Of these the following may be considered as the principal—The Dublin mountains and those near Baltinglass, about twenty miles S. E. of Trim—the mountains of Sleibghnacallagh, about fourteen miles N. W. of that town—the hill and tower of Slane, about twelve miles N. E. of Tullaghard—Lloyd's-hill, near Kells, about ten miles; and Tara-hill, about six miles E. of the same position—these form the outline of the view, but between them and Tullaghard, no wide spreading lakes, no fair proportion of rich seats and plantations, unite their influence to beautify the scene and fill it with life.

* Tullaghard, in the Irish language, signifies high lands.

The town and castles of Trim, from their contiguity to this place, are of course in full view, but they did not appear as beautiful as in the horizontal landscape from Newhaggard—Summer-hill house and plantations, are also seen from Tullaghard through a good glass, as remote objects, but beside these and the little castle and plantations of Moymet, which were formerly the residence of the Dillon family, the scene comprehensible from this seat, presents to the benevolent proprietor and his friends, few striking improvements.

KILLYON.

Killyon, the seat of Lady Jane Loftus, is situate on a plain, within a few miles of Trim—it is a neat villa, and the demesne is enriched by a wood of oak and other valuable timber, which covers an area of about thirty acres. On the ground of scenery or perspective, this place, however, has nothing to induce description—its best feature, in my view, was a feature in the character of the amiable proprietor, whose charitable attention to the sick poor in that neighborhood, as related to me by one of that order, does great honour to her Ladyship's character.

Returning from Killyon to Trim, by Castlerickard, I took notice of a piece of mechanism at the junction of several roads, which exhibited such striking proofs of the taste and genius of the artist, that I determined to alight and devote a few moments to its description.

This piece of mechanism, like Goldsmith's "bed by night and chest of drawers by day," was destined to the performance of a double office—that of a time-piece and a finger-post. Near the top was placed the sun-dial, and as usual, on the arms, were the instructions relative

to the roads. Lest, however, the high honour thus paid to Castlerickard should be lightly passed over, the *poet* (reader do not stare, for the artist was a poet also) effectually secured a due attention to this his *public* work, by celebrating in characters exalted above the sun (that is the sun-dial) its super-eminent properties. Here, follows verbatim his poetic salutation to Castlerickard, or rather gratulation of his own astonishing talents, as displayed in the production of this machine. Reader, you may require the gloomy face of November to read this composition, without having your muscular risibility excited—

Hail Castlerickard, you alone may boast

That no other place *have* such a finger-post !!

Beside an index pointing out the way,

By Sol's assistance you shew the time of day !!

Beside those villas I have just noticed, I also visited Boyne-lodge, the seat of Mr. O'Reilly, which stands in a picturesque situation, embellished with planting, on one of the banks of that river, within about two English miles of the town: it presents an interesting spectacle to the eye, as you view it from the Kinnegad road over Drinidaly bridge, and combining its influence with this bridge, the waters of the Boyne, and Mr. Drake's pretty villa, in an elevated position beyond the river, renders this little scene, for so much, one of the prettiest in that neighbourhood,

I touched at various other seats in the country around Trim, which might be considered as comfortable residences; but as these villas are more interesting to the proprietors than to the public, I shall not obtrude upon

the reader's attention any further account of them, but shall proceed to make some observations upon the state of

NAVAN.

This town, considered in relation to its buildings and monuments of antiquity, has not so much to recommend it to the notice of the curious as Trim; but in the article of trade, it has probably the advantage of that town. Between Navan and Drogheda (a sea-port) there is a considerable intercourse kept up in the corn-trade, which is purchased here on commission for the Drogheda merchants, partly for exportation, and partly for home consumption; and the trade between those places is considerably facilitated by a canal, which opens a communication between Navan and that sea-port, in a line nearly parallel with the Boyne.

In the manufacturing department, Navan has also obtained a decided advantage over Trim, by that beautiful and extensive establishment for the manufacturing of flax into yarn, which in a low but picturesque situation on one of the banks of the river, within an English mile of the town, presents to the Tourist an object well worthy of his attention. The edifice which encloses this establishment is six stories high—the total expence of setting it in motion was enormous—not less I heard than twenty or thirty thousand pounds. It contains thirty-two double frames, amounting in the whole to eighteen hundred spindles, beside the machinery necessary to prepare the flax for spinning. The floors of this house are metal, and (the doors and windows ex-

cepted, the former of which are lined with sheet iron,) no combustible matter has been used in the composition of this edifice. This is what they term a fire proof building, and is the only one of that kind which I have seen enclosing a manufactory. Its utility, however, as a repository for flax, will appear evident upon a moment's reflection.

Two or three miles east of this establishment, there is another on the same river, for the spinning of cotton, at a place called Stack Allen, the property of a Mr. Grimshaw. These establishments respectively, furnish employment to a considerable number of women and children, beside which Mr. Grimshaw gives employment in the weaving department, to near three hundred hands; so that those manufactories may be justly considered as a public benefit to that neighbourhood.

In Navan there is an ecclesiastical court and a stationary barrack. Here the titular bishop of Meath resides, whose chapel and its appendages will repay the trouble of a few moments walk from the inn, being one of the most ornamental objects in that town. The parish church is also a good pile of modern building; but the town, as we have already remarked, is disgraced by a number of shabby cabins in its suburbs.

They have the county infirmary in Navan, which I heard was well maintained, and both here and at Trim they have a dispensary, maintained by subscription. Trim, as to the size and order of its streets, may be considered as superior to Navan. Its castles also give it a beautiful and venerable aspect in the landscapes of that neighbourhood—but Navan appears to have the advan-

tage of Trim in relation to its trade, in the superiority of the soil which surrounds it, particularly from thence to Kells, which contains as valuable a tract of feeding ground as perhaps any other in the province of Leinster—But lastly, for the enjoyment of rural scenery, Navan is certainly better circumstanced than Trim. A country more destitute of natural grandeur, than that which opens a communication between Trim and Dublin, we have seldom witnessed. The scene, however, begins to improve, when you approach Bellinter, the seat of Lord Tara, in riding from which seat to Navan, on one of the banks of the Boyne, you have an imperfect view of the mansion-house and extensive demesne of Lord Ludlow, on the opposite side, and a very satisfactory view of the picturesque villa of the Rev. Phillip Barry, which stands on a beautiful elevation beyond Lord Ludlow's, and from thence looks down upon the river and surrounding scenery.

To the stranger who visits this island for the purpose of gleaning its natural and artificial beauties, it may not be unacceptable to mention, that in the County of Meath he will find a large number of these concentrated on the banks of the Boyne, between Bellinter and the town of Drogheda, than in any other equal portion of that county. In this direction stands the most beautiful and picturesque village which I have yet seen in Ireland--an object which may be considered as sufficient to repay the toil of a journey from the capital, and well calculated to efface from the imagination that impression of inanity produced by the tame aspect of the country from thence to Trim—but lest the reader in the jumble of incidents which necessarily occur in an itinerary,

should overlook this village, which made a strong impression upon my own imagination, I shall enter more minutely than usual into the description of its character, though I must ever despair of laying it before him, in those living and animated colours, with which art and nature have so happily conspired to deck that scene of gaiety and beauty.

CHAP. XII.

Description of the picturesque Village of Slane—Author meets with an old School-fellow there, whose Services are chearfully contributed—Cave of Newgrange, Mellifont Abbey, and other Curiosities in that neighbourhood, noticed—Description of the village of Collon, with the Temple and Demesne of Oriel—Reflections suggested by the observation of a Portrait of the Right Hon. John Foster, when Speaker of the Irish House of Commons—Specimen of extensive Grazing in the vicinity of Kells, with Observations on the Soil and Scenery—Description of the Town of Kells, and of Lloyd's Pillar, in its vicinity—Landscape comprehensible in a view from the summit of the Hill which supports this Pillar, minutely detailed—Description of Ardraccan and its appendages—Schools in that neighbourhood noticed with approbation—Proceeds from Kells to Oldcastle—Visits Clonabraney, a respectable Seat in that direction—Satisfaction derived from an Interview with a hospitable old Gentleman of the ancient Irish School.

SLANE.

MIDWAY between Navan and Drogheda stands the almost unrivalled village of Slane—unrivalled for the vast variety of natural and artificial scenery which it comprehends, within a landscape of about two English miles in circumference. The traveller who visits this spot would do well to drive thither from Navan by Beauparc, as he will procure to himself the two-fold pleasure of marking the beauties of Beauparc, and of entering Slane by the best road for observing to advantage the singular features of that rich and inimitable scene, which from Fennor, an elevated position on the road within half a mile of the village, display their beauties to the traveller, in a union of grandeur and harmony, which the poet and the painter would endeavour in vain to transfuse into the mind of another by the most lively representations and descriptions.

On my arrival at the foot of Fennor, (before my position on its summit had presented me with this landscape) the first objects which caught my attention, on a still more elevated position to the left, were the interesting ruins of the old church and mansion-house of Fennor. These, as forming a romantic object in the landscape, secured a momentary admiration; but how great was the increase of that feeling, when arriving at the summit of this hill and turning to the left, I beheld beneath me, to a moderate but beautiful extent, a green valley, rendered charming by the waters of the Boyne, (and by a canal which we have already noticed as opening a communication between Navan and Drogheda)

ornamented by that beautiful villa erected by Mr. Jebb on the opposite bank of the river, and protected from the northern blast by a lofty hill, which at the rear of this edifice encloses the valley, and sheds upon it the influence of a rich plantation of evergreen, which there terminating the prospect, compels the eye to rest with admiration upon the feast which art and nature have provided.

Advanced into the valley a few hundred perches, is that extensive and beautiful bridge which communicates with the village, and on an eminence just above it, the grand gate of Lord Conyngham, the proprietor of this charming scene. These objects first attract your attention, on your approach to the village, which though situate on a hill above Lord Conyngham's gate, is so enveloped in the plantations on those still more elevated hills around it, as to be incomprehensible to the traveller even from that good position.

On Thursday, the 8th of July, 1813, I arrived at Fennor-hill, on my visit to the picturesque village of Slane; and although the elements were convulsed with thunder, and flashes of forked lightning darted through the dusky atmosphere—though the chambers of the great concave were unlocked—and poured, as if by competition, their inundating stores upon the earth; yet exposed as I was to the utmost fury of the elements, I could not be insensible to the charming scene before me, and steeped as I was in water, I enjoyed it. I drove down to the beautiful village which I have just described, as situate on the banks of the Boyne under a grove of evergreen, and there obtaining two subscribers to my tour and a polite invitation to dine, I afterwards proceeded to the village

inn, where I was better attended, by far more happy and comfortable than at several hotels of much more splendid appearance in this nation.

The season soon after resuming its natural tranquillity, I returned to my former position at Fennor-hill, and looking over the scenery before me, I was increasingly charmed with its beauty. The proprietor, Lord Conyngham, has judiciously distributed his plantations from the ascent to the summit of those hills which form an amphitheatre around his village, and by a thick and lofty foliage guard it from the intrusive gaze of the passenger ; and he has, with equal judgment, left those interesting objects which I have just noticed, as marking the entrance to the place, open to the view of the traveller from Navan by Beauparc, while the grove mantled hills which elevate themselves beyond and around it, in a sweet and captivating variety, conspire with the interior features of the landscape, to constitute an enchanting rural scene, to which the influence of antiquity is added, by the presence of an old abbey, which from the highest and most distant promontory of the group of hills, looks down upon the rest in the pride of ancient grandeur.

In the contemplation of this scene I had only one thing to lament, the comparatively low position of Lord Conyngham's castle, the magnificence of which is found in just proportion to the beauty of his demesne, when inspected on the spot, but being enveloped in the improvements just opposite Fennor-hill, cannot be distinguished even from that good position. This privation will be more sensibly felt by the traveller proceeding in this direction, should he know while viewing the scenery

before him, that an object of such magnitude as this castle exists in the landscape, particularly when lifting his eyes to a noble site on the declivity of one of those beautiful elevations above it, he perceives a spot from whence the splendor of this castle would have shone conspicuous, and in a draught of that incomparable scene would have constituted one of the finest figures on the canvas.

Here, as at Cavan, I met with a gentleman who had been my school-fellow at Ballitore; the Rev. Joseph Turner, now the minister and magistrate of Slane, and although I had not seen him for more than twenty years, I immediately recognised him. We talked over the transactions of our school, adverted to the scenes of our juvenile amusements, and derived, in all probability, no small measure of complacency, from the consideration of having received our education at a seminary which had maintained its respectability for near a century, and could boast of having nurtured the talents of a Burke. By this gentleman I was accommodated with a letter of introduction to Dr. Beaufort, a clergyman of merit at Collon, and a member of the Royal Irish Academy, whose patronage I accordingly obtained, and through him, that of our celebrated countryman Mr. Foster, now an elderly man, and retired from public life, but who appears to have carried with him into the shade of retirement, that politeness, chearful temper, and easy affability, which shine with peculiar lustre in the characters of great men.

The day after my visit to this gentleman, at his house in Collon, I walked over most parts of his beautiful

and extensive demesne, and although it cannot, like that of Lord Conyngham, boast much of its natural advantages, is a truly grand and ornamental feature in the improvements of this country, as I shall endeavour to make appear in the subsequent history of my travels.

CAVE OF NEWGRANGE.

Within a few miles of Slane is the celebrated Cave of Newgrange, in the County of Meath, a place which I understand has been minutely described by General Vallancey and Mr. Archdall, two noted Irish antiquaries. This, which is supposed to be one of the most ancient and remarkable curiosities in Ireland, evidences its antiquity (as a clergyman in that neighbourhood informed me, for I have not the honour of being an antiquarian myself) by those figures still visible on the walls, which he termed druidical, and if such, furnishes a presumption, that this cave and its appendages, were formed in that place, when the Druids, previous to the introduction of christianity, were the priests of this country. This opinion was, however, controverted by the Rev. Mr. E—— of Trim, who said that the best antiquaries are agreed, that the Druids never were never established in this island; and as this gentleman's opinion appeared to have the sanction of much learning, and an intimate acquaintance with the best authorities, my slender knowledge of those subjects did not permit me to dispute it. On this principle, the signification of those figures at Newgrange, and the period in which they were engraved, can only be guessed at by the most learned moderns.

The history of Ireland and its antiquities, if we can judge from some modern criticisms of reputation, have

been drawn by certain historians from sources mixed and imperfect. Legends and poetic fictions, are said, in many cases, to have supplied the place of well attested facts, and to have dragged the imagination of the ordinary reader in the chains of a pleasing delusion, to the feet of those saints and military heroes of his country, whose piety and exploits have been magnified by the fancy of the poet, or who have been indebted for their existence to the fertility of his imagination; while the simplicity of early times, the credulity of the human mind in the infancy of knowledge, that love of the marvellous which is natural to man, and that pleasure which he takes in the fame and honour of his country, have at length stamped these inventions and distorted facts with the authenticity of history.

From the very partial knowledge which I have acquired of the history and antiquities of this country, by dipping superficially into the works of two or three persons who have written on the subject, the most modern of whom has questioned with freedom several long established articles of our Irish historical creed, I confess my utter incompetence to determine the disputed points of a history, a considerable portion of which appears involved in such contradiction and uncertainty, as to render suspected the very existence of St. Patrick himself, whose life and *miracles*, we common Irishmen, have been accustomed to receive with a faith as implicit as the conversion of St. Paul to christianity, or that of England to the faith of the Protestant religion.*

* See the opinions of the learned Dr. Ledwich on this subject, in his *Antiquities of Ireland*.

MELLIFONT ABBEY.

Is also situate within a few miles of Slane, on one of the banks of a little river which waters a valley between that village and Drogheda. This ancient abbey had considerable lands attached to it, for the accommodation of that community which once flourished within its walls, but is now a magnificent ruin, on the estate of Blaney Balfour, esq. presenting to the beholder the marks only of its original grandeur.

PILLAR

Erected to commemorate the Battle of the Boyne.

I cannot conclude my observations on the curiosities of this neighbourhood, without noticing that pillar, which, by the brave fellow-soldiers of Duke Schomberg, was erected to the memory of the famous battle of the Boyne, on the banks of that river, within a few miles of Slane—it still stands in this position, upon an elevated rock, which forms an immovable basis to the monument, and contains on each side of the pedestal, an inscription expressive of the transactions of that day, but which, from the elevated position of the rock, and the age of the characters, cannot possibly be deciphered by the spectator in the valley.

COLLON.

It is now my duty to take some notice of Collon, which, with the temple and demesne of Oriel, I need hardly inform any person of information in this country, are part of the estate of the Right Hon. John Foster, a gentleman whose knowledge of human nature and the

world, and whose elegant and manly performance of the duties of private life, keep pace with his rank and distinction in the British empire.

Collon, in the County of Louth, is situate about five miles north of Slane, in a neighbourhood undistinguished by the grand operations of nature. It is a village of no great extent, whose principal beauty is its cleanliness and order, and whose chief glory is its linen and cotton manufactures. It has the honour of a bleach-yard, the property of a Mr. Delahoyd, whose brother and a Mr. Kirkland, a native of Scotland, are the principal cotton manufacturers in that place. The linen goods which they make are of a stout fabrick, calculated for sheeting and other similar uses, and beside these I heard of a damask manufactory which has produced some pieces of consummate beauty.

In Collon they have two or three places of public worship, and so far as we know, the inhabitants of the different persuasions live together in tranquillity. The principal building of this description, will also be, when complete, the principal ornament of Collon—it is the parish church, and stands on a good site, in front of the main street of the village. It is a light and lofty edifice, though in the stile of gothic architecture, and will contain, (if the opinion I have formed of this neighbourhood be correct,) a much larger auditory than will be found in Collon to attend its ministry : but this, in all such cases, is the safe extreme, an observation not utterly impertinent, since in some parishes the people have been precluded for many years from the service of the church for want of suitable accommodation, an evil the more remarkable, as its existence might be traced

to certain parishes, where considerable sums have been levied for the express purpose of enlarging them.

This defect, however, has been supplied, as I have heard and believe, in several parts of Ireland; by the Roman Catholic chapels, to which some Protestants of the lower order have resorted; and in other parts there are Methodist chapels, which supply the churches' lack of service, and as such may be considered in the light of a public benefit to the protestant communities of this country.

At Collon there is also a Roman catholic chapel, but from the plain appearance of this edifice, and the low sequestered spot in which it stands, it makes no visible addition to the bulk or beauty of that village.

The third and last place of public worship is the Methodist chapel, in which during the building of the church, the service of the establishment has been conducted. I was told by a gentleman it is a neat object, but its situation not being pointed out to me until late on the second day of my visit to Collon, when I was preparing to depart, I did not visit it.

With respect to trade, Collon has the advantage of Slane—with respect to soil and natural scenery, Slane has the advantage of Collon. There is, however, one establishment at Slane, which it is only an act of justice to notice, before I proceed to the description of Oriel temple and demesne, I mean that very extensive flour manufactory erected by the late Mr. Balfour, and the present proprietors of which are, Lord Conyngham, his brother the Hon. Colonel Burton, and Mr. Balfour, of Townley-hall, on whose estate are the ruins of Mellifont Abbey. As this is the most elegant edifice which I ever

saw in the character of a flour-mill, so it is also one of the most extensive. It manufactures annually, as I was informed, from eight to eighteen thousand barrels of wheat, the whole or principal part of which is disposed of in the country.

ORIEL TEMPLE AND DEMESNE.

The temple and demesne of Oriel, but particularly the latter, may justly be considered as the most magnificent work of art, which has yet been produced on the surface of the soil in that part of Ireland. I do not pretend that my talents are adequate to the task of describing in sufficiently vivid colours, the varied features of this scene of art; but if adequate, that kind of hasty visit to each individual object, which is alone compatible with my present circumstances, is utterly incompatible with the task of doing justice to the numerous compartments of a scene, which occupies a space of not less than five or six hundred acres on the surface of that soil.

The botanic garden—the flower-garden—the cottage—the grotto—the lake in a low moor enveloped in a thick wood, and the planted hill which rises on the south above it, are but a few of the features which mark this scene. The numerous beautiful walks—the various orders of trees and plants—the healthful and judicious openings in the plantations, for the admission of air and the command of prospect—all compose but a part of this group of figures so well distributed upon the canvas of nature—and though the wood and the water, the temple and the cottage, the grotto and the gardens are

all art, yet all assume the appearance of nature, or at least produce the effect of nature upon the feelings.

The best and by far the most sublime objects which present themselves to the view from Oriel, are the Carlingford and Moran mountains; they are seen from a rising ground in the demesne, and elsewhere through a vista in the plantations, about sixteen or eighteen miles north-east of Collon. The second best objects which catch the attention, are, the lake through an opening in the thick wood I have noticed, and the hill beautifully planted, which with considerable grandeur rises above it on the south; but beside these there are no other objects which approach to sublimity.

The pleasure and even tenderness which I felt in the contemplation of these objects, was something more than usual. Were I a romance writer, I should probably tell my readers that some sylvan goddess had accompanied me in my walks, and inspired those sentiments, which beyond the ordinary effect of inanimate objects gave me an interest in their beauties; but as reason and morality, in whose service I have enlisted, command me to take the reins of my imagination in my hands, after a momentary desertion I hasten to obey them.

From the various roads which form a boundary to this demesne you may see the outline of the place; but you can by no means see the improvements to advantage, unless you walk through them. That lofty elegance—that prominence of beauty, so powerfully attractive in a scene, is, in this part of the country, almost exclusively the boast of Slane—for I never yet saw a village, whose improvements (adapted to its inequalities, which gradually elevate them-

selves beyond and around it,) present such a cluster of strong features as that of the village of Slane, to the traveller who approaches it by Fennor.

As you drive from Ardee to Collon, by the road N. W. of Oriel, you will, on approaching the place, see a small patch of the pleasure-ground, and the lodge which is called the temple, on a gentle eminence above it; but this view is so very partial as to give you no fair idea of its character—You may, and probably will, form an idea of extent and improvement, but you can neither see nor feel its beauties to advantage unless you approach to inspect them—On walking towards the grotto, I was struck with a good imitation of that kind of habitation which we might expect to meet with on the rocky beach of an unfrequented shore—the irregularity of those large rough stones, which in the corners of this grotto have been placed with great judgment by the orders of Lady Ferrard, are well calculated, at first sight, to inspire this idea; and the sombre appearance of the aged fir-grove which approaches to the portico of the temple and sheds its sober influence over it, was another object which particularly struck me, as being calculated to compose feeling and inspire rural sentiment. But of all the objects which in that scene of art were calculated to tranquillize feeling, and command attention by the consistent charms of appearance, that of the cottage stood pre-eminent—Buried, like modest beauty, in the shade of retirement, its attractions were reserved for the lover of nature, for the heart and the eye of him, who disgusted with empty pomp and factitious displays of happiness, was rendered capable of tasting the pleasures of solitude, or of enjoying, in the intercourses of an hallowed friendship, that nectar of

reason, which never sparkles so bright as in the glass of simplicity, where the scene of enjoyment speaks the language of nature, and pours contempt upon the empty distinctions of the world.

The deep surrounding shade which shed its influence upon this little straw roofed edifice, and rendered it favourable to retirement—its proximity to wood and water—the suitable character of its furniture and apartments—the neat and rural appearance of its garden—the simplicity of its poetic inscriptions, one of which was very happily addressed to the discontented visiter at the temple—All, and much more than this, were calculated to produce the effects I have mentioned, and to enchain the heart to a retirement, where rural beauty in her most interesting form stood before the eye of nature, and produced the full effect of nature upon the feelings.

In the farm-yard attached to this demesne, I was led to the consideration of objects of another character; objects, less flattering indeed to fancy, but of infinitely more importance to the existence of society; and though not an agriculturist by profession, I can say, in truth, I felt pleasure in the contemplation of those inventions, which by the production of improved machinery, have mitigated the toils of labor, curtailed the expences of the farmer, and by suitable instructions, applied to his reason and experience, have so far led him into the philosophy of nature, as to ascertain with tolerable precision, the character of his soil, the compost and mode of agriculture best calculated to improve it, and the proper season of applying these, in order to add vigour to the fructifying principle of nature—But the services rendered to society by the operations of genius in this field,

do not end here—the farmer, after receiving with facility and exercising with success, the instructions of the philosopher upon agricultural subjects, will very naturally pass on to the contemplation of other topics connected with his character and interests—He is a man, and as such has many difficulties to encounter and many enjoyments to participate—he is a citizen, and as such has many duties to perform—therefore, that mode of instruction and superior force of example which first leads him to think, for the purpose of promoting his own interests, renders not only the farmer who is instructed, but the community of which he is a member, essential service, and as such deserves to be noticed in the genuine documents of a country's progress in knowledge.

Since my visit to Collon, I have had an opportunity of seeing a farm-yard more extensive than that of Oriel,* but none which could boast of machinery more commodious—The farm-yard of Oriel is enclosed by a neat square of slate offices, two stories high, and these comprise the most complete set of utensils, for threshing, winnowing, and manufacturing wheat into flour, that I have yet seen in any private establishment—The flour produced for my inspection, for whiteness and fineness could hardly be surpassed in any country; and though I cannot assert that the wheat which produced this flour was the growth of Collon, (for nature has been as parsimonious of her favours to the soil as to the scene) yet the proofs of industry and enterprize which I saw there exhibited—the accounts which I heard of Mr. Foster's indefatigable exertions to improve the condition of the soil,

* At Summer-hill, the seat of Countess Bective.

and the reasonable conclusion which I deduced from thence, of the order and perfection of the whole farming œconomy on his estate, were such as to justify the introduction of these improvements into a work, which undertakes the proud duty of marking the beautiful features and progressive advances of this country in useful knowledge, and which, in a spirit of true attachment to its interests, enters upon its errors and abuses, for the sole purpose of reforming them.

But the more I contemplated the unfriendly character of the soil of Collon, the more captivated I was with that indefatigable zeal which had labored to enrich it, with that laudable spirit of improvement, which, in defiance of the parsimony of nature, had rendered it an object of admiration to the stranger, and above all, with that paternal attention and proud example of good landlordship, which is stamped upon the aspect of this village, which is echoed by the manufactures of the place, and by which the people of Collon have been rendered decent or prosperous, in proportion to their own industry, and the resources with which fortune has provided them.

The temple of Oriel, which with a few acres of the demesne I have been describing, constitute the present residence of Colonel Foster, and to which has been recently added a hall of considerable elegance, is, like the demesne itself, not seen to much advantage until you enter it—The saloon or drawing-room, which I suppose to be the best apartment in the house, is, for a country villa, a magnificent and lofty room, measuring, as I judged from its appearance, about thirty feet by twenty-five, and is furnished in a stile suitable to its splendor—Under this head may be classed, as of the first value, a

rich collection of paintings, among which a portrait at full length of Mr. Foster in his robes of office, when Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, more particularly struck me, as an object familiar to my sight, and one which reminded me of that age of harmony and plenty, prior to the rebellion of 98—when Ireland had her own legislators, when those legislators lived and spent their fortunes in the bosom of their country—when the prosperity of Ireland was a phrase proverbial to the people—when discord did not separate her children into factions, nor divide their interests—In a word, that prosperous æra, when her resources were not exhausted in the necessary defence of the empire, nor her people torn by contention and in want of bread.

But the blood-eyed demon of discord and the black-hearted monster of bigotry, envying our happiness, took advantage of our credulity to attempt our ruin—faithful to their league, they stalked over this once, (yea and in defiance of their treachery, this still) favored island, and diffused their poison through the hamlets—The hearts which had been once jocund and gay, became the seats of perfidy and murder—Instead of the rustic whistle of the peasant, was heard the savage whoop of war—The instruments of life and agriculture, were converted into instruments of assault and death—Fathers and sons mixed promiscuously in battle, and plunged without remorse the steel into each others bosoms—Wives and daughters were ravished with impunity, and women and children were offered up as sacrifices to the infuriate passions of the people, which had now become the deities of the country—Harvests were trampled down by the horse of the warrior—habitations were made desolate, and fields

were left unsown—despair had nearly swallowed up the hopes of the virtuous few; for they saw all faces gather paleness; and found that no man had confidence in his brother*—The people, however, against whom we fought, stepped in and saved us—by well timed chastisement, they taught us the value of those blessings which our folly had despised—The wisdom of the British Government and the valour of her troops, restored us to order—The monster's league was broken; and LAW being seated on the throne, silence overspread the nation, till the genius of the country, who had for some time languished upon her harp, arose, and in an attitude of tenderness thus addressed her children.—

“ My children, you are just recovered from that sad scene of sorrow, the weight of which has until this moment, deprived me of the power of utterance—Hear the counsels which I am going to address to you, and learn wisdom by the things which you have suffered—Remember for the future, that no undertaking can be good, but that which is sanctioned by the laws of heaven—Return to your fields and cultivate them—guard the avenues of your hearts against the monsters who deceived you—Attend your religious duties—live in amity with each other—Learn to know, that your enemies are they who endeavour to divide you—As you went near to destroy yourselves by discord, return to each other's em-

* The poetic description which is here given of the misfortunes of this country in the year 1798, is not the description of imaginary objects, but the recital of facts, which the Author, more or less, had the opportunity of witnessing, in the course of a journey which he made through several disturbed parts of this Island, at that calamitous period.

braces by the laws of a common interest—In your political proceedings, abide by that constitution which has saved you—support it against foreign enemies and labor to amend it by conviction, but attempt not to overturn it by force, for its principal pillars are founded in justice—If you perceive a defect in any of your laws—if you find them press heavy upon any order of your people—If useless offices are maintained, and useless individuals enriched at the public expence—If your excise laws require to be simplified, and rendered supportable by the trader—If your criminal code calls loudly for purification and improvement, unite as christians and as men to petition the legislature for a removal of these abuses—Your petition will ultimately prevail if it be just—but in order that it shall prevail, it must be the petition of a people and not of a party—and that people must give weight to its petition, by the propriety of its conduct, and by the evidences of its zeal for the moral, as well as the political good of its country—and to furnish this evidence with effect, and with effect to accomplish its object, it must forego its false and savage principles of intolerance—it must leave every man to think freely and act freely upon every subject which invades not the natural and moral liberties of his neighbour—the bulwarks of prejudice must be broken down by an enlightened education—the rules of morality must be understood and honored—they must be practised in the relations of life—One grand association must be formed to promote the interests of the country, and to establish this association with effect, the benevolent inhabitants of each neighbourhood must meet and lay the foundation of a society, whose province it shall be, to heal the differences of the country—to promote

union of heart within the sphere of their influence—to give encouragements to industry and moral character—to crown virtue and talents with public honour and support—to educate the offspring of the poor—to sustain sinking indigence by timely succour—to put the laws in force against notorious offenders—to petition for a removal of abuses when they interrupt the course of justice—and in a word, to promote every object which concerns you, in the various relations of men, citizens and christians—form this compact for a general not a partial end—make it operative by your virtue and steady conduct—Employ every engine with which the constitution invests you to give it effect, and if the demons of discord and self-interest do not prevail in your councils, your labors will not be in vain—they will promote, by gradual advances, the moral, natural, and political improvement of your country—and in the end you will transmit to posterity, as the best legacy which a country ever bequeathed to its children—a system of social charity and a code of political justice.”

TRAVELS RESUMED.

In the course of my travels in the County of Meath, I made a circuit to Navan by a road which communicates between that town and Ardee; and which for distinction I shall call the bog-road—In this direction I visited two or three respectable families, and next to the pleasure which I naturally derived from their obliging conduct, was that produced by the observation of a large number of my fellow-beings, usefully employed on that extensive bog over which I journeyed—Nothing, however, presented itself in this direction to interest the tra-

veller, or to require description, save the utility of this bog to the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and to the numerous poor, who by this simple manufacture are furnished with valuable employment*—Not so the country between Navan and Kells, which if utility is to be preferred to beauty, has the strongest claim upon the attention of the tourist—Of the soil in this direction we have already spoken—it is a deep rich loam, adapted to feeding the heaviest stock in the kingdom, and some of the most extensive graziers in the province of Leinster, have their residence in this neighborhood—One of these, for example, Mr. Gerrard of Gibbstown, holds, in one circle round his house, two thousand five hundred acres of this class, in fee, a tract which, independent of his other grounds, would constitute him a very extensive grazier—This instance of extensive feeding, is not, however, solitary, in the neighborhood of Kells—I heard of several graziers, who cover thousands of acres with their flocks, and whose manner of transacting business must be very off handed, if the following anecdote be a specimen of their general practice—Mr. S. G— went from hence to the County of Tipperary, and when here, inspected a lot of cattle for sale at Wingfield, a seat which has been noticed in these memoirs, as commanding one of the most beautiful and extensive views in the vicinity of Knocksheogowna—The lot of cattle for sale being collected on the lands of Wingfield, Mr. G. asked what

* The term *manufacture* is used here, in allusion to their mode of making turf, which in the form of a roll of butter, as it is usually brought to market, they model with the hand, and this appears to be the province of the women.

might be their price?—£1400 said the owner—If you give me those four heifers in, said Mr. G. (a few which were not included in the lot) it is a bargain—Agreed, said the proprietor, and the conversation closed.

From the remarks which I have heard made by several judges of soil and the uses to which it is applicable, I conclude, that a tract of soil, which they call the golden vein in the south of Ireland, excepted, there is not a patch of land in this island, superior to that which we have just noticed in the neighborhood of Kells, and yet the former must have very much the advantage of the latter, if the following observation, made in a company where I was present, can be depended on—Of the soil near Kells, it will take one acre and a half to feed a heavy bullock—Of the golden vein, one acre will do the same.

Were I to attempt giving a description of the country around Kells, in one short sentence, I would say—It is a rich country, 'but plain—A country, whose principal recommendation is its intrinsic excellence—whose soil is bountiful to the inhabitants; and whose best scenery comprizes its flocks, its harvests, its good edifices, its rich plantations; and which nature, in a mood of sober benevolence, has distinguished chiefly by her solid gifts.

KELLS.

Kells, is a market, post, and corporate town, in the County of Meath, within a few miles of the eastern, or rather south east boundary of the County of Cavan—It stands, for the most part, on the declivity of a hill; and from this circumstance, and the want of symmetry in the

formation of its streets, the town has rather a wild and irregular aspect—To these observations, however, that of Headfort-place is an exception—It stands on a plain at the foot of the hill, and for a country town it may be considered as a neat and ornamental street—its beauty is improved by a row of sycamore trees, and by the prospect of some rich foliage hanging over the Dublin road, which opens a communication with this street, and is perceptible from it—Though the greater part of the houses which compose this town are evidently of modern construction, yet it is a place of great antiquity, as appears by an old castle, cross, and tower, which have had the good fortune to escape the vengeance of those military reformers, who in the seventeenth century made war upon the garrisons and monastic institutions of this country, together with its superstitions.

The church, the chapel, and the sessions-house, which are the only modern buildings of note, have each a very respectable appearance: but the Roman Catholic chapel in Headfort-place, which is a light and elegant imitation of the gothic architecture, is an edifice by far the most ornamental to the town—This handsome structure, together with the new sessions-house, which is also in Headfort-place, contribute very much to the improvement of that street; and the stranger who enters it from Dublin or Drogheda, by Lord Headfort's demesne, under the shelter of that foliage we have just noticed, will see the town in its best aspect.

Kells is reputed to have been the residence of that famous Irish prophet Collum Kill, a name which in the ancient language of this country is said to signify, the pidgeon of the cathedral—The house which they deter-

mine to have been the residence of this *prophetic pidgeon* is still standing ; and truly it is a most curious edifice—The building from top to bottom, inclusive of the floor which separates the upper from the lower apartment, is composed of stone—this floor, to the spectator beneath, presents the form of an arch, and the passage to the apartment above it is through an aperture in the roof or upper part of the edifice, at which, all the *dirty birds* of the neighborhood may enter and occupy this apartment. While contemplating the gloomy aspect of this little incongruous heap of architecture, (the exterior form of which is not very dissimilar to the roof of one of our modern houses) I could not help thinking that it presents to the beholder no bad emblem of the founder's imagination, and of the temper and character of his age—This impression was not lessened by the little holes which serve for windows, and admit a partial ray of light to illuminate the now dreary residence of the birds and beggars of the neighborhood, nor yet by the charitable ivy which creeping in grateful sympathy over this hovel of wretchedness and ancient seat of *prediction*, conceals its disgrace from the eye of the passenger, and sheds upon it an influence somewhat venerable.

TRADE—CHARACTER OF THE POPULATION.

There are two breweries and a few good shops in Kells, but no manufactory of note that I heard of—It is, however, in the centre of a rich country, and probably has what may be denominated a good home trade. Here I received some marks of civility from Mr. Molloy, the sovereign of the town, whose manners corresponded with the respectability of his station ; and though I could not

boast much of the literary taste of his industrious townsmen, whose affections, for the most part, appear to be engrossed by objects of another character; yet even in Kells I had the pleasure of meeting with a few persons who are in pursuit of mental improvement, and there is a highly polished and liberal gentry in the surrounding country.

The most public and remarkable curiosity remains to be described.

LLOYD'S HILL.

That called Lloyd's-hill, which is part of the commons of the corporation of Kells, or corporation lands, is about a mile distant from the town, and is truly the most attractive object in the vicinity of Kells, as it commands an extensive view of the surrounding country, and is rendered remarkable by the beautiful pillar on its summit built by the late Earl of Bective, in honor of his father Sir Thomas Taylor, grandfather to the present Marquis of Headfort.

This pillar, which may measure from the base to the summit, about one hundred and fifty feet, is a very grand object—it was the first to attract my attention as I approached the town from Navan, by a road near the Bishop of Meath's palace; and it presents itself as a beautiful and commanding object to the traveller, from one point or other of those various roads which open a communication with Kells—This feature of beauty is rendered complete by a circular grove which surrounds the pillar, and forms a kind of embroidery to it, while the elevation of the latter to a considerable distance above this plantation, secures to the visiter the prospect

of an immense landscape, and to the traveller on the roads, a grand and interesting object of attention. As usual, though accommodated with a flight of spiral steps to arrive at the summit of this tower, where there is a commodious landing-place, yet I was forced to abandon the project which I had formed of arriving there, and content myself with surveying from the outer margin of the surrounding grove, that dry but rich and extensive landscape, of which the following objects appear to form the outline——The Carlingford mountains about twenty or twenty-five miles north east of Kells—those of Sleibhgal-lan near Newry, about thirty miles—part of the Dublin mountains about the same distance in a south east direction (my guide assured me could be ascertained by the naked eye when the atmosphere is clear, but the day on which I ascended Lloyd's-hill being cloudy, my weak eyes with the assistance of a bad telescope could not distinguish them)—Tara-hill, on the estate of Lord Tara, in the same direction, about ten miles distant—The hill of Mylough in the County of Cavan, about seven miles distant—The hill of Moormudgh, about eight miles north east of Lloyd's—The mountains of Sleibhnacallagh, (or old hag's mountains) about nine miles distant; and lastly, Knock-i-on in the County of Westmeath, eighteen miles south west of Lloyd's—These collectively appear to form the boundary of this extensive landscape, the interior of which is beautified by the following objects——The elegant mansion-house, with the rich and extensive plantations of Headfort—The old tower, church spire, and part of the town of Kells, on the declivity of a hill, with the valley on the north and south, richly ornamented with foliage—The hill of Faughan, about six miles south east of Lloyd's—This last object is rendered

particularly interesting, by the plantations on the summit appearing to open in the centre, and by those other improvements which surround it, as well as by its beautiful elevation above the valley—The plantations of Rockfield, in which the dwelling-house is so enveloped that it could scarce be distinguished—Williams-town house and plantations, constitute a good feature in this landscape; the tallness of the edifice, which rises considerably above the improvements, and a small opening in the plantations which present it more fully to observation, were in its favor—(The handsome houses which we sometimes see buried in ornaments, *under* a good elevation, convince me, that those people are mistaken, who suppose, that to build near a good situation, but not on it, was the peculiar error of our forefathers)—The archdeacon of Meath's residence, east of this hill, on a gentle eminence in the valley, is a neat little object—The Reverend Jason Crawford's new and elegant edifice, on the delivity of a hill north east of Lloyd's pillar, could be distinctly seen—its elevation above the improvements, renders it an attractive object, and confirms our good opinion of the owner's taste—Nearly in the same direction is the beautiful house and demesne of Mr. Rowley; but the position being low, and the house enveloped in plantations, to ascertain its character you must visit it on the spot—by doing so you will procure to yourself a two-fold pleasure: the observation of a handsome seat, and in the countenance and manners of the proprietor, the most pleasing evidences of urbanity and a mind fraught with benevolence.

Nearly due north of the hill, and on a position considerably higher than Mr. Rowley's seat, is the charming

villa of Cherrymount--The attic story of the house just peeps over the plantations which surround it, but its beauty, as an object in this landscape, would have been more complete, had the house been presented more fully to the observation of the spectator, through an opening in the plantations.

The spire and improvements of Mountainstown, about seven miles east of Lloyd's, on a plain at the foot of the Collon mountains, which cover it on the east, were distinct, though remote objects of attention—Of the domestic features of this seat, I can say nothing, as, in consequence of the proprietor's absence from home, I did not visit it.

The plantation sheltered cottage of Mr. James Molloy, in an humble situation on the left hand side of the road which leads from Kells to Cavan, I did not overlook—its aspect of comfort is particularly striking, and I notice it with pleasure, as a good model for the farmers of that neighborhood.

The landscape on the west has two or three seats in the valley, between Lloyd's-hill and the mountains of Sleibh-nacallagh; but they form very solitary features in that open and extensive country—Drumbara, the seat of Mr. Woodward, which approaches near the hill, was the best object in that direction.

In the valley north east of this hill, the river Blackwater pursues its fertilizing course in a line nearly parallel with the road to Cavan—it issues, I understand, from a lake in the neighbourhood of Virginia, a village in the County of Cavan, and from thence winds its way towards Navan, where it empties itself into the waters of the Boyne—This river, being the only water perceptible

in this landscape, was, to me, a beautiful and interesting object.

We shall now close our description of Kells and its neighborhood with a short observation—

The inhabitants of country towns, engaged in the pursuit of wealth, or in the support of existence, are not those, generally speaking, who may be expected to give encouragement to letters—To this general rule, the resident magistrates and clergy, at least in my case, do frequently form an exception; and I must confess my gratitude to these and sensibility of their services, have often been inflamed by the noble generosity with which they have supported my humble exertions, notwithstanding their civility to certain strangers, who in the garb of authors had deceived them—For this, in some cases, there may have been an apology; for the most honorable undertakings by unforeseen accidents are liable to miscarry; but the tenderest charity can hardly exculpate from censure the practice of those, who *systematically* present for a subscription the prospectus of a work which has never been written, (and which therefore they cannot intend to publish) instead of honestly making known their wants and soliciting the favor of a charity.

ARDBRACCAN.

Not having an introduction to the Lord Bishop of Meath, I did not visit Ardraccan house, and therefore am indebted to the Parochial Survey of Mr. Mason for the materials which compose the following description. The see house of Meath, a beautiful building composed of white quarry-stone, is situate about two miles N.W. of Navan. In point of comfort, elegance and convenience, it is allowed by competent judges to be, if not

the first, certainly the second ecclesiastical residence in Ireland. It will prove a lasting monument (he has no other, for not a stone tells where he lies) of the taste and genius of that munificent, truly pious and charitable personage, Dr. Henry Maxwell, late Bishop of Meath; who, in the completion of this edifice, and in the gardens and improvement of the lands attached to it, expended considerable sums of his own private property.

In the church-yard of Ardraccan, there is an old square tower, surmounted by a spire and vane erected in Bishop Maxwell's time—it forms a pleasing object in this part of the country. Here also is Bishop Montgomery's monument, who died in the year 1620, and which is ornamented with many curious devices. On the south side of this monument is inserted a small slab, in memory of that great traveller Bishop Pocock, who died in 1765, and whose thirst after knowledge prompted him to encounter many dangers and labours.

At Ardraccan there is a charter-school capable of accommodating sixty boys, to which a kind of work-house for the children, containing twelve cotton looms is attached. Beside this there is also a parish school for both sexes.

The pains taken by some ladies and others in this vicinity to promote the education of the poor, deserves attention. One of the houses erected for this purpose, called the Oatlands'-school, for the education of females, is a handsome slated edifice, built at the expence, partly of Miss Thompson, and partly of the Association for discountenancing Vice. David Thompson, esq. endowed it with a rood of land, and the Association grants

the mistress a salary of £10, and as premium for attention and good conduct, £5 per annum. There are now ten boarders in the school, who are mostly supported and clad by the different members of the Thompson family. The fee for board and tuition is £8 per year. Beside these, there are twenty day scholars in the school, the tuition fee for each of whom is 2s. 2d. per quarter; and the mistress is obliged, if required, to teach twelve children gratis—knitting and needle-work are taught here.

The mistress of the Allenstown school receives a salary of eight guineas per annum, from Mrs. Waller, besides a very neat thatched cottage, and a garden, consisting of one rood, partly ornamental and partly useful, rent free—moreover the garden is dressed and cultivated free of any expence to the mistress; she is also allowed half an acre of potatoe-land, planted and dug out free of expence, with turf and other gratuities. For this she is obliged to instruct gratis, such of the female children living on the Allenstown estate as choose to present themselves. The mistress is allowed to take a tuition fee of 2s. 6d. per quarter each, for such girls as are able to pay and do not live on the Allenstown estate. The greatest number of scholars amount to forty, who are also taught knitting and needle-work. These schools are kept by Protestants, and beside the advantages derived to the children themselves, constitute, I dare say, very useful nurseries of servants for the protestant gentry around them.

There are also three Roman Catholic schools noticed in this return. In these about one hundred and forty

children of both sexes receive education on moderate terms.

The dwellings of the more substantial farmers in this neighbourhood, says Mr. Mason's correspondent, are seldom comfortable, and those of the petty farmers and labouring class are, in general, *wretched*. The genius of this people is acute, their disposition naturally kind, and the language generally spoken by them is the Irish, or rather a jargon compounded of Irish, English, and perhaps Welsh and Saxon.

FROM KELLS TO OLDCASTLE.

In this direction I visited Clonabraney, the seat of William B. Wade, esq. The dwelling house stands on an eminence, in the centre of a chain of hills, which form a kind of amphitheatre around it. Its elevated position renders it an object of attention from the public road, and the improving character, I was going to say, native wildness, of the scenery from thence to Oldcastle, imparts to the seats in that direction, an auxiliary interest and effect.

I was pleased with the observation of a school on this gentleman's estate, on Erasmus Smith's foundation; to the improvement of which, I understand, his liberality and attention have materially contributed.

The lands from Kells to Clonabraney, with the exception of one vein in the neighbourhood of Crossakeile, is reputed good feeding ground. That called the Dimarfarm, on Mr. Wade's estate, is the flower of that neighbourhood, but the soil towards Oldcastle, after you pass Lough-ciew, becomes lighter, and is probably, for

the most part, a light sand or gravel, as is usual in hilly countries.

SCENERY.—On the scenery south of Oldcastle, I have already made observations in the description of my first visit to that place. In that direction I visited Hilltown, the seat of Mr. Webb, and in my progress towards Lickblay, saw a rocky hill which may be considered as a natural curiosity. The stranger who traverses this neighbourhood for pleasure, or for the observation of its scenery, would do well to drive to Loughgloar, which, with the improvements around it, will repay him for the devotion of an hour or even two. Amongst the animated excellencies of that neighbourhood, I feel pleasure in ranking, that benevolent hospitable Irish gentleman, Mr. Fagan, the vigour of whose faculties at fourscore and seven, is in proportion to the goodness of his heart, and neither one nor the other were overlooked by me, on account of the humble appearance of that cottage, in which, after having been on the continent and seen much of the world, he has chosen to entomb his talents.

CHAP. XIII.

Author proceeds from Oldcastle to Castle Pollard—Visits Drumcree in the County of Westmeath, the seat of William Smith, esq. formerly a representative of that county in the Irish Senate—Description of the Landscape of Athboy—An Inn built there by the Earl of Darnley, gives birth to some Reflections for the improvement of those generally abused Establishments—Visits Laracor, formerly the Residence of Dean Swift—Interesting Prospect from Bree-hill to the beautiful and extensive demesne of Dangan, formerly the Seat of Marquis Wellesley, then Viscount Mornington—Description of the interesting Village of Summer-hill, the Seat and Property of the Countess of Bective—Convent of Franciscan Friars, and the ancient Abbey of Multifarnam, noticed—Extensive Prospect from Dungan-hill, the property of George Bomford, esq. Introduction to his Grace the Duke of Leinster—Obtains the Name of that Nobleman to this Work—Proceeds to Clonard and Kinnegad—Description of the Country in that direction—Advances towards home by Mullingar—Seats and Scenery in the Vicinity of that town described—Honourable Anecdote of the Earl of Granard—Proceeds to Middleton—Brief Description of that Seat.

FROM the vicinity of Oldcastle I bent my course towards Castle Pollard, and having rested there one night, proceeded next morning to Drumcree, in the County of Westmeath, the seat of William Smith, esq.

a gentleman who, for twenty-five years, had the honour of representing this county in Parliament. Drumcree stands at a moderate distance from the road between Castle Pollard and Castletown Delvin, in a neighbourhood by no means remarkable for the sublime or beautiful. There is, however, one agreeable view from Drumcree-house to the hills of Lough-crew, the interest of which will be very much increased by a lake which Mr. Smith intends introducing into a bason which he has formed for its reception, at the foot of his lawn; and we need not tell our readers, that over the crystal bosom of a lake, the prospect of hills or mountains is ever more beautiful than over a dry and unwatered landscape.

The lands in this neighbourhood according to my information, are, for the most part, clay on a substratum of lime gravel; a soil well adapted to wheat, and in other respects reasonably productive. I was told that much bog remains to be reclaimed here, but the prominent features of the country, such as the seats and scenery, being the more immediate objects of my research, I found it impossible in the rapid prosecution of my itinerant labours in this neighbourhood, to enter deep into the character of its soils.

The mansion-house of Drumcree is a large plain edifice, furnished, if I may judge from the apartments which I saw, in a stile of simple elegance.

The new church, in an elevated position, just opposite the grand entrance to this villa, will be, when complete, an appendage of great beauty to that neighbourhood; and to the traveller in the valley an interesting object of attention.

Mr. Smith's liberality to this public work had brought

it nearly to perfection, when I had the pleasure of visiting Drumcree, but though I very much admired this light and elegant edifice, and equally so, in its own character, that beautiful gate-house which stands beside it, yet the school which he had established for the education of his future tenantry, and the comfortable provision which he appears to have made (a piece of justice so often and shamefully neglected) for the parish master and his family, interested me much more than all the marks of wealth and independence which this seat exhibited.*

From Drumcree I proceeded to Rosmead and Ballinlough, two seats which have already been noticed in the course of these memoirs, and after transacting some business at those places, I drove to Athboy, and from an elevated position on the road west of that village, perceived before me a more interesting domestic landscape than I had expected to meet with in that neighbourhood. Athboy is seen concentrated in the valley, about a mile from this position, under cover of the hills of Ward and Mitchell's-town, and ornamented by the plantations of Curly and Trimelstown, which on the north and south form the elevated wings of this little scene. The improvements about Athboy lodge, are a good feature in this landscape, as also the little villa of Frankville, which could be distinctly noticed. The old tower, which constitutes the belfry of the church of this

* I had intimate knowledge of a Protestant master in a town in the County of Westmeath, who for want of better accommodation, was obliged to teach school in a little bedchamber, which was his only apartment; the miserable pittance which he received from the parish minister, leaving him no other alternative.

village, and which rises in the pride of ancient grandeur considerably above the chamber of devotion, was a good object. This latter is surrounded by a grove or plantation, which also encloses the hallowed residence of the dead, and in conjunction with the tower, appeared to shed upon the neighbouring landscape an influence somewhat venerable and grand.

The concentrated beauties of this little scene have the auxiliary aid of one distant and sublime view to the Dublin mountains, about thirty miles S.E. of Athboy; and though the landscape (with the exception of those mountains) cannot boast of being enriched by the magnificent or sublime, yet it is rendered interesting by the beautiful and the rural.

Athboy has the advantage of an excellent inn, built and established there by the Earl of Darnley, on whose estate it is situate. I have frequently thought, if those gentlemen who have towns on their estates, would build inns in them, proportioned to the trade and population of the neighbouring country, and endow them with a little cheap lands, to be held at the discretion of the proprietor, that it would be a very good method of making inn-keepers attentive to their duty. Or in other words, if they would reserve in their own hands the proprietorship of those houses which are appointed to receive and entertain the public, while they granted to the occupying tenant ample encouragements to industry and attention; and maintained a check upon his conduct, something similar to that which the Grand Canal Company maintains over the officers of the packet boats, that it would be the best imaginable method of reforming the state of those inns, which are now deserving objects of public

reproof. This mode would be attended with little trouble to the proprietor—it would produce salutary effects to the public ; and to the faithful and attentive manager, an increase of profit and reputation.——Here, and at the inn recently established at Oldcastle, by Mr. Napper, the people, to their credit, were very attentive, and their accommodations, for the most part, good. As, in some cases, it is necessary to mark bad inns with reprobation, for such are, indeed, a serious public evil, so it becomes a more gratifying duty to mark with approbation, and even gratitude, those houses, where by safe beds and other proper treatment, the life of man and beast is preserved and rendered comfortable.

Having left some of my baggage at Trim, I drove thither from Athboy, and from thence proceeded towards Summer-hill, the seat of the Countess of Bective. In my progress to this place I passed through the parish of Laracor, formerly the residence of the famous Dean Swift, the ruin of whose castle and the bed of whose pond were pointed out to me by a clergyman resident in that neighbourhood. They are situate in a valley near Bree-hill, about two miles S.E. of Trim. From the summit of this hill, there is a grand and interesting view of Dangan, formerly the seat of Marquis Wellesley (then Lord Mornington,) and now the residence of Roger O'Connor, esq. The plantations cover, to a considerable extent, the summit of certain beautiful verdant lawns, which rise with gentle gradation beyond the valley, and there terminate the prospect. These evergreen groves are enlivened by a relique of the Castle of Dangan, and a neat bell house which peeps through them, in the centre, while on the left, the beautiful spire of Dangan, elevating its

spheric cone, and shedding the influence of architectural beauty on the lawns and forests which surround it, complete the beauty of the scene.*

The ancient castle of Lord Mornington perished in a conflagration which happened some years since, so that the present habitation of Mr. O'Connor, is only a temporary edifice, fitted up in haste after the castle was consumed. I was pleased to hear from this gentleman, that he intends to recall from exile, the waters of that beautiful lake which once ornamented this splendid demesne, but which have long since retired to their crystal fountains, and left the Sylvan deities to mourn with the Naiads their retreat.

From Dangan I drove to Summer-hill, of which the following is a tolerably minute description.

SUMMER-HILL.

Summer-hill house, the seat of Countess Bective, stands on an elevated position, five miles south-east of Trim. It forms a proud feature in the improvements of that country; and from a mount or fort in the demesne, would command an extensive view to those mountains, which we have already noticed as forming the outline of Meath's best prospects, if the grown trees, which have been planted as thick around it, as if they were designed to intercept the view, did not render it impossible to catch more than a broken and transitory gleam of those lofty and sublime objects. The plantations in the valley are,

* Bree-hill, that elevated position on the road which has been just noticed, would be a good situation, on which to sketch a draught of this fine object.

however, rich and well distributed. The farm-yard and offices, which cover, as I was informed, an area of two acres, are the most extensive which I have yet seen, and the village of Summer-hill, enveloped in trees at the foot of the demesne, as a picturesque object in the County of Meath, ranks next, in my estimation, to that of Slane, though, in consequence of its low position, the influence of its beauty is confined, chiefly, to its own neighbourhood.

The rich plantations of Dangan, form the most important internal feature in the landscape comprehensible from Summer-hill house, which is a large and elegant piece of architecture, built in imitation, as I heard, of Blenheim-house, the seat of the celebrated Duke of Marlborough; and from Tullaghard, and other good positions beyond Trim, this seat may be seen, through a telescope, as an interesting, though distant object of improvement.

In the saloon or drawing-room of Summer-hill house, there is a very rich collection of paintings, among which, a portrait at full length of the late Lord Longford, executed in Rome, by Pompeo de Batoni, a celebrated artist, and said to have been a very good likeness of his lordship, and to have cost £500 sterling, particularly attracted my attention; as a master piece of beauty.

The family mausoleum (enclosed by a covered building in the form of a chapel, and ornamented with windows of variegated glass) measuring about one hundred and ten feet by forty, is an object deserving the strict attention of the curious. Near the centre of this edifice stands a monument of Italian marble, erected to the memory of a young lady of the family. This monument

sustains a beautiful weeping statue, together with a pillar of the same exquisite polish, on which is engraved several mementos for the instruction of the living, the religious tendency of which particularly interested me.

The faculties of the aged Countess of Bective, grandmother to Lord Bective, appear in astonishing vigour. On expressing my surprise that her ladyship, aged about eighty-seven, should insert her name in my subscription-list, without spectacles, I was informed by a lady present, that she never uses glasses on those occasions. Her judgment and mental perception appeared equally vigorous, in her observations and treatment of my business.

The village of Summer-hill is composed of one street, about nine hundred feet long, and two hundred feet wide, and in this area, a green mall in the form of a parallelogram, enclosed on each side by a row of full grown lime tree, is highly ornamental, and exceedingly healthful for the inhabitants and their children. The female part of the latter, have also the advantage of education at a very decent English school, founded and in part maintained by the Countess of Bective, which, as to the children's health and appearance, highly gratified me, but there was no school in the village for the education of boys, at the period of my visit.

Lady Bective, to her great credit, bears a charitable character. In addition to the provision which she has made for female education, she allows something handsome to an apothecary, for his attendance on the poor; and beside all this, provides comfortably for a considerable number of widows, who reside as pensioners on her ladyship's estate. But the village of Summer-hill, however beautiful, will never become a place of trade or

extensive population, nor consequently a spring of much profit to the proprietor, until arts and manufactures are invited thither, by good leases, and other adequate supports.

Summer-hill contains a little Presbyterian chapel, with a dwelling-house attached to it for the resident clergyman, who in addition to the usual *regium donum*, receives, as I was informed, a handsome allowance from the Rowley family, who were formerly dissenters. There are, however, at present, but few Presbyterians in this place, but the service of their church is occasionally attended by Protestants of the establishment.

In my passage through a part of this county completely barren of scenery, my attention was one day attracted to a convent of Franciscan friars, with one of whom, who I found to be an agreeable man, I had some conversation, on the public road near his convent. The homely aspect of this place, (which I could not then visit) however expressive of content, furnished no striking refutation of the professed poverty of that order; but in the prosecution of my journey homeward, I went to see the Abbey of Multifarnam, a ruin of great antiquity, and on my way from the village inn to that ruin, stepped into a convent, which is situated near it, and having solicited the indulgence of my reasonable curiosity, was conducted in a good natured manner, by a sick, or rather impotent friar (who leaned on my arm,) to an apartment ten or twelve feet square, which he called their oratory, but which, whether I regarded its dimensions or its furniture, was equally indicative of primitive simplicity and poverty. In one corner I perceived lying upon a bench, which I supposed was de-

signed for the altar of the chapel, a surplice—in another spot, I saw a stool—in a third, an article of furniture equally simple ; and beside these, I do not recollect to have seen any other furniture, save a small print of the crucifixion. The house, however, had an aspect of comfort, and in size and appearance, was similar to one of our Irish farm-houses. That called the convent at Courtown, had also a similar appearance ; and in different parts of Ireland there are establishments of this kind, of the Franciscan, Dominican, or Carmelite orders, supported principally by the contributions of the benevolent.

Multifarnam, in the County of Westmeath, is a village recommended to the attention of the traveller, by the antiquity of the above abbey, which is supposed to have been founded in the 13th century, by one Delamere, an Irish layman of considerable estate in that neighbourhood ; and with many other establishments, to have been a seat of Roman catholic divinity and philosophy. The walls of this edifice which are in tolerable preservation, did not, however, appear in my view, as gross, nor was the aspect of the edifice as heavy, as the general architecture of that and prior ages—from this circumstance, and from not being able to discover among the monumental inscriptions any date prior to the 17th century, I was led to doubt the information I had received, relative to the time of its establishment, and to place it, in my own mind, about two centuries later.

After my departure from Summer-hill, I visited the lands of Clarkstown, the property of George Bomford, esq. whose lodge on those lands is nearly opposite Cappagh-hill, that famous or rather infamous spot on

the road from Galway to Dublin, where the mail-coach passengers were robbed, and the guard treacherously murdered, one night in the month of October, 1812. When I reflect on the many calamitous circumstances which have occurred in this country during the progress of my travels, and the many instances of preservation from danger which I have experienced, attended also with some remarkable providences, I feel, in the coldness of my own gratitude, and in the numerous errors of my life, a striking proof of the hardness and depravity of the human heart.

Through the activity of Mr. Bomford and another gentleman, several person of doubtful character in that neighbourhood were soon after arrested, and two of the unhappy men, upon whom the property of a passenger was found, were condemned to die, and have since suffered the sentence of the law.

The benevolent proprietor of Clarkstown, from a field adjoining his villa, commands a pretty view of the surrounding country; but from a more elevated position on Dungan-farm, the prospect he assured me (for being under the necessity of prosecuting a journey of considerable length on that day, I could not enjoy it) is much more extensive and commanding. The glimpse, however, which I caught of this landscape from Clarkstown, gave me some idea of the immense tract of country which Dungan-hill commands, comprehending, as Mr. Bomford assured me, no less than thirteen counties. The principal objects, which form the outline of this view, agreeable to the information I received, are as follows:—The Moran mountains, about thirty miles north of Dungan—the Leitrim mountains about forty miles

north-west—the King's County mountains, about the same distance south—the Wicklow mountains about sixteen miles east, and the hill of Howth about the same distance north-east: and within this circus, the castle and hill of Carbery, about ten miles south of Dungan—Croghan-hill, in the same direction, about twenty miles distant—Knock-i-on in the County of Westmeath, about twenty miles west—the hills of Collon, about twenty miles north, and the seats of Lord Cloncurry, Lord Tara, and other noted residences, unite with these objects to embellish the interior of this view.

From Clarkstown, I crossed the country towards Straffan, and having presented to a gentleman in that neighborhood, a letter of recommendation from a man of consequence and great worth, in the county of my residence, I received, in consequence thereof, his patronage, and an introduction to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, a young nobleman of beauty and consummate prudence, with whose name and subscription for a copy of this work, I was accordingly honored.

From hence I bent my course towards Mullingar, the assizes town of the above county, by Kilcock, Kinnegad, &c. and being recommended by a gentleman near Kilcock, to visit some seats south of the road from thence to Mullingar, and which, I was informed, by a few miles extra riding, would re-conduct me to the high road thither: I accordingly drove from Mr. T. Ryan's in the barony of Ikeathy, to the seat of Sir Wm. Hort, in the same barony, and in the progress of my route, visited the villas of Mr. Cullen, Mr. Coates, Knockanally, and one or two more in that neighborhood; and lastly Johnstown-house, the plantation-shel-

tered seat of Mr. Halpin, which is seen thro' the foliage, as a point of beauty on that road which opens a communication between Edenderry and Dublin, and with the high road from Athlone to that city. The day being now far spent, and the place of my destination, for that night, at hand, I accepted Mr. Halpin's obliging invitation to dine, and immediately after dinner re-mounted my vehicle, drove to the nineteen mile house inn, and was glad once more to find myself on the high road to Mullingar—In this excursion I was not entertained with much variety of prospect: I had, however, one interesting view, from a high position on the road adjoining the old church of Dunforth, over that part of the bog of Allen which approaches near Sir Wm. Hort's estate, to the Dublin mountains—I had also from the same position, a view of Castle-carbery, and of those called the red hills of Kildare, over a landscape without any other ornaments than those which the benevolent hand of Ceres had scattered upon the plains.

The lands over which I travelled this day, constitute, as I heard, a rich vein of feeding ground; and yet the soil at no great distance from thence, to wit, between the barony of Ikeathy and Straffan is very poor.

In my progress towards Clonard, I visited Ballyna, the seat of Ambrose O'Farrel, esq. usually called Major O'Farrel, a gentleman who had formerly been in the Sardinian service. The lands of this gentleman's estate, lie north of the bog of Allen; and those in the vicinity of that bog, may be denominated a grassy moor—Mr. O'Farrel's house is situate on a plain, in a position rather low to be an object of attention to the traveller on the roads—The value of this property is considerably en-

hanced by a wood on the demesne, which covers an area of about thirty acres.

In the same neighborhood I visited Garrisker, Church-hill, &c. but the latter seat excepted, whatever interior advantages the villas of that neighborhood may possess, that of prospect is not among the number.

Church-hill, the seat of Reverend George Theobald Burke, stands on an elevated position in a rural scene, about a mile west or north-west of Clonard—it commands a view over the neighboring country to the hills of Kildare, about fifteen miles S. E. of Clonard, to Carbery-hill and castle, about five miles south, to Croghan-hill, about fifteen miles S. or S. W. and lastly, to the lands of Carrick and Kilraney, which swell into eminences and bound the view westward. Of the prospect in those various directions, that towards Carbery (over a valley rendered beautiful by the parish church, and by the light and ornamental plantations which surround it) I thought particularly interesting.

From hence I proceeded to Kinnegad, a town of small consideration on the eastern boundary of Westmeath, and while here, penetrated the country for several miles south or south-west of that village; but the ancient castle of Rattin, on the margin of the bog of Allen, and the large ruin of Ballyboggan Abbey, excepted, I saw no objects to interest the curious—If the proprietors of the soil in that direction, ever lived there, they appear to have forsaken it, as the best habitations now to be seen, are those of a few farmers, who by a long course of industry and the dearness of latter years, have arrived at independence.

The lands north and west of Kinnegad, though by no

means remarkable for scenery, have nevertheless a better aspect of improvement than those which I have just noticed.—In these directions, several gentlemen of fortune reside on their own estates, whose buildings, plantations, and other necessary works, improve the appearance of the country, and furnish the peasantry with employment; and in every part of the kingdom where the proprietors of the soil are thus resident, these consequences may be expected to follow.—In my progress from hence to Mullingar, I visited several seats of respectability, among which, the house and plantations of Bracklin, are particularly deserving of notice, but like other grand objects in a low country, (which if exhibited on the the sloping sides of mountains or other elevated grounds would have touched the traveller with admiration,) you can form no idea of their beauty, until you approach to inspect them.

The proprietor of this seat, whose benevolent manners as a country gentleman attracted my regard, was engaged when I visited him, in building a very handsome edifice for his second son, on a position apparently more elevated, and better calculated for commanding prospect, than that of Bracklin, though in the same neighborhood.

While traversing the country around Kinnegad, I lodged one night, at the house of Lockart Ramage, a native of Scotland, and now a respectable farmer on Lord Longford's estate.—The observation of those decent farm-houses which have been recently erected on this property, and the taste and judgment displayed by Mr. Ramage in the improvement of his grounds, afforded me real pleasure. How happy would

be the condition of this country, if the bulk of its population exhibited those marks of professional judgment and moral sense, which I saw stamped upon the fields, and exhibited in the manners of this young Scotchman—We feel pleasure, however, in observing, that Ireland, notwithstanding its unhappy divisions, is progressively advancing in the knowledge of arts and letters; but still there is much to be done, before we arrive, in the articles of morality and sound information, to the standard of the Scotch nation.

We now approach the town of Mullingar, which has already been particularly described—of the seats and scenery which enrich the country around it, we have, however, given but few specimens—To supply this defect, we beg leave to subjoin a brief description of the following objects:—

GAYBROOK.

Gaybrook, the seat of Ralph Smith, Esq. is situated about four miles south-east of Mullingar, on one of the various roads which communicate with the main road from that town to Dublin—Gaybrook is indebted to art, for several improvements which mark it to be the seat of respectability; and to nature, for a plentiful supply of those articles, which in the production of domestic comfort, are more useful than the finest prospects in the world—I mean *turf bog and water*—but as in other respects, nature has been parsimonious of her favors to this place, it becomes our duty to notice the few good improvements which mark its character, and of which, the dwelling-house, plantations, and an artificial lake in the demesne, appear to be the principal—The dwelling-

house, ranks among the best edifices in this county—it is three stories high, of a square form, and by the approaching spectator (for it cannot be seen to advantage at a distance) is recognized as a good object in that low landscape—Though unmarked by elevation, the demesne, however, can boast of a little inequality, to which the plantations being judiciously adapted, and assisted in their effect, by the lake we have noticed, with a little planted island in that part which approaches to the road, the scene assumes, to the traveller who passes in that direction, an appearance of richness and gaiety, which upon the whole entitle this seat to a place of distinction in an estimate of the beauties of this country.

- In your approach to this seat from Mullingar, you obtain a glimpse of the dwelling-house from a bridge which has been lately erected over an arm of the lake, on a road which passes through the demesne and communicates with the neighboring country, and from thence also, you have an interesting view of that portion of the lake which surrounds the planted island just mentioned—This bridge, erected by the county, with the aid of a liberal subscription from Mr. Smith, is not only an useful accommodation to the country, but an appendage of considerable beauty to Gaybrook demesne—it is built of cut stone, ornamented on each side by a metal ballustrade, and tho' not perfectly finished at the period of my visit, bore, in its appearance, those marks of taste, which with others of a similar character, are naturally hailed by the civilized traveller, as the evidences of a country's improvement.

ANNEVILLE.

Within a short distance of Gaybrook, and about four miles south of Mullingar, is Anneville, the seat of the Reverend Thomas Robinson, a very worthy clergyman of the establishment—This house and demesne have one advantage, and one only, to recommend them to the notice of the stranger; but this is of such importance to the lover of scenery, that I could not think of omitting it in my description of that neighborhood, one of whose best landscapes is comprehensible from Anneville-lawn.

Of this landscape (bounded on the south by part of the Queen's County mountains, on the west, by the hills of Dromore and Knockastia, and on the east, by Croghan-hill) I was almost doubtful, whether the view to Bowden-park house and plantations, situate on a gentle elevation south east of Anneville, or that to Middleton, over Rochfort-wood and the beautiful lake Ennell, was the most interesting—The latter, as to extent and variety of features, transcends the other; but the magnificence of Bowden-park, the distribution of its plantations, which form wings to the edifice and are highly ornamental, the open view from Anneville-lawn over a valley to this beautiful structure, and to the sloping sides of that verdant elevation which sustains it; and lastly, the proximity of those interesting objects to the spectator, by which their features swell upon the eye and render the influence of their charms irresistible, altogether rendered it doubtful for a moment, to which of these prospects we should give the preference—Perhaps the conjunction of these views might be said to unite the sublime and beautiful

of scenery, and to give this seat, for the enjoyment of a landscape at once picturesque and extensive, the advantage of every other in that country.

ROCHFORD.

[Rochfort, the seat of Gustavus Rochfort, esq. the present member for Westmeath, on the ground of its improvements and picturesque scenery, stands in the first class of natural and artificial beauties in this neighbourhood—it wants only the advantage of a towering position, to constitute it an object as attractive to the distant traveller, as it is now interesting to the spectator, who surveys it from the neighboring seats, or to the visiter who inspects it on the spot.

This beautiful seat is situate on the eastern margin of Lough Ennell, commonly called the lake of Belvidere, about forty miles west of Dublin, and four south of Mullingar, on the public road between the latter town and that of Kilbeggan, in the same county.

From the opposite bank of an arm of the lake, (which approaches near the mansion-house of Rochfort, ornaments the demesne, and forms a boundary to that of Belvidere) the house is seen in its most interesting point of view—it stands on a gentle elevation above the lake, and unites with the house, castle, and plantations of Belvidere, to form a chain of improvements, in full view of the spectator; and to the beauty of these objects, nature has in some degree contributed, by a pleasing variety in the surface of the grounds.

Rochfort wood, extends a considerable distance along the margin of the lake, towards Carrick-lodge, the seat of Mr. Fetherstone, enriched by various kinds of timber, a

considerable proportion of which appear full grown, or at least far advanced towards maturity—The wood, to the spectator on the western bank of the lake, as also from various commanding positions in the County of Westmeath, is recognized as an improvement of the first magnitude, and one which goes farther towards enriching the landscape comprehensible in the view from these positions, than any other work of art in that neighborhood—The lake, in addition to the influence of its beauty upon the scene, may be considered as an object of utility to the country, by the quantity of pike and trout with which it furnishes the tables of the inhabitants.

In my progress through the wood, I visited the hermitage, which stands in a low position near the border of the lake, and from every other position on the demesne, this object is rendered impervious to the eye, by the thick shade in which it is enveloped—This little stone arched edifice, composed of one apartment, with a door and window which open towards the water; both in relation to its form and recluse position has been well denominated—I beheld it with interest, as a spot so congenial to the feelings of solitude which I once felt, and which, in that season of ardent longing for retirement from the world, would have constituted this hermitage, a habitation of felicity to me.

The wood of Dysert, and several seats which ornament the country around Lough Ennell, are comprehensible in the view from Rochfort; but except that of Belvidere and Green Park, they are not seen to as much advantage as if the position was more elevated and commanding—This latter seat, the residence of Mr. Hudson, appears to great advantage from Rochfort-lawn; it stands on a

gentle elevation beyond the lake, and is an object of great beauty in that spacious and picturesque landscape

RATHCONNELL.

Rathconnell-hill, the seat of Mr. Swift, late collector of Mullingar, is situate about two miles east of that town, on the road leading from thence to Castletown Delvin and Castle Pollard—the position is truly stormy, and the lands, in front of the house, are barren of interest; but from the avenue and margin of the road, you have the prospect of one landscape which is worth noticing—Of this the following are the most striking features—Knock-i-on, that grand master-piece of nature, in the County of Westmeath, a few miles north of Rathconnell—the hill of Knockdrin, in full view, very beautifully planted—the waters of Loughdrin, in a valley to the left of that hill, and between, or beyond these, a chain of elevated ground embellished by the house and plantations of Ballinagawl, and the less splendid improvements of Mr. M'Evoy, a gentleman farmer, whose pretty cottage in full view, under the shade of his plantations, had the most interesting aspect of neatness and comfort.

BALLINAGAWL.

Ballinagawl, the country residence of ——— Gibbons, Esq. a wealthy and benevolent citizen of Dublin, is rendered an object of importance in that neighborhood, by the beautiful edifice which Mr. Gibbons has recently erected; by the full grown timber which beautify and enrich that estate, and lastly, by Knockdrin and Loughdrin, which embellish the surrounding scene—This seat

is seen to tolerable advantage from Rathconnell, but still more so from that called Kilamuglish-hill, between which and Ballinagawl there is a deep glen, through which the road sweeps to Multifarnam, and by the beauty of contrast, gives to the house and plantations of Ballinagawl, on the elevated ground above it, an appearance somewhat interesting and grand.

I was pleased to find, in the liberal dispositions of a few gentlemen farmers in this neighbourhood, and in the taste which they have displayed in the formation of their houses, in the good positions they have chosen to build upon, and other concomitant improvements, agreeable evidences of progressive advancement in this country—Beside the villa of Mr. M'Evoy, which we have just noticed, Newgrove, the residence of Mr. Cormick, an extensive farmer, furnishes, in the same neighborhood, a second proof of this pleasing fact. It would be utterly incompatible with the limits of this volume, to introduce to public notice, all the rising villas of this kind which mark the improvement of the country—On this subject, it may suffice to give a general view of those parts through which I have travelled, and (in the course of the work) to produce a few specimens of the growth of taste among persons of this class, as circumstances may render it necessary, by way of example and encouragement.

I was much pleased with an intimate view which I obtained of Knockdrin, from Newgrove-house—its proximity to this position, and beautiful elevation beyond the valley, impart to that little scene, a peculiar sublimity.

This decent lodge and the farm attached to it, are situate, I think, on the Ballinagawl estate—The merit of

its good position, belongs to a Mr. Fagan who erected it, and who with a family and competent property, chooses, when in the country, to enjoy his comforts in a little cottage at the foot of Newgrove—Under the article of comforts, I think this young man may rank his bottled port, of which useful beverage, I drank in his cabin, two or three glasses of as good quality, as any which I have had the honor of tasting (and I have tasted a good deal) in the great houses of this island—Reader do not stare, particularly if you are traveller, as in that case you must acknowledge the merit of *good port*, when you are wet or weary.

VALLEY OF TAGHMON.

The valley of Taghmon, ornamented by the lake Der-ravaragh, and surrounded by a chain of hills, of which Knock-i-on is the principal, very much attracted my attention, in my passage through this country—It is situate in the immediate neighbourhood of Knock-i-on, about four miles N. E. of Mullingar; and by those full grown trees which envelope the residence of Mr. Bowen, the proprietor, and the parish church at the bottom of the valley (supposed by some to have been erected in the reign of Henry II.) as well as by its own native beauty and the majesty of those hills which surround it, is rendered an object of interest in that grand amphitheatre of nature, of which it may be considered as the pit or concave.

WILSON'S HOSPITAL.

Wilson's hospital and school for education, stands on an elevated position called Heathfield, about six miles N.E.

of Mullingar, and forty-three W. of Dublin, in a situation peculiarly healthful—The landscape comprehends a considerable tract of country towards Cavan, including a valley which is beautified by the lake of Donore; and by two or three good seats in its immediate vicinity, and is bounded by several surrounding hills which reflect upon that open scene a considerable influence of grandeur.

It is hardly possible to conceive a situation better adapted to a public seminary or hospital than this, save in the article of turf-bank, which is rather too remote from the concern—The house is extensive and well divided—it is sufficiently light and modern, and yet is composed of the most lasting materials—it is well ventilated, and supplied with land for the support, and with every necessary office for the accommodation of its inhabitants—The dormitories are pure and perfectly healthful, and in the school there are evident marks of fair progress in the various branches of English literature—Perhaps in the governor's zeal to promote this part of the institution, the hours of study and confinement have been rather too long protracted, continuing, I think, from six o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, with little intermission—I was led in part to entertain this idea, from the heavy sensation which I felt on entering the school-room, and from the sallow appearance of several of the children, to the improvement of whose health I thought it probable, that an increase of gentle exercise in the open air would prove conducive——The house I was informed receives, and is capable of accommodating, one hundred and fifty children and twenty pensioners; and there were in it when I visited the institution, in

September, 1813, one hundred and forty-three of the former, and eighteen of the latter.

The chapel attached to this house very much pleased me—it is furnished with galleries, and has a very neat and commodious appearance—With regard to the farm, my leisure did not permit me to walk over it, but if I might judge of its condition from the general appearance of the place, and from the neatness and regularity of the garden, I should conclude every thing in its favor. Upon the whole, I would beg leave to recommend to the notice of the philanthropic stranger, who visits Ireland for the purpose of ascertaining its progress in improvement, this institution, as one which may be justly ranked among the valuable endowments of the country.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF GRANARD.

While in this neighborhood the following anecdote of Lord Granard was related to me by a tenant on his lordship's estate.

In the year 1811, several leases on this nobleman's estate, near Mullingar, expired, previous to which (as is usual in this country, either from a want of confidence in the proprietors of the soil, or from a covetous disposition to obtain a renewal of their lands under the value) most of the tenants had torn up and nearly exhausted their grounds—the conduct of one tenant, however, happened to form an exception to this general mode of proceeding—he had confidence in the G——d family, and consequently did not impoverish his farm to reduce its value—Lord G—— rode with his agent over the lands which were out of lease, and saw this proof of his tenant's confidence—Sometime after the latter had sur-

rendered his farm to his lordship's agent, a new candidate or candidates stepped forward and proposed to take it at £3 : 5s. per acre—this proposal was rejected, and the land was restored to the former possessor at *two guineas*! This act of true nobility I record with great pleasure, as honorable to Lord G——, and deserving the imitation of all land proprietors.

In my progress from Mullingar homeward, I visited Middleton, of which the following is a brief description.

MIDDLETON.

Middleton, the seat of James M. Berry, Esq. is situate about eight miles west of Mullingar, at a moderate distance from the road which opens a communication between that town and Kilbeggan—From this more public road there is another which sweeps by Middleton demesne to Castletown, and from this latter it is, that you see that seat in its best aspect.

The house stands on the summit of a gentle elevation, enriched by improvements which are lightly and ornamentally dispersed, and by an open space in the demesne as well as by its elevation, it presents itself to the observation of the traveller proceeding towards Castletown, as the liveliest ornament of that neighborhood.

From Middleton you have a considerable view of the country towards Croghan—Rochfort, Belvidere, Bowdenpark, and other prominent beauties beyond Lough Ennell, are also seen from this position; but not to as much advantage as from Anneville, nor does the scene assume the same appearance of richness and gaiety.—The parish church of Vastina, commonly called Castle-

town, is seen through a vista in the improvements, as a very good object N. W. of the demesne, and from its elevated position and the height of its spire, is an object of attention to the traveller on those various roads which surround it—The demesne is also embellished by a tower which Mr. Berry has erected on the ruin of his former mansion—The gardens of Middleton are extensive and well stocked—in passing through them I took particular notice of a little semi-circular pleasure-garden of Mrs. Berry's, junior, which though the least pompous object in that handsome concern, we can assure the reader, was by no means the least beautiful and attractive.

CHAP. XIV.

Author starts from the Centre of the Island, at the close of a severe Winter, in the prosecution of a Journey through several Counties to the Ports of Waterford and Wexford—Visits in his Progress the Towns of Stradbally, Athy, Ballitore, Baltinglass and Dunlavin—Description of those Places—Sundry Observations on the Farming Economy—Visits Kilcullen—Remarks on the Fever Hospital, and Weekly Sessions of the Peace, recently introduced here—Honourable Anecdote of the Peasantry in this Neighbourhood—Visits the splendid Collection of Paintings at Rusborough, the Seat of Lord Milltown—Description of Poolaphooka, a striking natural Curiosity near the Borders of Kildare and Wicklow—Villages of Ballymore Eustace and Blessington in the same Neighbourhood, noticed—Description of the foregoing Objects, intermixed with brief Remarks on the Seats, Scenery, and Institutions of this Tract of Country.

FEBRUARY 2d, 1814, I departed from home (towards the conclusion of a frost and snow-fall, the most severe and heavy which I recollect to have witnessed) on a journey to the S.E. of Ireland; and by short stages, performed with considerable labour, in consequence of the difficulty with which my gig-cart was dragged through the snow, arrived at Portarlington in three days, a distance of twenty-six miles only from the place of my residence. The state of the roads were such as had almost deter-

mined me to return, after proceeding a few miles ; but a bawling cavalier in the village of Clara, roaring aloud, that were he a traveller, he would proceed forward if the D——l was on the road before him, I suddenly started from my reverie, and brandishing my whip, cleared a passage for my caravan through the crowd, and in three days, as I have already noticed, reached the first object of my destination. Here, by the lameness of my horse, I was detained for several days, until the money, which on leaving home, I had put in my pocket to defray my expences, was nearly expended. The earth being enveloped in snow, the season unfavourable for the observation of scenery, my horse lame, and my purse almost exhausted, it happened extremely well that I had, on a former visit, discharged my debt of attention to that neighbourhood, as under the circumstances then existing, it would have been impossible to apply myself to the observation of the beauties of nature, so as to have described them with effect. The reader will, therefore, give me credit when I assure him, that I took the earliest opportunity of departing from this place, and proceeding towards Stradbally, (where I had books to deliver,) arrived at that pretty village, on the second day after my departure from Portarlington. Here, after resting for a few days, and surveying the beauties of that neighbourhood, finding my horse perfectly recovered, my purse pleasingly replenished, and the earth rapidly unfolding her wintry charms to the traveller, I proceeded in the prosecution of my tour ; but before I direct my reader's attention to future objects, shall beg leave to present him with a short history of this village.

STRADBALLY,

A small post and market town in the Queen's county, is situate in a valley about five miles south-east of Maryborough, six north-west of Athy, and about forty miles south of Dublin, on the road which leads from thence to the city of Cork. It consists of one spacious street, united in the centre by a neat and extensive bridge which crosses the waters of the Straid, and unites its influence with those waters to improve and beautify the town. The church and chapel, both handsome edifices, were the only public buildings which I saw, and the beauty of the former is very much enhanced by its gentle elevation above the village, and by the cleanliness and order of the ground which surrounds it. In the centre of the town, there is an extensive cotton mill worked by water—it was erected on the river, adjoining that pretty retreat called the Abbey, by Mr. Calcott, the proprietor, who employs from fifty to 100 hands in the spinning department. The machinery of this establishment is of the best quality and most modern construction, and in addition to the service which it renders the industrious poor, it is an appendage of great beauty to the village. There is also a charter-school in that neighbourhood, founded by Pole Cosby, esq. which feeds, clothes, and educates sixty boys. The apartments of this house, which I inspected, are ample and well ventilated. The cleanliness and order which they exhibited, were highly creditable to the superintendents; and but for the narrowness of a few of the beds, which appeared hardly adequate to the comfortable reception of two boys (an error sometimes occurring in these institutions) I should

have considered the interior œconomy of that house, so far as is obvious to a momentary visiter, faultless.

Stradbally is reputed to be a place of great antiquity. In the 12th century, O'Mara, chief of that district, is said to have granted certain lands to a company of Franciscans, and founded for them a monastery, some remains of which are still visible, and that which retains the name of the Abbey, is a modern house, which has been built on the old site, immediately adjoining the ruin of the ancient building. On the dissolution of this religious house, the monastery, with its mill, castles and lands, consisting of three hundred and forty-five acres, was granted August 8th, 1592, to Francis Cosby, his heirs and assigns, at the annual rent of £17:6:3 Irish money, beside which they were to raise yearly nine English horsemen. In the year 1609, a new grant was made to Richard, grandson of the said Francis, who repaired the castle, and removed the parish-church from Ochm-hill to the town. The old parish-church of Ochm-hill was covered in, and converted by the late Pole Cosby, esq. into a place of interment for the family, in which form it still continues.

Stradbally is situate in a pleasant country, within a few miles of that branch of the Grand Canal, which communicates between Monastereven and Athy, and, of course, is highly convenient for the manufactory which has been recently established there. It is also in the centre of a good corn country, and hence a trade with the metropolis, in that article, could be easily conducted. From the frequent use of coal which I observed in that village, a stranger would naturally conclude, that the country is not well supplied with turf bog, but I under-

stand there are, at no very great distance from the town, several bogs which remain unwrought, and consequently this inconvenience could easily be remedied.

The principal seats in this neighbourhood are Stradbally-hall, the seat of Thomas Cosby, esq. proprietor of the estate, and heir and successor of the Cosby family noticed in the above memoir—Brockley-park, erected by the late earl of Roden, and now the residence of the Rev. Thomas Kemmis, and Ballykilcavan, late the residence of General Walsh, and now the seat of Sir Allen Johnson Walsh, Bart. These seats, respectively, would furnish the Tourist with much matter of description, if visited in that season, when nature decks the creation with verdure and variety of colours, but as, in the month of February, the gayest objects are clad in sombre robes, and even the imagination of the poet may be supposed to participate in the general gloom, I shall not attempt a long and laboured description of this little scene, but shall just touch its principal features, and leave the reader's fancy to call into existence those minor graces, which have been rendered dormant by the season, and to animate those, which by the languid genius of the writer, may be placed before him in faint and sickly images.

To collect all which could be collected of this interesting scene, I ascended, in company with my friend Mr. Calcott, a hill, on which stands the ruins of the old church of Ochm-hill, within about two furlongs of the village, and which, in its present character of a sacred repository of the dead, extends its venerable shade over the hallowed ground which surrounds it. From this position, the spectator has an extremely interesting view

of the valley, richly ornamented with plantations, enlivened by the town of Stradbally, Stradbally-hall, Brockley-park, Raheenduff, the seat of Mr. Baldwin, several villas of lesser importance, and of a widely extended circle of hills, and other elevated ground, which enclosing a large tract of country, gives to the landscape before him the appearance of an immense amphitheatre, filled with life and vegetation.

Stradbally-hall house, though not sufficiently elevated above the plantations on the demesne, is an object of great interest in the general landscape. The house is composed of a centre and two wings; the hall and gallery are suitable to the grandeur of the edifice, and on the ground floor there is a splendid suite of rooms, richly furnished and ornamented with paintings, of which, a portrait at full length of Mr. Pole, our late Secretary of State, more particularly attracted my attention; although in the same collection there were some pieces of exquisite composition by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This seat is covered on the rere by part of those hills we have noticed, as forming a circle around the village. The walks and plantations, which, in conjunction with the river Straid, embellish the intervening lands, conspired with the sombre appearance of those beech groves which ornament the declivity of the mountains, to give the whole landscape in that direction, an air of considerable interest. This sentiment is much heightened by the lively and animating view, which the spectator on the banks of the river obtains through the trees, of the village of Stradbally, and more directly of Mr. Cal-

cott's factory, which in that point of the landscape is the terminating object.

On this estate there has been, recently, an immense number of young trees planted, particularly on the elevated grounds, which in the course of a few years must add very much to the beauty of this scene. I understand also, that it is the proprietor's intention to throw down some shabby cabins which at present disgrace his village, and to erect new ones in their stead. To the village in the valley, this will be an appendage as ornamental as the new plantations will be to the surrounding hills ; and if to these united improvements the respectable proprietor adds a few neat cottages in the suburbs of his town, for the accommodation of the poor dispossessed villagers, his humanity will then be as conspicuous to the stranger, as the ornamental plantations on the summits of his mountains.

There are several cottages in the English style on Mr. Cosby's estate, the neatness of which, as I passed from Stradbally to Maryborough, very much interested me. To each of these I heard a few acres of demesne are attached ; and truly the aspect of neatness and plenty which these cottages and their inhabitants exhibit, must prove a cordial to the heart, which is in any degree alive to the interests of humanity.

The hills near Stradbally, though very partially explored, are famous for quarries of calcareous stone, of a light grey colour and delicate texture, equal, in the judgment of some, if not superior, to the finest and best Portland. Brockley-park and Stradbally-hall houses have, probably, been built of these ; but, at all events, the front of Harristown-house, that beautiful edifice

in the County of Kildare, erected by Mr. Davis, architect, is composed of stone drawn from one of those quarries. As the Grand Canal approaches close to this neighbourhood, it is astonishing, that a channel of communication has not been long since opened on an extensive basis with the Irish metropolis, for the sale of this article, as that city and other parts of the kingdom might be supplied with it on reasonable terms, and great sums of money saved which are now expended by the importation of Portland stone. The soil in the vicinity of those hills is reputed calcareous gravel and limestone rock ; that in the valley is, partly, a light clay, on a substratum of limestone or limestone gravel. This, also, is pretty much the character of the lands of Ballykilcavan, the estate and residence of Sir A. J. Walsh, within two English miles of the town, on the road from thence to Athy. This gentleman's seat is situate on a plain, within view of those hills which we have already noticed as forming an amphitheatre around Stradbally ; but from the house itself there is scarcely any prospect.

Ballykilcavan estate, is enriched by a large quantity of young and old timber. The demesne attached to the house is extensive—the gardens, covering an area of eight acres, and surrounded by a high wall, appeared in full bearing, and are enriched by valuable hot-houses. The dwelling-house is a plain good edifice—the stables, which enclose a square area, are most excellent, and the farm-yard though not remarkable for the same neatness and beauty, comprises a number of excellent offices for that useful department.

Ballykilcavan, and the soil in general around Strad-

bally, is fertile of corn, good also for feeding sheep and light black stock, but it is by no means what we term heavy feeding ground. The drill husbandry here, and in other parts of Ireland is coming into gradual use; but until I arrived at Mr. Greene's, of Kilkay, in the neighbourhood of Castledermot, I was not furnished with any extensive instance of feeding, or of modern husbandry.

ATHY.

From Ballykilcavan I proceeded to Athy—a market, post, and corporate town, in the County of Kildare, and alternately with Naas, the assizes town of that county. It is situate on the river Barrow, which is navigable from thence to its junction with the sea near Waterford, while with the city of Dublin, this town has an open communication by the Grand Canal, so that it is extremely well circumstanced for trade; and in the corn department, I understand, a considerable communication subsists between them. For the quality and quantity of its wheat, (with which useful article, disposed of by sample in the market, and afterwards delivered at the purchaser's stores, for many miles around) this market is deservedly celebrated. In the town, however, there is no manufactory of note, save that of two establishments for the distillation of malt into ale and whiskey; nor are the public buildings of the place remarkable either for their beauty or magnitude—nevertheless the town has a respectable appearance. It consists of two principal streets, which open a communication with the market-square; and from these principal divisions, several smaller streets issue, which, upon the whole,

give this town an aspect of tolerable magnitude. The foot-paths are neatly paved, and in winter the streets are lighted up, an accommodation rather unusual in country towns, and therefore particularly grateful to the feelings of a stranger. The river passes nearly through the centre of the town, and while engaged in wafting the produce of the country to distant ports, is an object of great beauty in the eye of the passenger, when surveyed from the bridge, a piece of architecture which contributes much to the improved appearance of the town, since its re-construction in the year 1796. The jail, the church, the Roman Catholic chapel, and a small, but very neat chapel belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists, constitute the public buildings of the place. Formerly there was a meeting-house of the Friends or Quakers in this town, but this society has been for a long time nearly extinct in this place, and I am now equally ignorant whether this little meeting-house is standing, or has fallen into ruin.

In the vicinity of this town, there are several pretty villas. Of these, that of Mr. Rawson, the collector, is deserving of attention—Mount Ophelia, on the Carlow road, the residence of Dr. Johnson, is also a pretty retreat from the noise and bustle of the streets—but of all the seats in this neighbourhood which beautify the banks of the Barrow, that of Kilmoroney, the seat of Colonel Weldon, stands pre-eminent. It is situate on the opposite bank of the river, (as you proceed to Carlow,) about seven miles north of that town, and three miles south of Athy. The river in the valley, and the house, lawn, and plantations beyond them, are in perfect prospect. Among these latter, I would rank, as of no

mean effect, a thick coppice or woody elevation on the bank just noticed, as you approach within view of this seat; and about half a mile farther on, a Danish fort embellished with ornamental plantations, is a striking feature of the landscape. Between these distinct objects, which mark the extremities of the lawn, stands Kilmoroney house, on a beautiful elevation; and in a valley, just opposite, are the ruins of the castle of Grangemelon, which, in that picturesque scene forms an object of considerable grandeur. Beside this more remarkable seat, you have the prospect of many inferior villas on the banks of the river, which embellish the country, in your progress to Carlow, and render the drive from Athy to that town, particularly interesting. Until you approach the neighbourhood of Carlow, the soil in this direction according to my information, is, in parts, a poor clay, and, in other parts, a light sand, adapted to the growth of wheat and other grain; but by the best information I could obtain, the average produce of that neighbourhood does not exceed six barrels of wheat to the acre.

Several farmers hereabouts, continue obstinately attached to the old fallowing system, by which they deprive themselves of the important advantages which result from the cultivation of green crops. To this pertinacious attachment to the old losing system of agriculture, there are, however, a few striking exceptions; among which, Mr. Greene, of Kilkey, and Mr. Critchley, of Dunlavin, two highly respectable members of the Farming Society, may be considered as the principal, in that district.

From Athy I crossed the country to Ballitore, a village

several times alluded to in the course of these memoirs. It is situate on the river Griese, in a valley about twenty-eight miles south-west of Dublin, near the public road which leads from thence to the cities of Waterford and Kilkenny. To the traveller proceeding on this road, this village is an interesting object of attention, and from Boakfield, a pretty seat on the elevated grounds beyond it, still more so. From this seat I had the pleasure of perceiving the Wicklow mountains, whose lofty summits covered with snow in the month of February, formed a sublime boundary to the scene; while Ballitore blended with trees at the bottom of the valley, and a number of pretty villas on the verdant lawns around it, completed the beauty of the spectacle.

There are, in this village, two public schools, on the Lancasterian foundation, for the education of the youth of both sexes. Here, between one and two hundred young persons are instructed in the elements of English literature, and the females in those useful works which are suitable to their sex and station. These schools are maintained by subscription, but are, I presume, principally indebted for their existence and steady maintenance, to Abraham Shackleton and Mary Leadbetter, the philosopher and poet of that village, and to the other branches of the Shackleton family, so long and so justly esteemed as its respectable inhabitants; and to the sentiments of decency and rectitude infused by the *good example* of the Society of Friends in this place, may be justly attributed the general decency and order of that neighbourhood.

During the time that I made Ballitore my headquarters, I traversed the country in various directions,

particularly on the eastern side, and in that direction made a few observations which may be worth preserving, if not for public utility, at least for the entertainment of the reader. And first, after the transaction of my business at this village, I drove from thence to Baltinglass, (a village on the western margin of the County of Wicklow) by Anne's-hill, the seat of the Rev. L. Coddington. In this drive I had an agreeable prospect from Ballinure-hill to the village of Bumbohall, which is seen as a pretty object at the bottom of a scene, rendered in some degree picturesque by the ornamental grounds of Grangecon, which rise with gentle gradation above the village, and by several pretty villas on the sides of the surrounding mountains. To the amateur, the mansion-house of Grangecon, is furnished with an attractive as powerful, as its lawns and plantations to the lover of scenery, viz. one of the best and most valuable collection of paintings in that part of Ireland, but of this we may speak more particularly hereafter.

BALTINGLASS.

The village of Baltinglass has something picturesque in its appearance and appendages to recommend it to the notice of the traveller; and also another quality which, should he abide there, he will find equally impressive, I mean the general poverty of that place. There are only a few respectable inhabitants in it, but the town, though a tolerably picturesque object, when viewed in connection with the surrounding scene, on a close and intimate inspection is found poor and shabby. The village is seen from those heights which surround it,

reposing at the foot of one of the Wicklow mountains, in a valley fertilized and beautified by the waters of the Slaney, which passing under the bridge, reflects the lustre of its meandering current on the town, and then disappears. The best position on the public roads for commanding a picturesque view of this object, is that which stands above the town, on the road to Stratford on Slaney, directly opposite the beautiful villa of Captain Stratford, on the distant bank. From hence, the town, the river, the church, and the ruin of an abbey, immediately adjoining the latter object, appear to great advantage, in the valley, while the elevated lodge and demesne of Captain Stratford on the distant bank, display their beauties to the traveller in all their grandeur.

The roads in the neighbourhood of Baltinglass, particularly that to Stratford on Slaney, (though in parts hilly) were tolerably good, but from thence to Hume-wood, by Mr. Blake's, though in the neighbourhood of mountains which abound with stone, were soft and muddy. Unless in a case of absolute necessity, it is bad policy to use marle or poor gravel in the composition of roads: broken stones being infinitely superior, and when surface dressed with gravel, forming by much the best, and considering its durability, by much the cheapest road, it is matter of surprise that this method, so successfully practised in some parts of the kingdom, has not been universally adopted.

STRATFORD ON SLANEY.

Stratford on Slaney (the property of Messieurs Orr and Co. of the city of Dublin, merchants) a few miles north-east of Baltinglass, is rendered an object of high

consideration in the County of Wicklow, by the very extensive and important trade which is carried on there, in the callico manufacturing, bleaching, and printing departments. The village comprizing two or three small streets and a market square, and composed of about eighty houses, including the parish church, which is the most ornamental building in the place, stands on the summit of a high hill, surrounded on all sides by the Wicklow mountains. Whether, therefore, we regard it on the ground of its wild and lofty scenery, or on that of the important benefits which it diffuses among the labouring poor for many miles around, we equally hail it as an object gratifying to the best feelings of the traveller. I descended (in company with a gentleman who had the politeness to shew me this village and its appendages) from this height to the factory, which is, probably, the most extensive establishment of the same kind in the province of Leinster, and if now to be erected with its concomitant machinery, would cost many thousand pounds. It stands in the valley, on one of the banks of Slaney, about the distance of a furlong beneath the village; and when surveyed from the declivity of the hill, in connection with its bleach-yard, inferior offices, neat cropped hedges, and surrounding plantations, presents to the spectator, a little scene replete with rural beauty, architectural grandeur, and the lively proofs of a happy manufacturing colony. The company employ, in this once barren and deserted country, about one thousand of the surrounding population, so that considering the benefits which it confers upon the people, we should not be much surprised if

the anniversary of its accession to the *throne* of Stratford was celebrated, in that village, by public rejoicings.

The Orr family, who are in possession of a large landed property in this neighbourhood, are making, (not only in the article of building and manufactures, but in that of plantations also). considerable advances towards its improvement. The soil, indeed, as in all hilly countries, is not the most deep and fertile, but it produces smart crops of corn, and the vallies fertilized by the waters of the Slaney, are tolerable for pasturage and meadow.

Beside the church, there is also here a meeting of Dissenters, and a stationary minister of that community, whose presence as a religious and literary teacher, is an acquisition of no small importance to that village.

When I observed, of which I had some partial opportunity, the obvious decency and propriety of manners, which marked the appearance and conversation of the working classes in this place, many individuals of whom, particularly those from Scotland and the north of Ireland, have received a decent education, and are capable of earning a respectable livelihood in that rural district, and the evident superiority which, by the combined advantages of a liberal religion, an adequate measure of plain education, and a course of prosperous industry, they have acquired over the ordinary working classes of this country, I considered them, in fact, well deserving the epithet of respectable, and raised above the bulk of our population to a position of marked superiority and improvement.

I had to lament, that here, *as in other places*, a want of unanimity in the people, had rendered ineffectual the

benevolent intentions of the company, in relation to the education of the poor. I was informed that the Orr family had employed a master and dedicated a house to this purpose—but this benevolent design is said to have been rendered abortive by the opposition of the Roman Catholic clergy, who appearing to suspect a design on our part, of rendering these schools instruments of proselytism, think it expedient to resist them. In this and similar cases it may stand as an apology for intercepting the progress of education, that placing Protestant Scriptures in the hands of Catholic children, evidently carries with it a design hostile to the interests of the Romish church; but this apology would cease to have force, if the Protestant founders of schools would introduce, together with their own Testaments, Catholic versions of that sacred book, for the instruction of the members of this church; a proceeding highly reasonable, and without which the Roman Catholic clergy will always have a plausible pretext for paralyzing our efforts to improve the principle and enlarge the intellect of the country. Should this attempt on our part to conciliate the confidence and affections of our Catholic brethren, prove unsuccessful, I should not hesitate (in a country like this,) to recommend a total expulsion of the Scriptures from schools of mixed population, on a charitable foundation, and the substitution of moral essays, founded on the precepts of the gospel, in their stead. Against the valuable tendency of these, no man friendly to the interests of society could presume to contend, while the proposition of a measure so healing and conciliatory, would place our object beyond the reach of suspicion, the designs of those who would

oppose it in a true light, and if generally accepted, (as no doubt it would, by the candid and liberal of the Catholic clergy) the interests of education on a permanent basis.

DUNLAVIN.

From Ballitore, I also drove to Dunlavin, a small market town in the County of Wicklow, within about six miles of that village—While in this neighborhood, I lodged one night at the house of Mr. Cook, a hospitable gentleman farmer, with whom conversing on agricultural subjects, my thoughts were particularly turned to the advantages resulting from the cultivation of clover and pea-vetch, which although in the article of feeding, of primary importance, is, in many parts of Ireland, completely overlooked by the little farmer, whose more immediate interest it is to select from the multiplicity of new inventions, those well tried improvements, which come recommended to his interests by their well known profitable results—With regard to the cultivation of clover as an article of summer-feeding, if the little farmer could be prevailed on to separate from two or three pasture fields of twelve or fourteen acres, a convenient angle of one single acre, for the growth of this nutritious plant, he would soon find, in the condition and general improvement of his cattle, and particularly in the profits of his dairy, a sound reason for the continued cultivation of clover. The virtue of clover consists, first, in the quantity of its vegetable juice—secondly, in the double and even treble crops with which, in one season, it will reward the toils of the husbandman—thirdly, in its duration for two years, in almost every species of

soil, and in those soils of which it is the natural product, I should suppose (though I have not seen the experiment tried) that with a little surface dressing it might be propagated *ad infinitum*, though like every other plant it will flourish best in a new and well pulverized fallow. The mode of cultivating pea-vetch, of which I can say less from actual observation, and the uses to which it is applicable, I had from the aforesaid gentleman who is an experimental agriculturist, as follows: "When preparing to lay down your ground for vetches, immediately after you have severed your preceding crop of corn from the earth, plough up the soil, say, about the latter end of September or beginning of October; then throw in your seed, about sixteen or eighteen stones to the acre, more or less according to the character of your soil; then harrow in your crop, and if a good soil, it will be fit to cut for your cattle the following May, and in the course of the season, it will produce a second crop—Three half acres thus sown; one in October; one in January, and one in April, will furnish a succession of summer and winter vetches, and will be found an appendage of great value to any farm of fifty acres"—Some experimental farmers maintain, that if you sow in four acres of poor ground, (to enrich which, a strong argument in its favor, is the property of vetches) an equal quantity of oats and vetches; say about seven stones of each to the acre, you will have in the produce, without auxiliary oat feeding, adequate winter support for eight working horses, that is, in a ratio of half an acre to each horse; a quantity, in our ordinary mode of feeding, by no means sufficient, unless the meadow is of prime quality, to furnish one horse with the article of hay—

The alledged advantage of this species of agriculture recommends it to attention, and deserves, at all events, on a scale of experiment, a fair trial—To make this trial with effect, you must cut your crop before it is fully ripe, as otherwise the vetches would be too strong and the oats would shed—When sufficiently dry, make your crop into a rick, thatch it well, and at the proper season feed your horses out of a rack in the usual form.

And now that I have got into agricultural subjects, I shall venture to throw out a remark or two upon some classes of stock which are of interest to the farmer, as constituting an important branch of his œconomy.

PIGS.

The English breed of pigs which have been imported into this country, and are soon brought to perfection, being of a round plump form with short legs, are a species of stock peculiarly calculated to meet the convenience of the poor cottier, who to pay his rent, must soon fatten and sell; but a superior class of pigs, which are tall and lengthy, and continue growing for several years are more profitable for the wealthy farmer, who can afford to deal in the best stock, and hold them over for the best market—Some of these pigs have been known to weigh as much as an ordinary beef-cow, say from five to seven cwt.

SHEEP.

The English also have the advantage of us in the article of sheep—of these the Merino and South-down are reputed to be the best classes for growing fine wool—but for producing the largest quantity of food and clothing in a short time (which to the little farmer is an

object of high importance) the Leicester breed of sheep, is reputed, by judges of long experience, to have the advantage of every other—In the importation and propogation of this useful stock, some active members of the farming society have deserved well of their country—but it cannot be too frequently enforced upon this respectable body (which is looked up to by many as the legitimate guardians of this country's improvement) that much, very much indeed remains to be done for improving the sentiments and habits of the poor—For the benefit of this class, I beg leave to copy from Dr. Ledwich's parochial survey of Aghaboe and Mr. Tighe's Statistical Survey of Kilkenny, the following valuable remarks.

BEES.

“The poorest cotter,” says Dr. Ledwich, “with but a few perches of garden, might have bees.”——“A cottager,” says Mr. Tighe, “with four acres of indifferent land, might be very useful to himself, his family, and the public, in raising poultry; and this would be not only augmented but facilitated by having bees. A small orchard or garden, properly disposed and managed to this purpose, would help to support them; and an acre sown with buck wheat, which will grow on any soil, would supply all defects, and the grain fatten poultry more than any other”——“Our extensive tillage,” continues Dr. Ledwich, “offers abundant material for the industry of these valuable insects, and the high prices of honey and wax will greatly overpay any attendant trouble.”

ONIONS.

“ The poor should be encouraged to raise onions: a small patch of ground would be sufficient for a family—If used with potatoes and a little salt they would afford a very wholesome meal—They assist digestion, expel flatulence, dissolve viscid slime and increase the appetite. Many nations on the continent rub them on their black bread, and find them an excellent condiment—they may be used either boiled or roasted.” *Dr. Ledwich.*

FLAX.

“ This is another article, which the poor (for to these I here attend) may raise—a small spot will be sufficient for their consumption—Land fit for potatoes and turnips, if kept clear of weeds, is the best for flax—The profit of an acre, clear of all expences, has been stated at above £10—If a poor man could raise enough to serve his family and keep part of them employed when they could procure no other work, it would greatly encrease their comfort.”—*Ibid.*

PLANTING TREES.

“ A very small farmer might contrive to enclose some spot for the planting of timber; willows or sallows, poplar, alder, or other quick growing trees—Of the rapidity of the growth of the first, Mr. Young (in his tour) informs us, that he measured one, planted but three years, that shot up to twenty-one feet, and as straight as a larch—In seven years, farm offices and cabins might be built with it—Larch, beech, and Lombardy poplar, thrive wonderfully in our soil.”—*Ibid.*

GREEN CROPS.

“ I have before mentioned the want of green crops, and the insufficiency of our implements of husbandry—Our parish (Aghaboe in the Queen’s County) is much favored by Providence ; but the means used to secure this favor, must be assiduously attended to, which will insure an increase of products, and though it be circuitous, will improve our civilization. It should, therefore, be the prime object of landed gentlemen, to study and adopt every means of improvement—I shall conclude with the words of Cicero—

“ Et sane omnium rerum, nil est agriculturâ melius, nil uberius, nihil dulcius, nil libero homine dignius.”*
CICERO. 1. Offic.—*Ibid.*

From Dunlavin I drove to Kilcullen, which, particularly for corn, is one of the best market towns in the County of Kildare—It has the advantage of a dispensary and fever hospital, founded and maintained by subscription, and aided, as I have heard, (in common with all institutions of the same nature) by the grand jury’s exercise of its parliamentary power to levy off the county where such institution exists, a measure of support, proportioned to the benevolence of subscribers. This fever hospital was the first thing of that kind which I had met with in a country village, and I confess I felt myself charmed with the benevolence which had

* For the accommodation of the plain farmer, the above quotation from Cicero is here translated into English : “ Than agriculture nothing in the world is more excellent, nothing more richly productive, nothing more agreeable, nothing more suitable to a man of liberal taste.”

suggested it—The late Mr. Latouche of Harristown, subscribed £200 to this institution, which for its orderly maintenance is considerably indebted to the unremitted attention of the reverend Kildare Burrowes, whose conduct, in this instance, reflects high honor on his character. This hospital being founded by subscription, as I have already remarked, its benefits, of course, do not extend to the county at large, but to those patients only who are recommended by subscribers, or by them permitted to be introduced—In this town the neighboring magistrates hold a weekly sessions, as is, I am told, the custom in England, and I hear it has had a good effect in maintaining the laws, and preserving order and quietude in the country—It is, however, worth while considering the probable benefits, which such an institution, if universally adopted, would produce to the magistrates and to the country *at large*—And first, it would impart to each individual magistrate the strength and counsel of a bench of justices, and consequently would stamp the act of each individual with a superior weight of authority—secondly, it would have a tendency (as it is to be hoped on every bench there would be found magistrates of integrity, courage and good sense,) to animate the languid efforts or restrain the impetuous proceedings of others, whose ignorance, prejudice or impetuosity might aggrieve individuals and bring scandal on the commission—thirdly, in all cases of minor importance (for those which concern the peace and safety of society ought never to be postponed) it is obvious a weekly sessions of the peace, would save the magistrate, in his individual capacity, much time and annoyance—it would also furnish petty disputants with an opportunity

of tranquilizing their passions and accommodating their differences without law ; but of all the benefits resulting from a weekly sessions, that of unanimity in the administration of justice, is the principal ; and as it stands opposed to that abuse of the commission, which (as we have frequently witnessed) renders the latter an instrument of private pique, this institution appears to merit the approbation and support of every good citizen—The abuse to which we have alluded, is also, in our judgment, rather strengthened than weakened, by a compact into which certain justices have entered, and by which they constitute it a point of honor not to interfere with those who reside in the neighborhood of a brother magistrate, and hence if this brother should feel inclined (from prejudice or any other cause) to withhold from an injured neighbor the salutary influence of his authority, (as has been frequently the case) then the latter, for the instantaneous redress of his grievances, will be without remedy, for *the point of honor* in the breast of a distant magistrate, will not permit the dignity of the repelling magistrate to be so far wounded, as to give entertainment to a case which the *wisdom and impartial justice* of the latter (and his *knowledge* also, being resident on the spot) had found it expedient to reject—It is true a resident magistrate if invariably upright and dispassionate, would be the most proper person to administer justice to the people around him ; but if otherwise, and that he should happen to be capable of improper resentments or private interests, subversive of justice, the injured party as we have just noticed, will have no instantaneous redress—I therefore prefer the form of administering justice in a court, to which all individuals may repair, to that of

constituting, perhaps, a man of rank, talent and integrity, or perhaps a little upstart fellow capable of the foulest prejudices and most partial interests, the discretionary protector or scorpion of his neighborhood, and who, though he may be rendered accountable for his conduct by those who have adequate resources, may, in a thousand nameless instances render his commission a source of perplexity and persecution, instead of protection to the subject. When we consider the utter impossibility to the industrious citizen, of devoting his time or money to the punishment of abused authority, and the absolute necessity to which his circumstances reduce him, of submitting to many minor injuries, rather than spiritedly resisting and bringing one to punishment, we cannot be too liberal of our encomiums of any institution which promises to the subject an impartial administration of the laws.

I cannot dismiss this subject without remarking, that the compact to which we have just alluded, appears to have had its origin in a selfish rather than a public principle—The people of Ireland have been furnished with some striking proofs of the subserviency of his majesty's commission to the meanest and worst passions; and hence there is no occasion to advert to my own private knowledge, which is confined to a very limited spot, where long residence may have furnished me with opportunities of perceiving those passions unfolded—The proofs, however, of this prostitution (whether public or private) are complete; and therefore we speak in favor of a public administration of justice, and therefore we enter our protest against all private conspiracies which have a tendency to render it abortive—A conspiracy of this

kind, or compact, which ever you please to call it, seems to say, in the language of Archer to Aimwell—" You, master Aimwell at Litchfield, and I at Coventry"—You, brother justice, in the parish of A— shall have the management of *your* people there, if you do not interfere with *my* people in the parish of B—. By this means our commission may be rendered not only an instrument of the public peace, but of our own private interests—Those who have served and honored us, we shall protect—those who have offended us we shall abandon to the annoyance of every petty injury and insult—Thus without alarming the government or the country by any conspicuous abuse of our executive authority, we shall visit with slow but certain vengeance the virtue (unsupported by power) which dare to frown upon our corruption—we shall trample it down by a thousand nameless instruments; and in the face of our country; with the concurrence of our brother magistrates, and with the most obsequious attention from all those who can render us useful to their interests, or who have any thing to hope or to fear from our commission, we shall erect upon the ruins of the old feudal system, a new despotism; not quite so glaring, it is true, but in a thousand nameless instances equally gratifying to our love of interest or our pride of power.

If this be thought a fantastic picture, and as such shall be controverted, we do not despair of being able to produce facts to support the statement, although, we hope, in this period of the country, they are not very numerous, and we have no doubt, where they do exist, but much pains is taken to conceal the malignity of their principle.

While in the neighborhood of Kilcullen, I heard of a very pleasing act of the peasantry, in one of the country cantonments—A gang of robbers had for some time previous thereto infested several of the public roads in Kildare and Wicklow, and committed sad depredations in those parts—Part of this gang having met in a grove to concert a plan for their future operations, were, fortunately overheard by some persons who passed near the spot—The alarm being given to a certain number of the peasantry, the honest people seizing such instruments of assault as the country afforded, rapidly proceeded to the place, and surrounding it, made prisoners of the culprits, whom they conducted before a magistrate, and on the evidence of the first party, they were committed to Naas jail, to take their trial at the spring assizes for 1814. One of the most melancholy circumstances attending the depredations of these villians was, that a poor woman, into whose house, in the absence of her husband, they had broken, and robbed of £170, the fruit of many years industry, soon after died, it is said, of a broken heart—She had been robbed two or three times before, probably by the same gang.

SEATS.

The principal seats in the immediate vicinity of Kilcullen, next to that of Harristown, are those of Castle martin the residence of William Henry Carter, esq. and New-abbey, the residence of Henry A. Bushe, esq.—The mansion-house of Castlemartin is a very large square edifice, it is situate on an eminence above the river

Liffey, which waters Kilcullen and passes through this demesne, the latter of which is enriched by a large quantity of very aged and valuable timber—Both of these seats are agreeable objects of attention to the traveller who approaches the town, in his progress to the cities of Cork and Dublin, and they are seen also to advantage from other prominent positions in the neighborhood.

SOIL.

The soil in this neighborhood, though generally light, is fertile of corn, particularly wheat and oats—The lands of Gilltown, three miles from Kilcullen is reputed good feeding ground, but this is not the general character of that tract of country.

SCHOOLS AND MANUFACTURES.

There is no manufactory here worth noticing, nor are there any schools that I could hear of, for the education of the poor; a circumstance, considering the other specimens of its philanthropy, which a good deal surprized me, but would have surprized me much more, if I had been ignorant of the circumstances which, in this divided country, sometimes paralyze the best efforts of individual benevolence.

While in Kilcullen. I happened in company with a Mr. F—, a very agreeable man who had been educated at Ballitore-school—He had travelled in England and on the continent, and had devoted much of his time to the study of mineralogy—I was particularly struck with his observations on the neglected mines of this country, which want only capital and industry (and perhaps we might add,

knowledge and integrity in those who are employed) to render these subterranean treasures, a spring of wealth and improvement to this comparatively neglected land. His description also of an English commercial society which maintains a fund for the benefit of superannuated traders and their families, and for the encouragement of young men of approved conduct in the service of mercantile houses, particularly struck me; as also the wisdom of the English nation in the exercise of its influence over the conduct of those inns which are destined to receive the agents of mercantile houses in their travels.—May we as a people labor to imitate those estimable examples of the English nation, and above all, its virtues of unanimity and persevering exertion, as without these, the energies and resources of this country will never be brought into effectual operation for its improvement.

INNS.

There is a tolerably good inn at Kilcullen; and at Johnstown, about eight Irish miles from thence, on the road to Dublin, a very superior house of this character—On those roads, however, which are not much frequented, and to certain houses on those roads which are, we would recommend the stranger to bring with him his bed and blanket, as otherwise the garnished sepulchre from which he may hope to arise next morning with vigor, instead of renewing his exhausted strength, may prove the final tomb of his constitution—The proprietors of many of those houses, to their lasting infamy and the discredit of the country, will not, at the easy expence of throwing their children or servants,

two or three nights each week into the unoccupied beds, preserve them wholesome and tenable for the stranger—Oh no—this would be attended with a little trouble—it would give the poor servant disturbance, who, so often as she slept there, would be under the necessity of making her bed and sweeping out the room next morning—therefore, the plan which is easy and comfortable to the servant, viz. that of garnishing with a counterpane, fair as the moon, the deadly vapour which may destroy the poor stranger, is preferred—meanwhile the master, mistress and servants, reposing in safety in a warm corner of the house, snore on with the greatest composure, regardless of the poor stranger's sufferings, who should he live until morning, will be consoled with an assurance, that no one ever complained of a damp bed or sheets in that house, and that it is frequented by the very best of gentlemen!

FUEL.

Kilcullen, (with several villages around it) is by no means well circumstanced for fuel—turf-bank is procured at the distance of several miles from that place, and coals, in the Spring of 1814, were sold at 40s. per ton and upwards.

From Kilcullen I drove to Ballymore Eustace, (a shabby village though situate on picturesque grounds) near the junction of the counties of Dublin, Wicklow and Kildare—Here they have a small woollen factory on the river Liffey, which issues near Sallygap in the Wicklow mountains, and passing through this village in its progress to Dublin, waters that city, and then drops into the sea.

While in this neighborhood I was taken extremely ill one night, and thought I should have died—I got up and walked about my room in the utmost agitation—my joints trembled, and a sensation horribly overwhelming assailed both my physical and mental faculties—Whether this was purely natural, or whether the effect of a damp bed or other injurious treatment, I know not; but whatever might have been the cause, nature contended with it, and by permission of the all-powerful God of nature proved ultimately victorious—About nine o'clock next morning, my disorder took a favorable turn, soon after which I ordered my vehicle to be got ready, and left the country; but in the course of my journey that day, I perspired as if I had taken James's powders—Heaven, which only understands *effectually* the œconomy of nature, and comprehends in one glance all that is transacted upon the earth, knows the cause of this strange and alarming attack—in its mercy, however, it has averted the blow, and spared me a little longer—may it be for a good purpose.

Before my final departure from this neighborhood, I drove to Rusborough, the seat of Lord Miltown, and looked at the fine collection of paintings, which embellish the apartments of that splendid edifice—To say it is worth riding seven miles to enjoy the pleasure of this sight, is saying little—To the amateur or virtuoso this would be nothing; but even to him who has least knowledge of the art, and whose single pleasure is derived from the grandeur and variety of the figures, the devotion of a day would be amply recompensed. For a person who makes no pretension to a professional knowledge of this fine art, it may appear ridiculous to offer

an opinion upon any performance in such a group of figures, an observation perfectly correct, if applied merely to the quality and duration of colors, or the ability with which they have been laid on, but this certainly does not extend to the still more essential qualities of a good historical painting, namely, the consistency of the piece, in all its parts, to that original character or characters, which it was designed to represent, and from whose history it has been copied. To determine this point, which is by far the more essential property of criticism in the present instance, the critic must possess a fine perception of propriety, and a correct knowledge of the history of the piece which has been delineated, and therefore without pretending to have made this art my study, or presuming in the least to place my judgment of mechanical painting in competition with those who have, I shall, on the presumption of possessing a little native sensibility, and historical acquaintance with the following character, venture to pronounce, that the artist, in his execution of Magdalene in that collection, has grossly offended both against history and common sense.

Had he designed to represent a female Indian in distress, the naked and despair blackened figure of Magdalene which I saw, would have been in character—but in Palestine, then a civilized country and a province of the Roman empire, it was not the fashion for females to go naked—Of the Jewish and Roman habits we have many existing representations; and I presume no person of taste will suppose, that a form, in which even a dissolute woman in a civilized country, would shrink from

the public eye, can be proper to designate that of a christian penitent.

Dishevelled hair—a robe negligently thrown round the person; and even the hand which held it on the bosom, might, by the artist of sensibility, be made to conspire with solemnity of attitude and every breathing feature of a face divine, to express that penitential character for which the term *Magdalene* is but another name—I have seen such a Magdalene as this—a figure, which instead of producing a sentiment of disgust, was calculated to convey the penitence it represented—A face, which looking up to heaven, bespoke the awful admiration of that goodness which had sealed a free pardon on the sinner's heart, and through this heart, had communicated to the countenance, a beam of the same divine sensibility—This was a piece in character—it was marked by a union of negligence and modesty, in the dress and attitude, expressive of self forgetfulness and heavenly affections—but these left no room for disgust in the mind of the beholder—nor of contempt for the ignorance and presumption of the artist.

When preparing to visit this collection of paintings, my thoughts being turned to the young nobility of this country, I had some serious reflections on the present practice of sending them to England for education, a practice, which so far as it may tend to attach them to English improvement (but not to inhospitality or selfishness) is good, but which so far as it tends to wean them from the love of their native country, and from a patriotic zeal for its improvement, is evil—Sending them, at all events, out of this country to England to be educated, implies a contempt of the university of Dublin, which

I am told, by competent judges, is one of the best conducted literary establishments in Europe, in proof of which it has been noticed, that a superficial scholar will find it much more difficult to pass an examination at this university, than at several others which might be named in the British empire.

Another thing which can hardly be too often echoed in the ears of our nobility and gentry, is their palpable neglect of those valuable mines and quarries with which this country is pregnant, and which, if in possession of the English nobility, would be made a spring of wealth to themselves, of commerce to the country, and of profitable employment to the poor—but our Irish gentlemen, however it might prove profitable to themselves and their families, seldom think of forming commercial societies for the prosecution of national manufactures; and even if they could be prevailed on to step out so far, for their own good and the good of the country, there would be danger, in the progress of those works, of a deficit taking place in the article of attention to the conduct of subordinate conductors; and yet without this close and salutary inspection, it is enthusiasm to expect in this country, or perhaps in any other, that public establishments shall have a safe and orderly progress; or, consequently, a peaceful and prosperous issue.

The same remark is applicable to every improvement in this rising country. Whether we regard our immense tracts of unplanted mountains, which might be made the nurseries of forests—the unexplored treasures of our soil—the progress of education—of manufactures—of agriculture, or of any other public good, the atten-

tion of principals is indispensable to ultimate success. It is unanimity and attention which constitute the structure of that prosperity in England which is built upon the wealth of companies. It is true, the English nation has the advantage of ours in the article of capital, but even with our capital and resources, they would do much more business than we—they would, if in possession of this country, cover her mountains with forests of oak—they would explore the treasures of her soil—draw from her mines of wealth incalculable profit, and putting into motion innumerable manufactories, they would fill distant ports with her productions, and in return the wealth of nations would be poured into her lap. It is by an imitation of this example that the conscious feeling of reward will animate every order of our citizens with a spirit of indefatigable attention to business—it is this which at once constitutes the spring of private property and of public welfare—it is this stability and unanimity which qualify the English to draw from the ordinary resources of their country superior supplies. They do not merely subscribe a large sum of money to lay the foundation of a useful system—but with their *own hands* they steadily build the structure of prosperity upon this foundation—and hence, in imitation of a proverb very well known in Ireland, “It is the master’s eye which makes the horse,” we would say, “It is the English eye which makes the nation”—and it was this vigilant and constant attention of the Quaker society, not by proxy or by hired servants only, to the several institutions of their community, as well as to their private business, which *once* gave to the affairs of that people

an aspect of superior order, and a certain superiority of success.

BLESSINGTON.

The observation of Blessington, a pretty little village in the County of Wicklow, comes next in order. It is situate on an estate, now the property of the Marquis of Downshire, about three miles north-east of Ballymore Eustace, on a pleasing elevation at the foot of one of the Wicklow mountains. This village and its immediate neighbourhood furnishes, for the protection of the country, a corps of yeomanry, and though situate on grounds rather less picturesque than those of Ballymore, is composed of much better houses, can boast of a more respectable population, and its position is more elevated and conspicuous. The church, which is the most ornamental building in the place, is seen from the vallies and surrounding mountains, in connection with the village, over which it lifts its modest spire, as a good object in that dry and open landscape.

There is a free school here for clothing, educating and apprenticing twenty boys, supported by the Marquis of Downshire and a Mrs. Ironmonger, who has a jointure out of this estate, in right of her late husband, Charles Dunbar, esq. who bequeathed it to the Downshire family. They were also preparing, in the spring of 1814, to establish a Sunday-school in the same village. On the ground of education, therefore, as well as in the structure of its houses, and the respectability of its population, it has the advantage of Ballymore Eustace, although this poor and shabby village is better circumstanced for picturesque improvement.

The vallies in this neighbourhood are more rich and fertile than might be expected in a country so completely mountainous. I had calculated on seeing only small shrivelled cows and sheep, such as, on my approach from Ballymore Eustace to the picturesque Poolaphooka, I found dispersed in small droves upon the mountains. However, on penetrating the country around Blessington, I saw cattle of a much superior size and condition, and on enquiry found that the lands in that neighbourhood, will produce on the best class of cattle, considerable improvement, though in the production of beef and fat, of course, much inferior to that deep and marrowy soil, which near Kells and elsewhere, we call prime feeding ground.

POOLAPHOOKA.

Monday, March 21, 1814.—Early in the morning I rode from Ballymore Eustace to the lodge of a respectable farmer, and from thence under the guidance of a peasant, crossed the river Liffey, and rode through the fields, over hills and vallies, to a cataract which this river forms, at a place called Poolaphooka. This natural curiosity, and the scenery around it, (which are frequently visited by the citizens of Dublin) constituted by far the most gratifying object which I had seen in the progress of my travels, through this part of the country. Here, for a moment, in silent admiration of the sweet works of nature, I felt a calm overspread my passions, and reaped, in this tranquillity of the senses, a short but most gratifying repose. Having left my horse in care of the Wicklow lad, who accompanied me, at the distance of about two furlongs from the valley

where nature has concealed this beauty, I found myself under the necessity, on arriving at the margin of the elevated ground which encloses it, of sliding down a precipice; which to my weak head assumed an aspect of awfulness, and afterwards had to labour up and down inferior hills, till I arrived at the house of a peasant who appeared to have charge of this concern; from whence I descended by a neatly sanded walk through some beautiful plantations, to a moss-house at the bottom of the waterfall, and here on a seat provided by the courtesy of the proprietor, placed myself in full view of this charming object, which descends in a flight, almost perpendicular, through an aperture in a rock, which unites, with several others, to enclose one of the most enchanting chambers which the human imagination is capable of conceiving. Here I paused with silent attention to contemplate the various ornaments of this romantic enclosure, and after the fatigues of the morning abandoned myself for a moment to that delicious pleasure which results from a contemplation of nature, in these her enchanting works.

Beside the moss-house we have noticed in the valley, there is another at the top of the water-fall, and nearly opposite this, on one of the banks of the river, there has been a ball-room erected for the entertainment of those nymphs and swains who are fond of dancing to the sound of the waters; but as, on my return to the world, I knew I should find it task enough to trip over the hills and vallies of my country, I dispensed with this part of the entertainment, and so having committed to writing a note of my visit to the place, and inserted in characters of ink only, on one corner of the black oak

table which stood before me in the moss-hose, my name and the date of my visit to Poolaphooka, I bid adieu to this scene of enchantment, and returned to that noisy world from whence I had descended.

After enjoying the scene at Poolaphooka, I dined, for the first time in my life, with a company of Catholic priests, and several other persons of their community, at one of their stations in the mountains. However I may have found it my duty, in the course of my public labours, to make close observations on the customs and opinions of this order, their politeness on this occasion (more particularly that of their parish priest Mr. S——) particularly struck me. What a pity that the liberal members of this community have it not in their power to effect any improvement in the system of their church. Be their cause right or be it wrong, each individual must adhere to the main body of the army—no man dare think or speak but as the church directs him—and the first officer in this unwieldy throng, dare no more dispute the dictates of his law, or attempt an innovation upon the system of his government, than the soldier dare dispute the orders of his general—the general that of the cabinet of his court—or even the pupil in a seminary, the instructions of his master—So much for the *spiritual* freedom of this body, so gloriously athirst for civil liberty. If they are resolved upon holding fast their mysteries, for which I grant they have some *solid reasons*, they should at least meet us so far, as to read the service of their church to our countrymen in the vulgar tongue—they should cordially unite with us in promoting the interests of education—even these moderate advances would do a good deal towards

melting down the distinctions which divide us ; yet they would not satisfy the writer of those pages, who would dare to go a little farther, and even recommend them to choose from among their fair penitents, a partner (he means in wedlock) who might console them after the labours of the day, and take off their hands *a certain portion* of the duties of the parish.

QUARRIES.

In the neighbourhood of Blessington, there are several valuable quarries of granite stone. It is reasonable to conclude that the Wicklow mountains abound with these, since in one of them, called Golden-hill, two of these quarries have been opened, and are now working by a Mr. Macartney and a Mr. Tassie, who have stone-yards in Dorset-street, Dublin. Several of the public buildings in the metropolis, as, for instance, the Four Courts, Nelson's Pillar, part of the Bank of Ireland, and lastly, that beautiful stair-case in Sir Patrick Dunne's Hospital; near Merrion-square, (which is considered a fair sample of those quarries, and a model of modern architecture,) have been built or modernized by Mr. Macartney, with the product of this mountain.* This is a good step—and no doubt if the proprietors of the soil give adequate encouragement, but future experiments will be crowned with similar success ; for this country, however defective in unanimity and steady application, is not defective in resources. This Golden-

* Granite-stone is said to have the advantage of Portland, in this respect, that the latter will consume by fire, and the former will not.

hill is part of the estate of the Right Hon. George Ponsonby.

After inspecting those quarries I rode next to Kilbride, the villa of the Rev. Richard Ponsonby, nephew to that gentleman, and a clergyman justly honoured in the metropolis, for the singular success of his public discourses on behalf of the charitable institutions of that city. Kilbride (as also Golden-hill) is situate within about ten Irish miles, or two hours drive of Dublin. The lodge, which lies in a valley partly sheltered in trees, is much more commodious than the passenger would apprehend from a hasty survey of the place. The garden and demesne lands have been much improved by the present proprietor, and the latter are said to contain a stratum of marl or lime-gravel, which, as a durable manure, is vastly superior to any light compost. This demesne is beautified by a river, which passes through it in full view of the passenger, in his approach to the house; but though I equally admired this interesting little object with the other beauties of that villa, yet its principal advantage was evidently the grandeur of the mountain scenery which surrounds it.

From hence I rode to Ballyward, the seat of Mr. Finnemor, a gentleman grazier, who covers, as I was informed, some thousands of acres with his flocks. I had little idea of meeting with such an extensive grazier among the mountains of Wicklow; but although this singular instance of prosperity was pleasant to behold, yet I confess it did not produce as much pleasure in my bosom as the neat aspect of those farm-houses which I met with in every direction among the hills and vallies of that wild region. Here, you will sometimes

see the cottages, not only furnished with pretty gardens, but whitewashed and neatly painted, more particularly in the vicinity of Three Castles. To the garden of a green cottage in that place, we would recommend the man of taste and sensibility, who passes by, to venture with the utmost caution, as we saw a flower flourish there, the touch or even the sight of which might prove fatal to his peace, unless he carried with him a plenary indulgence, or had obtained from the dispensary of virtue an unerring antidote, or from the temple of old age, a coat of mail.

Beside the seats we have just noticed, there are also several others in this country well deserving of attention, among which Tulfarris and Willmount are not the least respectable.

Tulfarris, the seat of Major Hornridge, comprehends a handsome demesne, bounded on one side by the river Liffey, over which, in view of this concern, a stone bridge of handsome architecture has been erected.—These latter objects unite their influence with the light and ornamental plantations of Tulfarris to improve the aspect of that neighbourhood, which is still farther enriched by the seat and plantations of Rusborough, just opposite those of Tulfarris; while by the grandeur of the surrounding mountains, the beauty of that scene is completed. The house of Tulfarris, though apparently a good edifice, lies too low to command a prospect of the country, and in the distribution of the improvements of that demesne, this may be considered as the most defective article.

Willmount, the seat of Mr. William Wills, though it cannot boast of a finished demesne, like that of Tulfarris,

has evidently the advantage of the latter, and perhaps, of every other villa in that rural district, in the striking beauty of its position. The house is a neat modern edifice, and stands on a site, judiciously selected for commanding an interesting view of the neighbourhood, and for impressing upon the mind of the beholder the harmonious effects of taste and proportion; and if to these advantages Mr. Wills adds suitable plantations, he will do all which can be done, in a neighbourhood without lakes, to render his villa an object of great beauty and interest in that country.

Blessington is seen at the distance of some miles from those seats, on a gentle elevation, apparently at the foot of Blackmoor-hill, a position rendered famous in that neighbourhood, by a division of the rebel army having encamped there in the summer of 1798. This village and the neighbourhood around it, which I thought singular, is supplied with turf from the top of Sorrel-hill, another of the Wicklow mountains. Kilcook and Churchmountain, two more of the Wicklow chain, are also covered with bog. How shall this be accounted for, unless we suppose the latter to have been carried thither from the vallies by some violent convulsion of the earth, such as the deluge? for we, men of ordinary knowledge, have no idea of bog being a natural product of the mountains. Our ignorance of natural history may have suggested this question; but at all events it is pleasant to observe, whether on the mountain or in the valley, that this treasure, so necessary to the comfort of life, is to be found near the superficies of the soil, as it is to be feared, if it lay deep beneath, our coun-

trymen, (who do not appear very fond of *mining*,) would not travel far in pursuit of it.

Having traversed the country around Blessington, I returned to Ballitore, and from thence proceeded to the inspection of a few other objects in that neighbourhood which deserve to be noticed in an estimate of the beauties of the country.

BELAN.

Belan, the seat of the Earl of Aldborough, is situate about three miles south of Ballitore, on a private road which leads from thence to the town of Castledermot. The approach to this place, from Ballitore, is injudicious—it comprizes a short avenue, running in a straight line, through mutilated piers, which convey to the mind of the beholder, rather the impression of a place deserted and in ruins, than the handsome habitation of a resident nobleman. This scene, however, when surveyed from a mount in the lawn (though for the most part an undiversified level) is marked by two or three good landscape objects. The castle of Kilcay on the south-west, a ruin of considerable magnitude on the south-east, and a white villa, which stands like a snow-drop opposite Belan-lawn, are the principal of these—Belan-mills, in the occupation of Mr. Tate, also present themselves; and if to these several features we add the grandeur of Belan-house, the gardens which cover an area of several acres, and are enriched with peach and pine-houses, and a sort of lake or reservoir which is formed by the waters of the Griese, near the white mansion-house of Belan, we shall have noticed all which deserves attention in

this place. As an object of rural beauty, this snow-white residence is recognised to advantage from Bolton-hill, and other elevated positions on the turnpike-road between Ballitore and Castledermot, but previous to the year 1798, when the plains of Belan were covered with the foliage of rich plantations, this seat (which at present is almost destitute of timber) was seen to infinitely more advantage.

GRANGECON.

Grangecon (which has been already noticed in these memoirs) is situate about three miles east of Ballitore, near one of the roads which lead from thence to Baltin-glass. An outline of the plantations is seen from Ballinure-hill, but the scene being almost or altogether domestic, its picturesque beauties are but partially discovered, until you inspect them on the spot. In your approach to the house, the avenue conducts you over an artificial canal or river, with little circular islands ornamentally planted, to which, however, the addition of a Chinese bridge, as a substitute to the path-way which divides the waters, would have been highly judicious.

From the summit of a gentle but beautiful elevation whose base covers a large proportion of the lawn, you have a prospect of some of the Wicklow mountains, and other prominent positions, which unite to form a circle around the landscape. On the declivity of one of these hills, just opposite Grangecon, stands the pretty villa of the late Mr. Carroll, which, with the annexed plantations, constitute an object of no mean interest in that view. In fact it is from the summit of

this elevation in the lawn of Grangecon, and from this only, that you see the beauties and improvements of that place to advantage. The circular form of this elevation, and of that valley which sinks beneath it, and lets in upon the eye the height and depth of those hills which surround it, I thought peculiarly striking, as uniting at once with the grandeur of contrast, the beauty of circular proportion; and in such a scene, we presume the reader need not be told, that the proprietor, a man of the first rate taste and genius, and who in addition to the other branches of his knowledge, is particularly skilful in the physiology of plants, has judiciously adapted his plantations to the ground work of nature.

On the summit of this elevation (which considering the topography of Grangecon, is by far the best site for the erection of a mansion-house) Mr. Harrington, prior to the troubles of 1798, had so far prepared to build, as to form an excavation for the foundation of his edifice, but the disturbed state of the country interrupting his design, and a number of circumstances having succeeded to prevent its execution, his residence continues to be in a square of offices at the foot of this elevation, but which, considered in the simple character of offices, are, in our humble view, rather too magnificent for any man beneath the rank of a Duke or Marquis. These offices are also the receptacle of his library, gallery of paintings, and cabinet of curiosities; the value and variety of which, exceeded every thing which we had seen before in the possession of a private person, and to attempt detailing them in parts, would (even if our knowledge was adequate to the enterprize, which, we confess, it is not) be utterly incompatible with the

limits of this multifarious work. I shall, however, observe, that though highly gratified (save in the portrait of Magdalene) with the fine collection of paintings at Rusborough, I thought they suffered in a comparison with those of Mr. Harrington's gallery, which constitute a part only of his various and extensive treasury. As a learner, however, in the lowest stage of this art, and having in fact but little judgment, save what I derive from nature, I am aware that my taste may be formed on principles perfectly dissonant to those which have been established by critics as the basis of their wise decisions.

The hills and mountains which I have noticed, as forming the principal objects in the outline of Grangecon landscape, are as follows: Tinoran-hill, about two miles from thence—one of the Wicklow mountains called Kedeen, about four miles—the hill of Baltinglass (on which stands a well-known statue, erected by the late Lord Aldborough) four miles also, and the hill of Ballinure in its immediate vicinity, ornamented by Mr. Carroll's seat, and by a neat sheltered cottage, which is a beautiful rural object, on its summit. These form the outline of that scene, whose interior features I have already attempted to point out, and which uniting their advantages, constitute Grangecon, a pretty insulated villa on the western margin of the County of Wicklow.

March 25, 1814—I this day read, in one of the public papers, at an inn in the vicinity of Ballitore, a short account of the departure of Lieutenant Colonel Macartney (late of the County Dublin Militia) to an invisible world. About two weeks previous to the date of this advertisement,

I had presented him with one of my books at his apartments in the city of Dublin—He then talked, on the event of a peace with France, of going to the south of that country for the recovery of his health—but alas! how uncertain is life—to how many accidents is it exposed, and how ignorant are we of the moment of our destiny—Colonel M^cCartney is no more!—this story will soon be told of us all—in a little time we shall be forgotten by our bustling survivors, and the whole question to our sensible existence will then be (awful thought) What is *now thy portion*, O my soul? and what is thy destiny to *eternal ages*?

CHARTER-SCHOOL AT CASTLE-DERMOT.

Previous to my departure from Ballitore, I visited the charter-school of Castledermot (a town from its venerable ruins deserving of attention) and beheld with pleasure the progress of education in this house—the healthy appearance of the boys, and their knowledge of the principles in which they have been instructed, reflect credit on the managers of that institution—The evident progress of the children in the usual branches of English literature, (but particularly in writing, of which, including german text, I saw some astonishing specimens of the performance of children of eight or ten years old) greatly pleased me—The purity and order of this house were also very pleasant to behold, and unless in the article of narrow beds, a common error in these schools, and in an œconomy (particularly in the article of bread) rather limited, this rural institution appeared perfect.

Here I was indebted for some civility to the curate

Mr. Maw, a man of respectable character, to whose attention the charitable institution I have just noticed, is much indebted.

FROM CASLLEDERMOT TOWARDS RATHVILLY & TULLOW.

From Castledermot I penetrated the country towards Rathvilly and Tullow, the former a village, and the latter a town of some little importance in the County of Carlow. In this direction stands Newtown, the residence of John Leonard, esq. a gentleman of extensive landed property in that country, whose seat has been injudiciously thrown at the foot of a high hill, which conceals it from the view of the traveller, in his approach from Castledermot to Tullow—laboring under this disadvantage, in connection with the infancy of its plantations, Newtown does not make as splendid an appearance in that neighborhood, as on the growth of these latter, it undoubtedly would have done, had its position been more elevated—The country in this vicinity is rather defective in the article of picturesque scenery, but it can boast of a few patches of good soil, among which Roscolvil and Rathmore, two farms of Mr. Leonard's, are said to take a leading position.

CASTLE OF KILKEA.

Near Newtown is the castle of Kilkea, the ancient seat of the old earls of Kildare, and one of the most deserving objects of attention in this neighborhood—It stands on a gentle elevation over a plain which is beautified by the waters of the Griese, over which there is a neat bridge with five arches, within one

farlong of the castle; and between this bridge and the castle, Mr. Green, a gentleman whose concerns shall be next noticed, has formed the river into a bason or reservoir, which, with his corn mill on the distant bank, the ornamental plantations around the castle, and part of the Wicklow mountains, which are seen from the lawn, render the scene at Kilkea, considering the general tameness of the country, an object highly interesting on the ground of antiquity, and considered as a rural scene, upon the whole picturesque.

The castle is composed of five tiers of apartments—one of which is under ground. It is rented, in conjunction with three hundred acres of demesne lands, from the house of Leinster, by a family of the name of Caulfield, whose proper attention to the preservation and improvement of the castle and its appendages, reflects great honor on that family—In proof of the respect with which the various tenants have treated that ancient structure, I would notice particularly, the beauty and value of several marble chimney-pices, which they have introduced into the sitting apartments of the castle, and which, in connection with the light and commodious appearance of the rooms, and the general good order of the offices and demesne, render the place suitable, at this moment, for the reception of a family of fortune. A considerable sum has been lately expended on the erection of offices—The windows of the chambers and sitting-rooms of the castle, have been all modernized, and are now adequately illuminated—The hall, which is on the second floor, is suitable to the grandeur and antiquity of the place, and the approach to this hall, is by a spacious and rather elegant flight of stone steps, which

constitute an appendage of no small beauty to the building.

At the period of my visit in the spring of 1814, the castle-garden, a plot neatly enclosed at the west end of the edifice, was then dressed and ready for sowing. The view from the second and third floors, over this garden and the lake and mill we have noticed, to a part of the Queen's County mountains, was upon the whole, the most picturesque prospect from the castle; although that from the lawn to some mountains of the Wicklow chain, was, from the proximity of those mountains to the place (though less variegated) rather more prominent and sublime.

From the exterior beauty and order of this place, and from the state of the apartments, so much more light and commodious than is generally to be met with in ancient buildings—In a word, from that interesting union of antiquity and modern improvement, which characterizes it, I could not suppress a sentiment of astonishment, that a seat which had been the ancient residence of the Leinster family, should have been wholly abandoned by the offspring of that noble house, and handed over to the best bidder, to be occupied like a common farm-house with the lands which surround it.

MILLBROOK.

The most remarkable, as being, perhaps, the most useful personage in this neighborhood, is Mr. Greene, a magistrate for the County of Kildare, who, in his character of an extensive agriculturist, a great feeder of cattle, and a man of general experience in business,

stands pre-eminent in that neighborhood—Millbrook and Kilkey are situate in the County of Kildare, about thirty-four miles south of Dublin, and six north of Carlow, in a neighborhood, for the most part, remarkable for the tameness of its scenery, and indebted, principally, to the castle of Kilkea and Mr. Greene's trade and improvements, for its respectable figure on the map of the county.

The lands of Millbrook, on which Mr. Greene resides, comprize about six hundred acres of a light clay and gravel soil, very fertile of corn, but soon after it is laid down, even in the best heart, being prone to degenerate into moss, it becomes necessary frequently to cultivate it.

The river Griese, descending through those lands in its progress to the Barrow, turns two mills of importance erected by Mr. Greene, with many other edifices on the bank of that river—beside which he has also a brewery in the town of Carlow, under the direction of a Mr. Guinness, a scientific brewer from the metropolis, and for the supply of those several establishments, he, of course, purchases a great deal of corn in the surrounding country. His mills are capable of manufacturing annually, at least, ten thousand barrels of wheat, and a like quantity of oats—he also feeds annually, on an average, about two hundred and twenty cows and bullocks, and five or six hundred sheep; and in the winter of 1814 he had between thirty and forty acres of reep and turnip. These crops, however, constitute but a small part of the provender consumed by his cattle—A vast quantity of hay and oats are daily chopped in the farm-yard, and thrown with bran into the troughs or receivers of his

bullock-house, the latter of which contained at the period of my visit in April 1814, the largest number of cattle in stall, which until that time I had seen at any one house, in the progress of my travels; but for an extensive system of feeding, Mr. Greene is very well prepared, as he holds in his own hand near two thousand acres of land.

The lands of Millbrook, are well circumstanced for the benefits of irrigation—Mr. Greene, at considerable expence, has conducted a canal through them, by which he can, at any time, water three hundred acres of his demesne, as the Griese which supplies this canal, though a river of no great account in the geography of Ireland, has in all seasons, a good supply of water, and perhaps a current of greater force than many rivers which make a more splendid figure on the map of this country—But it is not in respect to the mills which it turns, though they are many, nor to the lands which it enriches and revives, that the Griese has an irresistible claim to the gratitude of the dwellers on its banks—It pours from its fruitful womb, on the tables of the country, an immense progeny of the finest flavored trout, for the production of which, whether we consider the quality or the quantity, it, perhaps, stands unrivalled in that part of Ireland—I was sorry to hear, that at Millbrook, as in other places, the benevolent intentions of the proprietor had been frustrated in relation to the education of the poor—A school-house was appropriated and a master paid, but the jealousy usually excited by these efforts, occurring here also, the plan necessarily expired.

We shall close our observations on Millbrook, with

one or two queries relative to the improvement of agriculture and live stock in this country.

Quere I.—Whether would the premiums of the farming society, if appropriated, as in their present form, to the best single animals in a show, or to the best score of any order, be more likely to encourage the propogation of the best qualities?

II. Whether country manufactories for improved implements of husbandry, on a cheap scale, are not indispensable to the improvement of the small farmer, in agriculture, and whether the implements usually for sale, at the farming repository in Dublin, are not actually fifty per cent higher than he could procure them for in the country, if the country artist was once made master of the plan?

CHAP. XV.

Author's entrance into the County of Carlow—Visits Oakpark, the seat of Henry Bruen, esq. M.P. for that County—Description of the town of Carlow—Visits Cloghgrenane, the seat of Colonel Rochfort—Description of a rich and extensive landscape comprehensible in a view from a mountain on the precincts of this demesne—History of that portion of the river Barrow which passes through this district in its progress to the sea—Sundry Villages and splendid Seats on the surface of this County described—Soil and Productions briefly noticed.

From Millbrook, (to which place I came in a state of great indisposition, but through the care of that obliging

family, with whom I rested for a short season, departed in good order) I proceeded to Oak-park, where I arrived on the morning of the 6th of April, 1814, being the first seat I visited on my entrance into the County of Carlow.

OAK-PARK.

Oak-park, the seat of Henry Bruen, esq. (one of the representatives of this county in the Imperial Parliament) is situate on a level but very improved country, about thirty-eight miles south-west of Dublin, and two north-east of Carlow, between two roads, which lead from the latter town to Athy and Castledermot—The grand feature of this seat is that of a very valuable oak wood, which covers a considerable tract of the demesne, and unites with some ornamental plantations to enrich and beautify it. The principal part of this extensive demesne, which measures, as I was informed, near eight hundred acres, is enclosed by a wall eight or ten feet high, with gates and lodges, which accommodate and ornament the approaches to the concern.

The lawn is, in some degree, beautified by a lake, in the centre of which there is an island ornamentally planted, and from a Chinese bridge which has been thrown, with great judgment, over an arm of this lake, you have a view of this wing of the water, passing under the bridge in the form of a canal, and dropping with great judgment into a thick plantation on its banks, retires from the view, triumphing in its beauty, and in its power to deceive the imagination with an idea of the extension of its course.

Oak-park house, a very neat edifice, but not extensive, is composed of a centre and two wings, and is what

would denominate a fashionable hunting lodge in the English stile.

The demesne though ornamented with ancient and modern plantations, and of course valuable in itself, is, however, completely destitute of any rich or sublime prospect. This defect might in some degree be remedied by opening the plantations towards Kilkea, extending the lake in a form somewhat oblong at each end, and swelling towards a circle in the middle, and by throwing deep and wide plantations on the banks of this lake (to the exclusion of a tame domestic prospect) with a vista through which the eye might take in the hill of Kilkea, with other elevated ground in that region of country—Thus, in despite of the parsimony of nature, (particularly if the proprietor could procure the hill of Kilkea to be planted,) Oak-park might be made to present to the spectator, in the drawing-room, a view, which would not disgrace the most splendid and picturesque villa in the kingdom.

CLOGHGRENANE.

From Oak-park I drove through Carlow to Cloghgrenane; the seat of Colonel Rochfort, which is situate in a valley at the foot of Cloghgrenane mountain, where a coal or culm mine has been recently opened on this gentleman's estate.

I should hardly have supposed that the County of Carlow, (which I had erroneously imagined to be destitute of variety, until by actual inspection I discovered my mistake) had such a landscape to exhibit as that which I witnessed from this height on the 6th of April, 1814. From the summit of Cloghgrenane you have the

view of a tract of country; supposed by the best calculation to measure, at least, one hundred and fifty Irish miles in circumference; and to say that this circle encloses one of the richest scenes which the County of Carlow has to exhibit, is speaking very modestly indeed on the subject of its picturesque beauty. Before I lead my reader to the contemplation of the interior features of this scene, I shall beg leave to point out those yet more public and remarkable objects which constitute the bulwarks of the landscape, as it lies before the spectator from the declivity of the mountain, on which the respectable proprietor has erected a very handsome turret, which is at once, an elegant appendage to the mountain, a neat resting place for the traveller, and a lordly position, from whence the beauties of the valley can be distinctly and satisfactorily surveyed.—Those bulwarks or prominent objects which form the outline of the scene, are, first, the hill or mountain of Croghan Kinshella, rendered famous by the golden ore which was found there towards the conclusion of the last, or beginning of the present century.—Secondly, Lugnacullagh, which is the highest promontory of the Wicklow chain—Thirdly, the red hills of Kildare—Fourthly, Moor-abbey hill at Monastereven, the seat of the Marquis of Drogheda—Fifthly, and sixthly, the Devil's-bit and Slievnaman, which are part of the Tipperary mountains—Seventhly, Brandon-hill in the County of Kilkenny—Eighthly, and ninthly, Blackstairs and Mount Leinster, which stand on the margin of the Counties of Carlow and Wexford; and lastly, Sleivubweegh, or the yellow mountain, in the County of Wexford.

These various and magnificent objects form the pro-

minent positions of the outline, and to notice them as the centinels of this landscape, is by much the easiest part of my descriptive duty, to fulfil which, in this instance, with justice to the reader and myself, would require a larger portion of time, and talents more elegantly refined, than those which nature and fortune have placed in my possession. I shall, however, make use of the scanty portion which I do possess, to give the reader some faint idea of that scene, which made upon my own imagination, at the moment I surveyed it, a sweet and pleasing impression.

To attempt this with regularity, I shall return to the Carlow road, which sweeps by the Barrow to Cloghgrenane, within view of Erin-vale and Belmont, two beautiful seats which ornament the landscape on the opposite bank of the river. In this direction, with the mountain of Cloghgrenane in full view, the traveller proceeds, until “the ivy-mantled castle whose image is reflected in the water,” presents itself before him.*—This castle, which is now the tower of Cloghgrenane, and the portal through which you pass to the demesne, was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Ormonde, from the

* An officer speaking of Cloghgrenane castle, which stands on the banks of this river, thus beautifully described it, “l’ancien château couvert de lierre, dont l’image est réfléchie dans l’eau.” In this ancient and picturesque edifice, there is an apartment neatly finished in stucco with gothic mouldings, and over the chimney-piece a portrait (as I was told) of one of the Dukes of Ormonde, from whose family this place was purchased; but the principal advantage of this room is, the intimate view which you have from thence of the boats gliding along the river, and of Belmont on the one hand, and the church and parsonage house of Cloghgrenane on the other.

last of which line, this estate was purchased by the ancestor of Colonel Rochfort, the present proprietor, and in the best views of this scene, the castle of Cloghgrenane constitutes an object of great beauty, although in your approach to the place from Carlow, and in your descent from the mountain, as you ride round the bank of the river, its hoary honours swell more fully upon the view. Having, through this splendid portal, obtained access to the picturesque grounds of Cloghgrenane, one of the first objects which will catch your attention, at the distance of two or three hundred perches from the gate, is the mansion-house, a very modest edifice, (to which an addition, suitable to the beauty of the scene, is now in the contemplation of the proprietor,) on an humble elevation at the foot of eight or ten lofty positions, from any of which, the inhabitant of this house and its visitor, would have looked down upon one of the richest and most extensive scenes in that county. Despairing, therefore, of enjoying the beauty of the scene from this comparatively groveling position, you will gladly embrace the invitation of the polite proprietor, to ascend his heights, and enjoy from his turret, or from the opening in his woods around it, that incomparable feast, which the flat and hollow taste of the last century, in conformity to the custom of the times, has completely shut out from the inhabitant of the lawn or drawing-room: and now that I have reconducted my reader to those heights, I confess myself once more at a loss to know how or where I shall begin to pourtray the beauties of that scene, which swells upon the eye in all the gay varieties of art and nature; for whether we stand and admire the stupendous objects which on every side bound the view—the immense extent of coun-

try which these boundaries enclose—the town of Carlow, with its spire and the splendid ruins of its castle, at the distance of about three miles from our position—Leighlin-bridge about four miles to the south—the splendid waters of the Barrow, which roll their serpentine silver flood through the valley between those towns—the boats passing and repassing on the river, with the produce of the country between Dublin and Waterford—the mansion-house, bridges, and extensive mills of Milford, which at a moderate distance from the foot of Cloghgrenane, cover both banks of the river†—the village of Nurney on the ascent of Mount Newtown—the beautiful seat of Browne's-hill, beyond Carlow, or, *in this landscape*, the infinitely richer house and plantations of Belmont, we are equally at a loss to know with which of these objects we shall begin to celebrate the scene, or how we shall enter upon the task of describing it, so as to do justice to the reader, to ourselves, and to that aggregate life and beauty, to which every single feature so powerfully contributes.

The mountain of Cloghgrenane, to the distant spectator, assumes the aspect of an uniform surface, co-

† These mills with their machinery in high perfection, are truly extensive—If now to be erected with their concomitant improvements, the expence would be enormous. Some idea of this may be formed from Mr. Alexander's having expended on a small cut of the canal, for his own convenience, £1000 sterling, a very trifling sum, in comparison of the aggregate expence of those improvements—but this concern is by much the most extensive on that part of the Barrow, and when inspected in connection with the river and canals, and the bridges which have been erected over them, give the Milford scene a picturesque appearance.

vered with an oak coppice and some ornamental plantations, distributed with a wild irregularity suitable to the scene, but on an intimate approach, the mountain is found to contain several grand and interesting inequalities, among which, a glen which passes nearly from the base to the summit, and forms the receptacle of many little rivulets, is not the least accessory to its romantic appearance.

Having rested at Cloghgrenane for a night, after the survey of this landscape, and obtained the patronage of Colonel Rochfort to this work, as also that of his friend, Mr. G——, who is a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and a gentleman high in reputation for his knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy, I returned next day to the town of Carlow, which I made my headquarters during my researches in that county.

CARLOW.

Carlow, the county town of the County of Carlow, is a market, post, and corporate-town, governed by a sovereign and twelve burgesses, who return a member to the British parliament—It is situate on the banks of the river Barrow, about forty miles S.W. of Dublin, and eighty N.E. of Cork—It is composed of six or eight streets, beside lanes and alleys; the four principal of which, Dublin and Burn-street, and Tullow and Castle-street, crossing each other nearly at right angles, have some appearance of regularity; but the residue being neither marked by symmetry, extension, or the beauty of their buildings, the town has, upon the whole, a mere trading aspect, conformable to the pursuits of the inhabitants, who are, for the most part, men of business,

though a few gentlemen reside there, and in the vicinity of the corporation there are several beautiful and even splendid villas—The wealth of the surrounding country and the navigable river which passes through it, renders this town a place of considerable trade—It has several fairs in the year, and two markets in each week, (beside those held in Graigue, a village on the western bank of the river, which has distinct privileges of its own) and these are abundantly supplied by the produce of the country, particularly corn and butter, in the latter of which articles, this market is said to be pre-eminent in that part of Ireland.

The population of Carlow is computed at eight or ten thousand souls, which may give the stranger some idea of its extent, and of the wealth of the surrounding country, which furnishes so many persons with the means of respectability or support—but I do not recollect to have seen any country town more infested with beggars, many of whom, indeed, were real objects of charity, but others were strong and healthy; were as impudent as they were idle, and for want of proper parliamentary provision and a vigorous police to support it, have here, as in other parts of Ireland, erected themselves into a complete public nuisance.—An unfortunate man who had been in orders in the ancient church of Ireland, but whose disorderly life constitutes his presence a serious public evil, unhappily swells the list of nuisances in this place—What a pity it is that the charity of the country has not provided a sufficient number of industrious asylums for the reception of this class of our population, to which the imposition of temperance, cleanliness and moderate employment would be a real blessing.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The principal public buildings of this place are as follows—A Roman catholic college capable of accommodating about one hundred students in divinity, to which there is also a school attached—A church of the establishment—A court-house—the county jail, and an assembly-room—Of these public edifices, the first is by much the most splendid and remarkable object—The manufacturing houses, are those in the tanning, malting, brewing, soap-boiling and tobacco departments, and of these there are at least eighteen or twenty in the town and neighborhood—With the quantity of business transacted by these houses, I am, however, wholly unacquainted, having only seen in a cursory way, Mr. Jackson's and another tan yard, in Graigue, and the breweries of Mr. Greene and Messrs. Haughton and Eves, in Carlow, all of which appeared highly respectable—Of the public buildings, those which we have noticed are the principal, but the town also presents the traveller with the following minor objects of attention—A horse barrack, capable of accommodating three troops of horse—some temporary barracks for infantry, and two or three meeting-houses for the sects existing there. The charitable institutions of the place, are, the county infirmary—a dispensary for the poor, and an asylum for women of a certain character, who return to the paths of regularity. The educational establishments are, first, the Roman Catholic school and college which we have just noticed—secondly, the diocesan school, conducted by Mr. Jameson, the protestant clergyman of the parish—thirdly, a school for the education of boys of the Quaker community, by

Mr. Clarke, a respectable member of that sect; three schools for females of the superior class, conducted by Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and the Misses Scott, and two charitable schools, under the superintendence of the clergy and pious women of the catholic community, one for male and the other for female children.

In the outline of this town it would be almost unpardonable, wholly to pass over the castle, which in the landscape of Cloghgrenane has been cursorily noticed as an ornamental object in that scene—This ancient building, which dates its origin to the Norman conquest, or perhaps prior to that age, had been partly modified into a residence, by Dr. Myddleton, a physician, in the year 1813, and was reputed an appendage of great beauty to the town, but by imprudently undermining the towers, to open a subterraneous approach to the castle, by much the greater part of that immense superstructure gave way, and the fruit of many months labor, with several thousand pounds expended on the edifice, were lost in a moment to the proprietor, and nothing left of its influence on the scene, but the splendor of its ruins—this, however, exceeds every thing of that character which I have hitherto had the opportunity of inspecting in a town of eminence, and when taken in connection with the spire of Carlow church (though the latter is by no means splendid) they shed upon the town, and upon the landscapes of which this town composes an essential feature, an air of considerable grandeur.

LANDS.

The lands in the immediate vicinity of this town, which let from £10 to £12 per acre, are famous for

the production of onions. The occupiers cultivate this valuable root to such an extent, as to supply, not only the town and neighbourhood of Carlow, but a considerable proportion of the County of Kildare; and some are even sent for sale to the Dublin market. This county is also remarkable for the good quality of its butter; for a valuable supply of which article, the Carlow market is said to be eminent.

The high price of those lands in the vicinity of the town, is reputed by some to result, principally, from the cultivation of the onion—but the equally expensive lands in the vicinity of Birr, and some other towns of eminence, where the onion is by no means a staple production, and the much more important uses to which lands in the vicinity of a populous town, are necessarily applicable, render it by no means surprizing, that an appendage of such eminent utility to the comfort of the inhabitants, should bear a price in proportion to the value of the comfort it produces.

While in the town of Carlow, a respectable inhabitant produced for my inspection an old publication which spoke of the ruins of an abbey which had once flourished in this place, but (the article in this publication excepted) I could not, on the most minute investigation, discover any trace of those ruins, nor receive any other information of their existence.

The Barrow which I have noticed, (inadequately I confess) as a feature of great beauty in the Cloghgrenane and other landscapes of this neighbourhood, contains so many advantages for trade which remain to be improved, that I feel I should fall, and fall consciously, beneath the

standard of my duty to the public, if I did not enter more particularly into its history.

The Barrow is one of the first and most important navigable rivers in the province of Leinster, being capable, in its present state of improvement (with the aid of the canal from Athy to Dublin) of conveying from sea to sea, boats of about thirty tons burthen. Between the town of Athy and the tide-water near Ross, it contains twenty-two falls, on each of which, a manufactory might, of course, be established; but as not near half those sites are now occupied, it is to be hoped, that a general peace and good understanding between this and the sister country, will soon invite English traders to our shores, whose wealth, industry, and talents can alone flatter us with a hope of rendering effective the natural advantages of this river, whose proximity to many valuable coal mines, on the Carlow, Rochfort, and Castlecomer estates, might be rendered extremely beneficial.

The sites for mills on this river, in the direction we have noticed, are as follows:

1st, Ardee, near Athy, on which are the flour-mills of a Mr. Farange.

2dly, Levitstown—unoccupied.

3dly, Mageny, farther down the river, unoccupied also.

4thly, Bessfield, in like manner, unoccupied.

5thly, Carlow, occupied by a Mr. Moore, who rents it from Mr. Mitchell, who built it, with several other valuable concerns at Graigue, in the neighbourhood of Carlow.

6thly, Milford, on which are the extensive flour-mills of Mr. Alexander, noticed in the Cloghgrenane landscape.

7thly, Rathvindon, near Leighlin-bridge, unoccupied.

8thly, Rathellan, near Bagnelstown, (a pretty village in the County of Carlow,) unoccupied also.

9thly, Lodge-fall, (at the above village,) the receptacle of a very extensive flour-mill, the property of Messrs. Richard and Matthew Weld.

10thly, Fennis-court, unoccupied.

11th, Sliguff, the same.

12th, Upper Ballyellon, near Gore's-bridge, a flour-mill and extensive malt-house, occupied by Messrs. Murphy.

13th, Lower ditto, unoccupied.

14th, Ballyteaglee, opposite Mt. Loftus, unoccupied also

15th, Burris-lock, the same.

16th, Ballinagrane, do.

17th, Cournellon, do.

18th, Clohesty, do.

19th, Graige-ne-managh, do.

20th, Tinnehinch, do.

21st, Carriglead, do.

22nd, St. Molines, do.

Here the river unites with tide water to Ross and Waterford.

In the course of my observations on the country around Carlow, I visited, according to custom, the most distinguished seats in that region, to a few of which I had express introduction by letter. Of these seats, Cloghgrenane (in the article of scenery, by much the most leading object in that country) has already been de-

scribed ; I shall therefore conduct my reader to the other objects of my attention and research in that county.

UPTON.

Upton, the seat of Colonel Latouche, one of the representatives of this County in Parliament, is a villa occasionally occupied by that gentleman, as a shooting lodge and country residence, on the border of a valuable estate which he possesses in that county.

This estate is situate in a highly improved neighbourhood, about nine miles east of Carlow, and fifteen north of Kilkenny. It is beautified by various neat farmhouses, with concomitant improvements, and in the vicinity of these there are four roads, opening a communication with Carlow and Killedman, and Newtownbarry and Kilkenny. The parish church of Fennagh, near the junction of these roads, on an estate of Mr. Bruen's, unites with other objects of the place to shed an influence of beauty upon that scene. There are also the following deserving objects of attention in this vicinity : Mount-pleasant, the seat of Mr. Garrett—Kilconner, that of Mr. John Watson, and Janeville, the seat of another gentleman of the same name, whose mild and amiable manners, united with a conduct peculiarly obliging, on this public occasion, have left upon my mind an affectionate recollection of his character. From these seats respectively, the landscape is seen bounded by Mount Leinster, Blackstairs, and part of the Wicklow mountains, but in the view from Janeville lawn, Mount Leinster, from its contiguity to the scene, swells upon the eye with peculiar magnificence.

SOIL.

The lands in this neighbourhood, and from hence towards that part of Wicklow which approaches Baltinglass, are reputed fully equal to that fertile valley on the western bank of the Barrow, which extends from Carlow to Leighlin-bridge—in proof of which, Mr. Watson assured me, that part of the demesne of Janeville, which had been just laid down with oats and grass seed, was then impregnated with seed for the fifth crop, the previous four of which were abundant, without having derived artificial support from any species of manure—the first of these crops, which was sown on the lay, was potatoes, the second was also potatoes, and the residue were oats—but this instance of fertility is by no means solitary in that vein of soil. Part of the lands of Ballintrane, the property of Mr. Garret, now in the occupation of a farmer, have been set, in what is called con-acres, the two last seasons, for £14 per acre!—This may give the reader some idea, either of the immense fertility of the soil, the wealth and population of the country, or the very flattering profits which the farmers of that neighbourhood derive from their dealings with the poor.

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.

Though the County of Carlow is rather distinguished by a gentle undulating surface, than by lofty hills, it contains, nevertheless, a few prominent positions, which command an extensive prospect. From a road which passes over the declivity of one of these, between Janeville and Carlow, called Kilballyhue, I rode over

ploughed fields and ditches to the summit, and from thence enjoyed the prospect of an immense extension of the Wicklow mountains, forming, as you face Carlow, the boundary of a valley on the right, which exhibits to your view the surface of several counties, while the town of Carlow, at the distance of four miles from your position, and the numerous beautiful villas, farm-houses, and cottages, with which the valley on all sides is besprinkled, present to the eye of the traveller a scene at once interesting and extensive.

EDUCATION.

In the parish of Fennagh, I heard of a very good parochial school for the education of the poor, which, to the credit of the surrounding gentry, is liberally supported.

SEATS RESUMED.

Newstown, the seat of Robert Eustace, esq. stands on a hill about three miles east of Tullow, on the road leading from thence to the village of Cloneygall. The house is a plain country building, whose neatness and good position are its best features. The demesne, which at the period of my visit bore the marks of improved agriculture, is enriched by beautiful and extensive plantations, and the gates, lodges, and fences, are judiciously disposed for ornament and protection. This villa looks over a valley by no means picturesque, to the town of Tullow, but the landscape is enclosed by part of the Wicklow mountains on the north-east, and in the opposite direction by those called the Colliery-hills,

in the Queen's County, which at least give the outlines of that scene, an aspect of sublimity.

WOODLANDS, ALTAMONT, AND SHERWOOD-PARK.

Woodlands, late the seat of Colonel Ousley, deceased, and now of Mr. Dowse, a gentleman farmer, is situate on a beautiful elevation above the road which we have just noticed, as opening a communication between Tullow and Cloneygall.

This villa is calculated to attract the attention of the stranger, by its elevated position, by the neat aspect of the edifice, by the verdant beauty of its lawn, and of that evergreen foliage which forms an embroidery to it—by an artificial river and Chinese bridge, over which you pass through the demesne, in your approach to the house, and lastly, by a portion of the Wicklow mountains, whose contiguity to this scene shed upon it a striking influence of grandeur.

Altamont, the seat of the Rev. Henry St. George, and Sherwood-park, that of George Baillie, esq. are two pretty objects, through which you pass in your progress from Newtownbarry to Tullow, but as they do not stand sufficiently high to command an extensive prospect, the influence of their improvements is necessarily confined within a narrow circle of the country.

Among the local beauties of this neighbourhood may be ranked, that of a picturesque glen or valley, through which the Slaney is said to roll its silver current with peculiar magnificence, under the shade of an oak wood on one side, and of a rocky beach on the other; but as the day was far spent when I passed through that neighbourhood, I could not possibly enjoy the observa-

tion of this scene, though from the description given of it by a lady in that neighbourhood, I felt the force of its beauties almost as impressively as if I had seen them *with my eyes!*

SANDBROOK-PARK AND BALLYKEALY.

Sandbrook-park, the seat of Captain Jones, is situated on a perfect plain, as is also that of Ballykealy, the seat of Mrs. Lecky, a disadvantage under which many handsome villas labour in this country, from the frequent flatness of the soil.

Sandbrook-park has, probably, derived its name from a handsome rivulet which passes through these lands, in its progress to Ahade, and over this, within view of the demesne, several neat bridges have been erected which improve the appearance of that place. It commands one view to the Wicklow mountains over the church of Ahade, which is the most interesting prospect in that level landscape, but the effect of this view, is, in great measure lost, by the tameness and inanity of the scene which surrounds it. That the beauty of the church and spire on the plain, as well as the grandeur of the mountains beyond them, might bear upon this scene with due effect, the prospect of the surrounding plain should be precluded, by close plantations on the margin of Sandbrook-park demesne, and an oblong view of the church and distant mountains, *alone*, presented to the spectator from that villa, through a vista or judicious opening in these plantations.

The lands and plantations of Ballykealy, approach those of Sandbrook-park, but have a much more rich and interesting aspect. 'Tis true, Ballykealy commands a

prospect only of its own improvements, but these are so rich and ornamentally distributed, and in conjunction with the neatness of the mansion-house have such a Quaker-like aspect, that nothing seems wanting to complete the pleasures of a rural scene that are not here supplied. We are now speaking of those beauties which present themselves to the spectator from the lawn or drawing-room windows of that seat ; but we did not overlook a green field on the opposite side of the approach, from whence the lover of nature has the prospect of some fine mountain scenery, which in a few moments can be called into view by the inhabitant, in aid of the domestic beauties of the lodge and lawn, and of that refreshing green, which is here so bountifully scattered by nature.

FROM CARLOW TO LEIGHLIN-BRIDGE.

From Carlow I drove by Milford to Leighlin-bridge, and from the hill of Rathvindon,* within half a mile of Leighlin, had an extremely interesting view of that village. The undulating grounds on which this village stands—the verdant elevations on the right and left, through which the road passes, and which, by a parsonage on one summit, and a convent of St. Dominick on the other, is rendered particularly striking—the town, constituting a tolerably large group of slate-houses at the bottom of the valley—the river Barrow, passing in splendour under a bridge of ten arches—the trees, which partially envelope and strikingly beautify this

* Rathvindon hill—the only proper position on the public road for taking a drawing of this scene, corresponding with the above description.

village—the church, which from a lofty position beyond it, sheds the influence of its architectural beauty on the scene; and lastly, the handsome seat of a Mr. Vigors beyond the town. These are the distinct interior features of this landscape, and united to the grandeur of Mount Leinster, Blackstairs, and other mountains which surround the valley, and form the outline of the view, rendered it of too much importance to be wholly overlooked in a detail of the beauties of art and nature in this country.

TULLOW.

I also drove from Carlow to Tullow, a neat market and post town on the banks of the Slaney, about eight miles west of the former. It has a tolerable inland trade, but except a brewery, and perhaps a flour-mill or two in its vicinity, no other manufactory that I heard of.

In the article of public buildings, a Roman Catholic chapel, and convent of religious women, the parish church, an edifice internally neat, but externally mean and unattractive (which stands on an elevated position above the town) and a small sessions'-house, which I did not see, but heard spoken of as a house of paltry appearance, are the principal or only objects in that place. The convent and parish chapel communicate with each other—they constitute an extensive pile of plain architecture, and in relation to their external appearance, the neatness and order of the ground which surrounds them, and their handsome position on the bank of the river, of which the convent commands a pleasing view, they have much the advantage of the establishment. The apart-

ments of the convent are also decently finished, and one of them (designed for a domestic chapel to the community, but) which, at the period of my visit, was the bedchamber of a sick prelate, might measure, as I judged from its appearance, about thirty feet by twenty. In fact those concerns are by much the most respectable in Tullow, and though like most other Roman Catholic establishments, they may trace their origin to the liberality of the country, and its love of ancient usage, yet these springs, in relation to every thing which unites the people of this country to their religion, have latterly become so powerful, as to enable most modern chapels of that sect to outstrip, in the splendour of their appearance, those temples of the establishment which are supported by a tax levied upon the people. We can, however, easily conceive, that 100*l.* levied upon the *generosity* of a country, towards the erection of a building or the promotion of a superstition to which it is attached, will be vastly more efficient in accomplishing that end, than 200*l.* levied by the law for a contrary purpose.

The convent of Tullow is occupied by twelve or fourteen women, apparently of the lower order, who have united themselves in a religious compact, and who, I understand industriously employ themselves in establishing over the infant minds of that neighbourhood, the influence of their religion—they also engage in the meritorious office of literary teachers, so far as to instruct those children committed to their care in the rudiments of English literature, but I saw one female only in that house, whose appearance indicated the rank and qualities of a gentlewoman, who, on enquiry, I found

to have a house of her own, distinct from that of the community, and consequently not, strictly speaking, a member of their order.

On applying to the superior of this house for permission to look at the apartments, and for information relative to their order, I was informed that the Bishop* should be consulted; whose politeness, however, on the occasion, was carried much farther than I wished; for mother Catharine, which is the superior's name, immediately returned, and desiring me to follow her, conducted me without further ceremony into the Bishop's presence, an honour to which, as his Lordship was indisposed, I by no means aspired, and which was rendered additionally painful to my feelings, by his exertions to arise from his chair and receive me in an attitude of marked civility, though in a state of great weakness.

While in this district I met with several pleasing and unpleasing incidents, the latter of which, as they would reflect strongly on some individual characters, and even of travelling history are but the scum, we shall suppress; but as a useful general remark may sometimes be deduced from particular incidents, I shall beg leave to say, that, the most unpleasant incidents which I have met with in the course of my travels, were those which were evidently pointed against my *person*, on the ground of hostility to my *principles*, an evil quality in the mind, to obtain redemption from which, every great and good man will hail the progress of reformation as a saviour. We are not ignorant of the interests which, in this

* Dr. Delaney, late Bishop of Leighlin and Kildare.

country, lead to the preservation and improvement of those infernal prejudices, which prepare the heart of man for every act of cruelty and hostility to his fellow. We have amply witnessed them, and, in some instances, the knowledge of their baneful character have been forced upon us by painful experience. There are principles entertained among us, which on the ground of their hostility to freedom, (I can say as an individual to whom truth and liberty are dear,) I both detest and abhor, and yet I should esteem myself a demon, if, on this account, I was capable of injuring the persons of those who have unhappily sucked in this poison. This sentiment of equity is, however, the last which promises to become universal in this country; and hence a person who had presumed to speak his thoughts freely on those subjects, was told, by way of apology for some bad treatment which he had received, in consequence thereof, at an inn, where the necessity of his circumstances obliged him to set up, that, it was the principles he had uttered and was known to entertain which had procured him this treatment, and not from any hostility or disaffection to his person!!——In answer to this we have only to say, regardless whether such prejudices as these should be propagated by popish, by calvinistic, by methodistic, or by any other traders in spiritual merchandize, (and this observation is not intended to militate against any good principle or practice of those sects) from the power of such bigots, and the influence of their dark and detestable minds, good Lord deliver us, and may every friend of liberty lift up his hand and say, AMEN.

PUBLIC EVENT.

On the night of the 19th of April, 1814, I had the pleasure of witnessing the rejoicings which took place in Carlow, in consequence of those events which have recently astonished the world, and we trust have paved the way for a general peace in Europe.* I cannot think of those events, and of the destiny of Buonaparte, without feeling my understanding and senses overwhelmed with surprise. The man who dethroned kings and created monarchs at pleasure, who dictated law to the continent and subsidized it by his word, to be at length banished to a little island on the margin of a kingdom, which he had considered as an inferior branch of his dominions but a few days prior to his disgrace, is a circumstance well calculated to overwhelm the human faculties with surprise. Fifteen or twenty years so pregnant with astonishing matter, or so productive of awful calamities to a large portion of the globe, as that which has just closed with the disgrace of Buonaparte, has, probably, not yet appeared in the records of our fluctuating world. Within that time a new dynasty was established in France and Sweden—within that time the continent of Europe was conquered or rendered subservient to the will of a soldier of fortune, who had risen to the rank of Emperor of France and King of Italy; and in the same period, through the valour and steady conduct of Great Britain and her allies, the dejected spirit of

* Such was the aspect of affairs at the time of writing this memoir, but the scene of vicissitude continues, and it seems beyond the reach of human sagacity to determine its conclusion.

Europe was made to revive, and rally its forces under the command of an Irish officer, who attacked this new Emperor, dispossessed him by piece-meal of his territories, beat him in many pitched battles, drove him from the countries he had conquered into France, pursued him there, and ultimately took his capital, imposing upon him the sentence of banishment into Elba, a little island on the confines of Italy, once a branch only of his immense empire.

On the subject of this extraordinary revolution, a French writer addressed a letter to the editors of the Paris papers, of which the following extract well deserves to be perpetuated :

“ Not a single Frenchman has forgotten what he owes to the Prince Regent of England, and the noble people who have so deeply contributed to our deliverance. The standard of Elizabeth floated in the armies of Henry IV—it re-appears in the battalions that restore us to Louis XVIII. We are too sensible of glory not to admire Lord Wellington, who retraces in so striking a manner the virtues and the talents of our Turenne.

“ Are we not moved to tears, when we see this truly great man promise, on our retreat from Portugal, two guineas for each French prisoner that should be brought in alive. *By the sole moral force of his character*, more even than by the vigor of military discipline, he suspended miraculously, on entering our provinces, the resentment of the Portuguese and the vengeance of the Spaniards.”

FROM CARLOW TO BAGNELSTOWN.

From Carlow I proceeded to Bagnelstown, alias Mona-

beg, a picturesque village on the banks of the Barrow, about eight miles south of that town, and eleven north of Kilkenny. Though many of the houses have a respectable aspect, and the village is composed of several streets, yet it is not a post town, nor has the patent granted by government for two annual fairs and a weekly market, produced all that benefit to the place, which might be expected from its situation on the banks of a navigable river, and in a country remarkable for its property and population. These circumstances, however, contribute, in conjunction with Mr. Newton's liberal treatment of his tenantry, to the improvement of the place. Indeed the very aspect of this village bespeaks the character of its landlord; for if the people did not receive adequate encouragement, they would neither have had the ability nor the inclination to erect such good houses as those which we now see at Bagnelstown. But although the infant markets of this place are but thinly attended, yet we see the proofs of a tolerable home trade, in the aspect of several good shops with which this village is furnished. It is also the seat of that famous flour-mill of the Messieurs Weld, which we have already noticed in our estimate of the establishments on this river. And beside those advantages, it has a brewery, the property of a Mr. — Murphy; and Mr. Singleton, a respectable trader who resides here, and manufactures some marble quarries in the neighbourhood, has no less than sixteen or eighteen trading boats on the river.

This village, in addition to its picturesque situation on the banks of the Barrow, and the many good houses which compose it, receives considerable augmentation of

beauty from the flour-mill above noticed, the mansion-house and demesne of Mr. Newton, (son-in-law and heir of the late Mr. Bagnell) the handsome villa of Mrs. Mulhallin, on a bank beautifully elevated above the river, and from several other neat lodges in the immediate vicinity of the town—it derives also from some monuments of antiquity in the country near it, an auxiliary influence of grandeur. Among these are two castles within a short distance of the town, one of which, on that part of the Latouche estate called Ballymoon, encloses a green platform of one hundred and thirty feet by one hundred and twenty, and stands tolerably well situated for commanding the attention of the traveller, on several roads in the vicinity of that village. The upper part of this edifice, together with the interior divisions, have long since fallen and been removed, and from ten to thirty feet in height, of the outer walls, with the area they enclose, remain the only vestiges of its original greatness.

The other castle (which, I think, is situate on the lands of Ballyloughan, part of Mr. Bruen's estate in that neighbourhood) within about three miles of Bagnellstown, is vastly less extensive than that at Ballymoon, but it unites with the ancient timber of Corris-house, on Mr. Rudkin's estate, and with two or three villas of modern appearance in the same neighbourhood, to enliven the drive to Corris, which otherwise would be rather flat and insipid.

The country from Corris-house to Sliguff, the seat of Mr. Murphy, (one of the proprietors of Ballyellon-mill, and also one of the most scientific farmers in that neighborhood) includes part of an extensive hill, or chain of

elevated ground between Ballinacarig and Borris, which has been noticed as a corn soil and sheep walk of the first class in this county—On entering a decent farm-house, on a portion of that lofty chain, included in the Latouche estate, I enquired of the honest woman who presided there, whether Colonel Latouche, was her landlord? upon which, lifting up her eyes in a posture of devotion towards the ethereal heavens, she exclaimed with religious fervor, “Glory be to God, he is”—A volume was included in this, and I said no more; but this gentleman’s character is not dependent upon the solitary testimony of an individual on his estate—it is the common echo of that country, as from the cheap lands they hold under him and their consequent comforts, in connection with his liberal donations to their schools and chapels, well it may; and truly, to hear of a landlord, thus acting the part of a guardian angel to his people, was life and pleasure to my heart.

From Bagnelstown (in the neighborhood of which village I continued for several days,) I drove to Gore’s-bridge and Borris, two pretty villages on the banks of the Barrow.

VILLAGE OF GORE’S-BRIDGE.

Gore’s-bridge, so called from the name of the Gore family, whose property it is, is situate about five miles south of Bagnelstown, on the road leading from thence to New Ross. It is an infant settlement, inferior in extent to Bagnelstown, and vastly inferior in beauty; but from its position on the river Barrow, and proximity to the public roads between Dublin and the cities of Kilkenny and Waterford, it may be considered as equally well

circumstanced for trade—It presents to the spectator a few good houses, in conjunction with a much larger number of inferior appearance, but there are many beautiful seats and several extensive mills in its vicinity—Among these latter, a flour-mill, the property of Mr. Phelan, as also a brewery that of Mr. Burroughs, (whose dwelling-house in the main-street is by much the best edifice in the village) may be considered as useful appendages to that place.

THE GORE'S-BRIDGE LANDSCAPE.

The landscape of Gore's-bridge is bounded by Mount Leinster, Blackstairs, Brandon-hill, and a chain of elevated ground, the name of which I could not ascertain with precision. Among the various objects which contribute to the beauty of this scene, Mount Loftus, the seat of Sir Edward Loftus, bart. may be ranked as one of the first importance—It is the most attractive object which presents itself to the eye of the traveller, in his progress from Bagnelstown by the royal oak inn to this village—Mount Loftus stands considerably elevated above the general level of the country, about two miles south of Gore's-bridge, under the shadow of Brandon-hill, which covers it on the rere—In addition to its beautiful elevation, and the grandeur of that object under which it reposes, Mount Loftus sheds upon the plain beneath, and on the river by which that plain is fertilized, a ray of brightness and an influence of verdure, charms which emanate from the white aspect of its lofty edifice, and from those evergreen groves which enrich its sides and its summit. The drive from the royal oak inn to Gore's-bridge, in view of this object, is highly gratifying—

The river rolling its splendid wave through a landscape rendered magnificent by mountain scenery, and additionally picturesque by many handsome villas, some of which are scattered through the country, and others concentrated on the banks of the river, was well calculated to soothe into composure, the cares and anxieties of a breast, which is oft, very oft indeed, the repository of painful feeling—So far, however, as depended upon the beauty of the country, and upon the conduct of Sir Edward Loftus, (and I might add various other respectable inhabitants,) this anxiety was by no means augmented; but the performance of a civil action seems natural to that gentleman, whose frank and open temper productive of kind offices, appear to have procured for him, the almost universal good will of his neighborhood.

The villa of Colonel Gore, from its sequestered situation in a valley at the foot of Mount Loftus, is not a conspicuous object in the landscape we have just noticed—This gentleman is proprietor of Gore's-bridge, and is reputed one of the most skilful and experienced farmers in this part of Ireland.

SOIL.

The soil in the County of Carlow, from the best information I could derive from conversation with the inhabitants, and from a partial survey of the county, is composed, chiefly, of three classes—Limestone, which is fertile of corn and also constitutes a good sheep walk—A clay soil, which is grassy and good for *store* cattle; and lastly, bottom or moory ground, which is by far the most limited class in the county, but when properly

drained, and thickly surface-dressed with a compost of clay and lime, will produce four tons of hay to the acre, but neglected and unimproved, will not produce even half that quantity—In these principal classes, the elevated chain of fertile soil which we have recently noticed, is not included—It takes its rise above the river Burn, at a place called Ballinacarrig, and extends from thence to Borris, a village on the S. W. margin of this county, and near the E. margin of Kilkenny—This valuable vein of soil, forms a part of the Bruen, Bagnell and Latouche estates, it is composed of a fine mold on a substratum of granite rock, and for corn and sheep feeding is reputed superior to all other soils in that county.

For the purpose of feeding heavy black stock, that fertile valley which extends along the western bank of the Barrow from Carlow to Leighlin-bridge, may be equalled, but is not exceeded by any other portion of this district, and in point of natural beauty and artificial improvement, we have already noticed the character of this neighborhood.

The soil in this county being generally dry, experienced farmers observe that it is always most fruitful in moist seasons—That which comes under the head of limestone soil, will produce, they say, after a potatoe crop, fifteen or twenty barrels of barley to the acre, a statement which, if correct, places this class of the Carlow soil in a scale of superiority to that of Kildare, its neighboring county—In point of quantity it is also more fertile of wheat, but this produce of the soil being subject (in certain parts of the county) to smut or mildew from which the wheat of Kildare is generally exempt, the latter has, consequently, the advantage of Carlow, in the *quality* of this article—It is, however, necessary

to observe, that the wheat market of Athy, which supplies so many bolting mills in the surrounding country with this valuable grain, may have a considerable influence in determining the character of the Kildare soil, in this instance; but the market of Athy is supplied from several parts of the Queen's County as well as that of Kildare, and hence the former comes in for a share of the reputation which this market, both for the quality and quantity of its wheat, has justly acquired in that part of Ireland.

QUARRIES.

The County of Carlow contains quarries of a very well known flag, which bears its name, and which is principally found in a range of elevated ground which extends from the townland of Leighlin, near Leighlin-bridge in that county, to the County of Kilkenny, within the precincts of which, by much the larger number of those quarries have been found—These flags which are usually converted into chimney-pieces and hearth-stones, are mostly of a light texture and slate colour, and from the cheapness of their price are very well calculated for ordinary use, the price, including the workmanship and erection, seldom exceeding £1 : 14s : 1hd.; accordingly we find, as a cheap convenience, they are not only in common use in the counties where they originate, but also as an article of trade, have been sent in quantity to Dublin, Waterford, and other sea-ports of the island—They are also occasionally exported to Liverpool by a Mr. Barton, an inhabitant of the County of Kilkenny, who is a trader in this article. This county is also famous for a species of limestone marble,

calculated for tomb-stones, callico printing flags, and other uses—The Wexford farmers, whose recent application to the improvement of their grounds, has raised the state of agriculture in that county many degrees above its former level, (having now a considerable surplus of grain to dispose of) draw off from this county, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles from their own residence, immense quantities of the lime which is manufactured from this rock or slab, and also from a species of limestone denominated lime-pebble, from its size, which is that of an ordinary paving-stone; and of these also there are many valuable banks in the County of Carlow.

GREEN-CROPS.

I have observed in my passage through this County, that green crops are comparatively but little cultivated—On enquiring the cause of this surprizing omission, I was told by Mr. M——, an extensive agriculturist near Bagnelstown, that the difficulty of preserving those crops from depredation, was, he presumed, the principal reason. It would, however, be easy to place a watchman on those crops, and surely the advantages resulting from them (provided there was no necessity to watch the watchman,) would amply repay the proprietor for this trifling incumbrance——The necessity of improving the land by a preparation of those crops, is still more imperative to the Wexford than to the Carlow farmer, from the defective resources of his soil, and yet it is, comparatively, but little practised there also, a circumstance the more surprizing, as from the industrious character of this people, we should ex-

pect them to adopt with facility, every invention calculated to save expence, and to promote the independence of their domestic resources.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Before my departure from Carlow I went to see one of those famous stone pillars, denominated Druid's altars in this country—It stands on the estate of Browne's-hill, and from its immense weight and curious position may be considered as a natural curiosity—It rests in a leaning posture (calculated for sacrifice, of course) on three or four upright stones or pedestals, and from its enormous appearance may be supposed to weigh about fifty tons—The elevation of this gigantic object above the surface of the earth, has no doubt, given birth to several ideas which border on the marvellous, and hence some have denominated this stone (in common with several others of that kind in Ireland,) a druid's altar; but without entering into this uncertain tradition, or having recourse to the age of the giants for a solution of the difficulty, I would infer, that the original bed of this extraordinary stone, was a moat or elevated point of earth, which being excavated under the rock, and pillars of sufficient strength shifted in, this unwieldy body may have continued for many ages in its present posture, while our ancestors (who perhaps took pleasure in leaving behind them some monuments of their *supernatural* force) having removed from around it every trace of elevated earth, conveyed to their posterity, in the most plausible form, this striking argument of their pretensions to superior power.

FROM CARLOW TO BORRIS.

My last excursion in this county (previous to entering on the inspection of Kilkenny) was from Carlow to Borris, a village which we have already noticed as being situate on the S. W. margin of this County and eastern border of the County of Kilkenny—It stands on an extensive estate of Walter Cavanagh, esq. whose splendid demesne on the confines of this village, constitutes the principal feature of its beauty—My circumstances, however, for the inspection of this object, happened to turn out extremely unfortunate, for at the rural inn of that village I became much indisposed, and for two or three days which I happened to spend here, had neither strength nor spirits to attempt a description of this seat, the beauties of which, to be individually and collectively defined, would require to be surveyed from several surrounding positions, as their variety, and the large domestic district which they cover, preclude the possibility of comprehending them from any given point.

Borris, is situate on the banks of the Barrow, nearly central between Carlow and Ross, and in by much the most wild and unimproved tract of country in the region of that river; it has no public buildings, charitable institutions or other eminent establishments, that I know of, to give it distinction in the history of this district.

I was sorry to hear from an inhabitant of this village that two or three strangers of the Quaker community, who had visited this place and attempted to hold a public meeting in it, were grossly insulted by the populace, who assaulted them with eggs and even stones in the public street, a proceeding which no one interfered to

prevent—So much for liberty of conscience!—So much for the reception given by a certain class of the population of this country to a people, whom Mr. Finlay, in one of his speeches at the catholic board, denominated, “the best people whom God had ever sent upon the earth!”

We shall close our observations on Carlow with a brief remark for the information of the stranger—A considerable portion of the beauties of this county will be found concentrated on the banks of the Barrow, between the town of Carlow and the village of Borris, as those of Meath are concentrated on the banks of the Boyne, between Bellinter and the town of Drogheda—The County of Carlow, however, differs from that of Meath, in another feature of its history, viz.—A considerable portion of the latter is distributed in large parcels in the hands of a few extensive graziers—A considerable portion of the former is divided among a thriving and extensive tenantry.

CHAP. XVI.

Author's entrance into the County of Kilkenny—Passes through Graigue-ne-managh, a Village on the banks of the Barrow—Visits Kilfane and Summer-hill in his progress to Thomas-town—Description of those interesting objects—Of Mount Juliet, the splendid Seat of the Earl of Carrick—Visits the Merino-factory on the King's river—Trade and situation of Thomastown, briefly noticed—Visits Woodstock, on the banks of the Nore, the seat of Wm. Tighe, esq. M.P. for the County of Wicklow—Author witnesses an affecting scene in one of his rural excursions—Description of the City of Kilkenny and its neighborhood—Of the country from thence to Three-castles and Freshford—Visits Kells, Callan, Urlingford and Johnstown—Famous Spa of Ballyspellin, near this latter Village, noticed.—Proceeds from Johnstown to Durrow, and from thence to Ballinakill in the Queen's County—Returns to the Northern district of Kilkenny, and visits the Coal-mines at Castlecomer—Visits Kilkenny a second time, and passing through the southern district of this County up to the City of Waterford, concludes his inspection of Kilkenny.

FROM Borris I proceeded, by the Glebe-house of Mr. Alcock, a clergyman of the establishment, to Graigue-ne-managh, in the County of Kilkenny, a village prettily situated on the banks of the Barrow, in the bottom of a valley at the foot of Brandon-hill—Mount

Leinster and Blackstairs unite with this beautiful object in forming a kind of semicircle around the village, with which they appear to come in closer contact than with any other town or village in that district.* If the sides and summits of those stupendous objects, and the lands between them and the Barrow, were ornamentally planted, I know of no village whatever, that would present the traveller with a finer picturesque scene, than that of Graigue, notwithstanding the aspect of the surrounding country is extremely wild and unimproved—The village, though with a few exceptions, composed of poor houses and shabby cabins, has the advantage of a very handsome church, and one of the most elegant abbeys (recently modified into a chapel) which until then I had seen in the progress of my tour—In the re-construction of this elegant gothic edifice (the interior arches of which would surprize the beholder) two of the workmen were unfortunately killed, and two of those who had the temerity to succeed them in ascending those great arches, fell from their position and were dangerously wounded.

In your approach to the town, from Mr. Adcock's house, the banks of the Barrow present you with some pleasing elevations ornamentally planted, and from a prominent position which covers the village, and commands a view of the spire of the church, with the valley in which it is situate ornamented by the crystal surface of the Barrow, and bounded by the lofty Brandon, you will have the observation of a scene, which notwith-

* See the Graigue-ne-managh landscape, from the hill beyond that village, as you drive to Kilfane by Coppengh—It is the proper position for taking a drawing of this scene.

standing the wildness of the surrounding country, you will feel interesting.

I should have noticed in my description of Carlow, that the approach to various farm-houses in that county, is usefully and elegantly guarded by stone-piers and iron-gates; an appendage which until my entrance into this county, I did not see attached to concerns of the same character—When with the beauty of this plan, we unite its economy, we feel justified in giving it a place in an estimate of the progress of improvement in that county.

From Graigue-ne-managh I drove to Thomastown in the same county, by Coppengagh-hill, Summer-hill and Kilfane, a road, so far as Coppengagh at least, the most mutilated, rough and rocky which I had ever before witnessed in Ireland—Here, in one space of about twenty perches, I saw eighty or a hundred heaps of stones, which from the compressed appearance of the scattered stones around them, might have lain in that neglected state for several months, while the horrid chasms and numerous car tracks of near a foot deep, extending for several miles towards Coppengagh, proclaimed in characters of deep affliction to the traveller, the inattention of the people to the country's improvement.

Having, however, arrived at Coppengagh-gap, and wiped off the heavy dew propelled from my heart, by the severe penance through which I had passed on the road from thence to Graigue, I came within view of Kilfane and Summer-hill, the beauty of whose improvements, in some degree recompensed me for the trials of my journey, one of which was, that of the oversetting

of my gig-cart, at the entrance of that shocking road we have noticed.

SUMMER-HILL.

Summer-hill, the seat of Mr. Davis, (a gentleman farmer of high respectability,) is a neat villa, the selection of whose position, independent of its other improvements, is sufficient to recommend it to the attention of the traveller—The house stands on a beautiful elevation, over a valley enriched by the plantations of Kilfane, and enclosed on the east, by Brandon-hill, Coppenagh, Suckermore, Slievcorragh and Mount Leinster; and north west of these, there is an extensive plain, ornamented by the spire or round tower of Tullow, the castles of Neigham and Kibline, the chapel of Tullow, the seats of Castlefield and Blackwell-lodge, that of Burnet-hill, the residence of Reverend Doctor Butler, *an emineat breeder of Merino sheep*, Danesfort, the seat of Mr. Weyms, collector and late mayor of Kilkenny, and by many other beautiful villas which enrich the extensive and almost circular landscape which surrounds this seat.

KILFANE.

Kilfane, the seat of John Power, esq. is by much the most rich and beautiful feature of this neighborhood—The house, composed of a centre and two wings, is an edifice elegant in its exterior appearance, but vastly more so in the beauty of its apartments, which are furnished and ornamented with paintings, in a stile of elegance suitable to the grandeur of this seat—The demesne is enriched by a vast quantity of aged elm, chesnut, and

other valuable timber; and beautified in conjunction with these, by a vast variety of Scotch and spruce-fir, larch, birch, and other ornamental timber; the plantations composed of which, are not only the principal ornament of the valley of Kilfane, but even tend to enrich the mountain scene comprehensible in a view from Summer-hill, by their extension to a range of elevated ground at the foot of Coppengagh—this elevated wing of the plantations, which forms the grand outpost of Kilfane demesne, on the declivity of one of those heights, over which you pass in your descent from Graigue-nemanagh to this valley, may justly be considered as one of the most striking features in the topography of that neighborhood—It may be worth while, in addition to what has been said on the outline and general aspect of this demesne, as they are contemplated from the roads and surrounding mountains, to notice a little more particularly, one or two features which invite inspection on the spot, without which they cannot be seen or known at all by the stranger; and these are, the aspect of the lawn on the southern wing of the house, to the contemplation of which, you pass through as beautiful a saloon or drawing-room, as any stranger, for rest, pleasure, or domestic prospect, need wish to visit—From the glass door of this apartment, you have the intimate view of a rich plantation, shedding the influence of its evergreen foliage on the surrounding lawn, and on a river which, romantic by nature, but here rendered singularly beautiful by art, takes its variegated course through beds of rock to this elegant receptacle, where it presents to the view of the spectator in the drawing-room, the tranquillizing charms of its expansive bosom.

But of the various features of beauty which mark this place, that of Mrs. Power's cottage (near the foot of those elevated grounds which separate the valley from that wild region of country which we have noticed beyond Coppenagh,) deserves particular attention—It is situate at the distance of about one Irish mile from the mansion-house (a walk rather too far) on a beautiful verdant area, surrounded by perpendicular rocks and elevated grounds thickly planted with ornamental timber—The plot also on which it stands, is beautified by tall spruce trees, laurels, laburnams, and other ornamental shrubs, but with adequate open space for the observation of the romantic objects which surround it, and of which, the river, passing through the centre of the plot, and murmuring to its rocky bed, is not the least interesting—This seat of rural felicity has three apartments on the ground floor, and immediately beneath the roof, one—Of the former, that called the drawing-room, ornamentally decorated, is by much the largest—It is capable of receiving a company of thirty persons, a number which has been frequently entertained at tea and cold dinners, by Mr. Power and his lady—Though the dwelling-house of Kilfane commands the prospect only of those beauties which surround it, yet from the wood ranger's lodge, and other good positions on the demesne, a considerable tract of country lyes in full prospect—Concerning this, however, I can speak only from information, as the day was far spent when I left the cottage to proceed in the prosecution of my tour, and consequently could not enjoy those views with convenience—Before we conclude the description of this scene, it is necessary to notice, that among the beautiful

appendages of this cottage, that of a cataract which descends into the valley from one of those rocky mountains we have noticed, in full view of the spectator in the cottage drawing-room, is by no means the least interesting, and in the same wall of rock, near the cataract, a cavity, with very little art, has been formed into a grotto, which affords from the heat of a vertical sun, a cool and curious asylum.

SOIL.

The soil in the vicinity of Summer-hill and Kilfane, is a dark rich clay on a sub-stratum of limestone rock or quarry, something similar to that fertile ridge which we have recently noticed in the County of Carlow. It is good for sheep feeding, and wholesome for every kind of corn, but particularly wheat, of which grain, sound and well-coloured, it produces on an average about seven barrels to the acre, the soil being rather more remarkable for the good quality than great quantity of its produce.

MOUNT JULIET.

Mount Juliet, the seat of the Earl of Carrick, about two miles south-west of Thomastown, and seventeen north of Waterford, is one of those grand objects which enrich and ornament the surface of this county, now (in common with some other districts of the island) steadily, though slowly elevating itself in the scale of British improvement. The plantations of this splendid demesne are composed of ash, elm, and beech trees, many of which are full grown, and are as beautifully distributed, as they are valuable in their qualities.—

The grand and picturesque grounds which they embellish, extend, on the north, to the road which opens a communication between Callan and Gowran, and on the south, to that between Thomastown and Callan, and measure, by a recent survey, seven hundred and thirty-five Irish acres.

This demesne is beautified by the river Nore, which rolls its silver current, in view of the inhabitant of the drawing-room, within a few perches of a verdant bank which sustains the mansion-house; and from the same position there is a very fine prospect over the river to the elevated grounds of Monteyenmore, Coppengagh and Brandon, the interest of which view is considerably heightened, by a ruin called Legan-castle, which stands on a position beyond the river well circumstanced for observation. This, however, happens to be the only valuable prospect from Mount Juliet house, the beauty of which edifice is totally concealed from the traveller on the roads, by the comparatively low position on which it has been erected. At the rear of this edifice there is a prominent piece of land, which, in my humble judgment, would have been a much superior site for commanding an observation of the country.

On the distant bank of the river, from the summit of a pleasing elevation called the deer-park, Mount Juliet house is seen to advantage, and Noreland, the seat of Mr. Bailey, to still greater, as being more proudly elevated above the landscape. From hence also you see the celebrated Merino-factory, on the King's-river, and several pretty villas which enliven the surrounding country.

The agricultural department is carried on here, so

far as I could judge from information and the elegant aspect of the tillage fields, in a stile highly creditable to that concern, but as to the kinds and quality of the stock, and other circumstances connected with the history of the farm, I can say little, nor do I feel qualified to attempt a description of the interior structure and order of the mansion-house, having seen one apartment only, which (in common with the other rooms in front of that house) commands the prospect we have noticed to Monteyenmore, Coppenagh, and Brandon, over the river Nore and Legan castle.

MERINO-FACTORY.

The Merino woollen factory on the King's river, about seven miles south-east of Kilkenny, is an object of the highest importance to the trading interests of this county. The proprietors are Messieurs Nowlan, Shaw and Co. the well-known firm which obtained, at the Dublin Society shew of woollen cloth, in the April of 1814, no less than five premiums for the following classes of their manufacture.

First, for superfine black broad cloth, manufactured of Merino-wool, the growth of Ireland.

Secondly, for drab cassimere, manufactured of the same species.

Thirdly, for green pelise-cloth, thus manufactured.

Fourthly, for olive broad-cloth of Merino, on South Down.

And Fifthly, for brown-cloth, of wool unblended with Merino.

This, in a county hitherto remarkable only for the manufacture of blankets and other coarse woollen cloths,

is a good step towards attaining British improvement, and we notice it with pride and pleasure, as an example worthy the imitation of other counties.

As we have entered briefly into the subject of manufactures, it is an imperative duty to remark, that, with the progress of improvement in the mode of finishing goods for market, the strength and substance of those goods have unfortunately diminished ; and this remark is not confined to the woollen manufacture, but extends also to the linen and callico departments. The present point of skill appears to be, that of making the largest quantity of goods out of the smallest quantity of raw material ; a system, against which we enter our protest, well knowing, that goods of light fabric can never prove so serviceable to our countrymen, as those which derive strength and substance from an adequate quantity of yarn well sent home, and that it is vastly more the interest of the country to encourage a solid than a superficial manufacture, though, in consequence thereof, its productions should be more expensive.*

* In the coarse department of the woollen manufacture, there are some very strong goods made in Ireland ; nor does the author mean by entering his protest against light goods, to become hostile to the manufacturers profit. Let the latter charge a fair price, but let the goods be strong, particularly those intended for the middle and lower classes of society, say from one guinea per yard and under. Against the light structure of these classes, the author wages open and avowed hostility, but not against the best colours and the best press-work, in which Irish manufacturers can clothe these articles. Let us therefore do our utmost to rival the English in the perfection of their finish, but let us not imitate their skill in *spinning out a vast number of yards out of a small quantity of yarn.*

The Merino-factory being only a few years working, and consequently in the infancy of its progress, I think it reasonable to conclude, from the cloth and colours which I saw, that this house will soon rival, in its manufactures, the best productions of Manchester.

THOMASTOWN.

Thomastown, in the County of Kilkenny, is a market and post-town on the river Nore, about twelve miles north-west of Ross, nine south-west of Kilkenny, and eighteen south-west of Waterford. It has, without lands or any other immunities, that I heard of, the name of a corporate-town, and the name only, as the gentleman deputed to the sovereignty of this place, resides at another mock corporation; where (if one might judge from the absurd parochial battles of the blue coated savages who frequent their fairs) the cultivating hand of education, and the renewed exertions of the magistracy are much wanting. These important springs of civilization, if put into effect, and aided by the progress of manufactures, would soon produce an important alteration in the aspect of our uncivilized districts, and should these humble pages, in conjunction with those of greater weight, have the smallest tendency to maintain that stimulus to improvement, which by the encouragement of the Dublin Society, and other public bodies, has operated with a certain proportion of effect on the genius of the nation, we shall not repine at the humility of that station, or the pain attendant on those labours, by which so glorious a cause is promoted, though the grand spring of national industry and hap-

piness, must be kept in motion by causes of a much higher nature.

The village of Thomastown, comprizing several small streets, is composed, for the most part, of tolerably good slated houses; it has also a tan-yard, two breweries, double that number of flour-mills and several good shops; so that Thomastown is a place of some trade. Public coaches, plying between the cities of Dublin and Kilkenny, pass through this town, and open an easy communication with these cities, while to the town of New Ross, which is a sea-port, the Nore offers its inhabitants a convenient passage by water. This river, which passes by the interesting village of Innistioge, in its progress towards Ross, is navigable for boats of small burthen from Thomastown to this port; of course a profitable and satisfactory communication with it, and with the port of Waterford from thence, could be maintained by the Thomastown traders, if furnished with suitable accommodation. It happens, however, that this useful class of persons have no trackline for *horses* on the banks of the Nore, and hence are obliged to employ *a much weaker and worse conducted creature* to drag their mercantile flotillas to port; and of the interruptions which their trade suffers from the rebellious and disorderly conduct of this latter animal, they complain loudly. It is however to be hoped, that they would soon be delivered from this grievance, if the conductors of our inland navigation were made properly acquainted with their circumstances.

From two or three positions around this village, the latter, in connection with its adjoining landscape, has, upon the whole, a picturesque appearance.

One of these positions, is a hill above the town, on the road to Waterford, from whence you have an intimate view of the village in the valley, and an interesting observation of the Nore, extending itself (in its progress to the bridge) in two branches, which enclose a beautiful green platform, at the remote extremity of which it again unites, and passes under the bridge, in its progress to Innistioge.

From the chapel ground and elsewhere, at the other end of the town, there is an interesting landscape within view, of which the hill of Carrickmoran, the castle of Dangan on the plain, and a plantation of Mr. Power, are the principal features; and in a valley near this position is the celebrated cottage of Dangan, the seat of Mrs. Bushe, a little object, which the traveller notwithstanding one defect, which may be corrected, will certainly find worth visiting. The defect of which we speak refers to the border of a young plantation on the lawn, which in a line parallel with the river, partially intercepts the view over that object, to the hill, the castle of Dangan, and the plantation of Mr. Power, which have been just noticed. This profusion of foliage on the lawn, somehow or other, obtruded on our thoughts, notwithstanding the evident elegance of the place, the notion of a citizen's villa, who in his zeal, good man, for the improvement of his little box, stuffs his lawn with trees and ornamental shrubs, because they look green, but never reflects, that by this profusion of ornament he is shutting out the grandeur of nature. The moss-house of this place, composed of an elevated and a subterranean apartment, exceeded, in point of beauty

and variety, every thing of that kind which I had seen in the progress of my travels.

Praise, when you *can*—

But when you *must*—condemn.

Near this town, and not far remote from the river, is the well-known abbey and castle of Gerpoint. The castle, in excellent preservation notwithstanding its age, stands on a plain, surrounded by the ruins of the abbey, near the public road which leads from Thomastown to Waterford; and from its extent and the open country in which it is situate, may justly be considered as one of the principal ornaments of that neighbourhood. Mr. Hunt, an active and useful magistrate for the County of Kilkenny, at whose house I spent an hour or two much to my satisfaction, resides near it.

There are several objects in the immediate vicinity of the abbey, which increase the interest of that spot. Of these the flour-mill and decent lodge of Mr. M'Cowen, a man of correct character, attracted my notice, as a model of neatness.

From Thomastown I drove to Woodstock, and in my progress, lodged a night at Firgrove, the seat of Mr. Robins, a good citizen, an active magistrate, and a tolerably extensive agriculturist in this county. His plan for making good tenants, I thought a little remarkable, and deserving of commemoration. When he lets a farm, he engages to allow his tenant the full value of all the manure which he shall be able to draw upon the land which he has rented, for five successive years. At the expiration of this time, the tenant, finding himself sufficiently instructed by his own interests to maintain

the condition of his ground, Mr. R—— both in his tenant and in his land, is from thenceforth rendered perfectly secure.

The roads, in some parts of this rural district, I found extremely bad.

WOODSTOCK.

Woodstock, the seat of William Tighe, esq. (a gentleman who represents the County of Wicklow in Parliament, who has favoured the world with a learned survey of Kilkenny, the county of his residence, and is brother-in-law to Mrs. Tighe, the amiable and much-lamented author of *Psyche*) is situate on grounds which gradually elevate themselves above the river Nore, about eight miles north-west of Ross, and fourteen south-east of Kilkenny. It is a seat remarkable for the value and variety of its woods, which extend with incomparable grandeur along the distant margin of the Nore, as you proceed from Innistioge to Ross, and of that section of the country, may be justly considered the most magnificent ornament. The cottage, in the centre of those woods, constitutes an interesting retreat to the family and friends of Woodstock. The apartments are not so *picturesquely* decorated as those of the drawing-room of Kilfane cottage, but the furniture is more in character. Wooden chairs and tables, dressers and cupboards, ornamented with buff delf, and a neat book shelf, with a few dozen of octavos and duodecimos, constitute the furniture of this place. Kilfane cottage may exceed that of Woodstock, in the variety and vivacity of its *pictures*, but Woodstock exceeds Kilfane, on the ground of its chaste and characteristic simplicity.

Woodstock cottage stands on the summit of a craggy rock, over a deep glen, (and may therefore be denominated an Alpine cottage,) the elevated banks on each side of which are richly covered with wood, while the murmuring of a rivulet which passes through the glen, and forms a very interesting waterfall, above the cottage, is completely in unison with those other objects which conspire to produce upon the senses the effects of nature.

From the lawn and avenue of Woodstock, the eye looks over a rich and picturesque landscape, covered with lofty plantations, enlivened by the village of Innistioge, and fertilized by the waters of the Nore. A neat bridge with ten arches passes over the river. The town of Innistioge is on the left of this bridge; the country beyond those objects elevates with considerable beauty, and the scene terminates with Kilkeran, Brandon-hill, and other majestic mountains, which nod with gigantic majesty over the charms of the valley.

The town or village of Innistioge has many features to recommend it to the attention of the Tourist—it has the ruin of an ancient abbey, and a castle attached thereto in good preservation. The latter constitutes the belfry of the adjoining church; and with this venerable group the grave-yard uniting, as also the river at the north end of the town, a little castle called the court-house on its bank, and several handsome trees which diffuse the influence of their foliage on the modest habitations of the village, conspired to shed upon this object such an air of antiquity and rural beauty, as it was almost impossible to observe without being deeply interested. But although these objects had their due

share of effect upon the feelings, yet the school for the education of the younger poor, and the widows' almshouse, the former established in the village by Mrs. Tighe, and the whole superintended by her, administered more pleasure to my heart, than all the natural and artificial charms of that place. 'Tis true these charitable institutions are on a very limited foundation, yet the partial good which they produce to the poor in that neighbourhood, and the example which they exhibit to the gentry of the country, we admire, and with much more pleasure than we describe the beauties of Woodstock, we yield our quota of approbation to their support.

In your progress from Innistioge to Thomastown, you pass through a tolerably agreeable country, which presents you with, at least, one interesting rural scene, that of the castle of Dysert, on one of the banks of the Nore, in a beautiful valley surrounded by grounds rather elevated than lofty, and enriched on one side by an oak wood, the property of Mr. Shaw, member of parliament for Dublin, who has a large estate in this county, and on the other, by an oak coppice, the property of Mr. Power of Kilfane.

While passing through this valley, and engaged in the observation of its scenery, my ear was assailed with a cry of bitter lamentation. On reining in my horse to ascertain from what quarter this proceeded, I perceived a shabby cottage on the road, which I soon discovered to be the scene of sorrow. In the course of my travels I had hardly met with a circumstance so completely calculated to move sympathy, as that of which this unfurnished hovel was the theatre——A poor woman sat

upon the floor of this recent scene of her domestic cares, with her back to a partition which separated the little bed-room from the kitchen—she was the widow of a labourer who had died in the service of a neighboring farmer, who owned this house, and the latter having occasion to place a new labourer in it, found it convenient to dispossess this widowed mourner, with two children, the companions of her sorrow, from this their ancient residence. I endeavoured, in vain, to reconcile this daughter of adversity to her fate, by pointing out to her the much greater affliction of those widows, who with three times the number of her children, have been cast on the never-failing bounty of Providence, and without any apparent provision, have been graciously supported. I spoke of the shortness of time, and of the near approach of that better country, where the sorrows of the innocent and injured will be forgotten, or remembered only to increase the joys of their unchangeable state. Sorrow, however, had taken too deep a hold of the mourner's heart, to be suddenly dispossessed by the voice of consolation, and therefore having discharged what I conceived to be a debt due to humanity, I departed with the cry of this woman's lamentation in my ears, and a small measure of its impression on my feelings.

Having arrived at Thomastown, and rested there for a short period, I proceeded from thence to the city of Kilkenny, by Bennet's-bridge, a place scarcely deserving the name of a village, though an agreeable object on the road, and carrying with it some marks of improvement. The Nore passes under this bridge, and in its progress from the city turns several extensive

mills, which are equally useful and ornamental to the country.

Midway between Bennet's-bridge and Kilkenny, and from thence to this city, the banks of the river are richly planted with lime-tree, which gives the approach to the latter a rich and picturesque appearance, and in the summer season constitutes this walk, to the citizens and their families, a cool retreat from the noise and bustle of the town, and an elegant promenade in the hours of relaxation from business. The reflection of so many light dresses, together with the crystal waters of the Nore, through the foliage on the banks of the river, was rather an entertaining spectacle to the traveller in his progress. It reminded me of the Grand Canal near Dublin, which is similarly planted, and in like manner much frequented by the citizens for air and exercise.

Before I arrived within view of that interesting walk, and of the villas which surround Kilkenny, I was apprized of my approach to the city, by the deep dust on which I entered from Bennet's-bridge, it being the summer season. This proof of population and intercourse did not pass unnoticed. It conveyed the idea of business and busy scenes, and revived those impressions of trouble and expence, which I had often felt when entering on that theatre of filth and famine—of gaudy fashion and of real woe, the busy city of Dublin.

KILKENNY.

Kilkenny is not only an ancient city, but one of the most compact and interesting inland towns which I have seen in the province of Leinster. It stands on the banks

of the Nore,* about fifty-six miles S.S.W of Dublin, and sixty-five N.E. of Cork. It is composed of a considerable number of streets, closely united; but the central, or principal streets, are, the Parade, High-street, St. Patrick-street, John-street, and Coal-market. The Parade extends from the Sheaf-inn (one of the best establishments of that kind in the city,) to the castle of Lord Ormond, and uniting with one or two respectable streets near it, presents the gentry with a large chatting area, the military who are quartered there with a theatre of exercise, and the people who bring their goods to market, with a theatre of sale.

The principal public buildings are the cathedral and church of St. Mary's, the tholsel, the new jail, and new work-house—the asylum, founded by Mr. Switzer, for the accommodation of twenty reduced gentlewomen, who derive from this institution an annuity of £20 each—the Roman catholic chapels, of which there are, at least, five within the precincts of the city—the ancient church of St. Canice—the Franciscan abbey, now falling into ruins, but the tower of which conspires, with objects of similar elevation, to promote the venerable and pictu-

* Had this river been made navigable (or a canal opened between Kilkenny and Thomastown) a public work, for the completion of which, it is said, Parliament some years since granted the liberal donation of £25,000, then an easy and profitable communication would have been opened between this city and the ports of Ross and Waterford. This work, however, after having been commenced, and a comparatively trifling sum expended, on a short cut of the canal, was wholly abandoned, and the gaping enterprize remains, in the vicinity of this city, a monument of parliamentary indulgence, and of shameful vacuity in the people.

resque appearance of the city—and lastly, the Black-abbey ; an edifice not less celebrated in modern story for its *magnificent* resolutions in favour of the Duke and Mr. M—g—e, than eminent in the annals of this city, for its antiquity and the beauty of its architecture. The proprietor of this structure, (Mr. Archdekin, junior, a catholic gentleman whose manners are well calculated to attract the esteem of his protestant countrymen,) had the politeness to conduct me through it. It stands in a low position on the north side of the town, and from the country in that direction, its tower, with the spire of the cathedral, and other public buildings, contributes very much to improve the aspect of the city.

The cathedral is a large and lofty edifice of venerable appearance, and with the church of St. Canice, is in perfect preservation. In the latter there are various sepulchral monuments of great antiquity, with military and clerical devices, expressive of the rank and quality of the interred ; but I thought it rather odd, that the trustees of this venerable pile should have permitted the interior of the structure to be *whitewashed*, an ornament wholly unsuitable to its character.

In the grave ground of St. Canice, there is one of those lofty round towers, for which the County of Kilkenny is remarkable. With the origin of these singular structures I have not been able to make myself acquainted, and therefore can say nothing of their history ; but that they contribute very much to the picturesque of this county, I can bear evidence.

The church of St. Canice has also an ancient and valuable library—the greater part of the books, which compose this, are in tolerable preservation, considering

their age, but a few being evidently decayed, it is a question for the consideration of the trustees, whether these latter ought not to be clothed in a new suit of parchment.

The Tholsel (to which you approach through a piazza, which is used by the petty dealers as a sort of warehouse) stands in High-street, near the centre of the city, and is an edifice at once useful and ornamental. To this latter effect, the handsome cupola of that structure considerably conduces, and to the other, the various apartments of the house, which comprizes not only the mayor's office and seat of justice, but a very handsome library and assembly-room for the citizens and gentry of the country. The new jail and work-house, constructed by Mr. Robertson, an architect of high reputation in that place, as uniting the important qualities of strength with light and airy apartments, are models (save in one or two trifling instances which we shall notice) of modern elegance and skill. It would, however, in our view of the subject, have been an improvement, if, in the partitions, which separate the dormitories of the work-house from the lobbies, openings had been left to admit a free circulation of air through the apartments. The windows of this ornamental structure are suspended on swivels, and of course can be opened and shut with the greatest ease to the inhabitant, an improvement which we observed wanting in the attic story of the NEW PRISON, the bedchambers of which, very properly, run in a line parallel with the lobby lights; but as the latter are considerably elevated above the floor, and in order to answer the end of perfect ventilation, must be *wholly taken out*, the trouble necessarily attendant on this operation, in

a large prison, renders the duty liable to be omitted, and therefore the difficulty attending its performance, ought to be removed, by hanging the windows upon swivels, as in the work-house.

While walking through this prison (which, both from observation and report, I believe to be under the management of a very proper governor,) I was much struck with the youthful appearance of certain prisoners, charged with being implicated in the Caravat and Shanavet disturbances of the south. What a pity that such unfortunate young creatures, drawn, in all probability, into these excesses, by persons hacknied in outrage, should suffer that awful vengeance of the law which would be the just portion of their corrupters; but the age of reason in which we live, and that spirit of moderation which is gaining ground in our courts of justice, emits upon human feeling a ray of hope, that something less dreadful than death will be appointed to chastise the simplicity of those early victims of seduction, to whose conviction and reformation, admonition, with moderate labour and confinement, would, probably, be adequate.

Beside the public buildings we have noticed, there is a wretched asylum in the centre of this city, founded in the sixteenth century, by a Mr. O'Shea, for the accommodation of thirteen destitute females, who derive from the funds of this institution an annuity of £4 each. There are also horse and foot barracks, but they do not form any visible addition to the bulk or splendor of the city, the former accommodating, as I heard, a single troop only, and the latter about six or eight companies.

I had almost forgot to mention that very respectable

establishment called the College, under the direction of Dr. O'Callaghan, a gentleman of profound erudition. It is by much the most beautiful public building of *modern* construction in this place. From the lawn which graces this edifice, there is a beautiful view over the Nore, which forms a boundary to it, to the castle of Lord Ormond, which stands on a proud elevation beyond the river, and from the lime-tree walk on this side of the water, the college and its appendages are seen to great advantage. I do not feel qualified to explain the nature of this endowment, but from the respectable appearance of the place, and the well-known literary qualifications of the principal, I believe it possesses every advantage which a learned seminary, preparatory to the university, is capable of affording.

Kilkenny is a place of considerable inland trade, beside which which it is remarkable for the number of its blanket and other coarse woollen cloth manufactories, of which there are eight or ten in the city and its vicinity, but I did not see, nor yet hear of, any fine cloth manufactory in this county, but that which we have already noticed on the King's river.

We have attempted to give our readers a description of the approach to this city from Bennet's-bridge, the respectability of which corresponded with our ideas of a place of trade and fashion; but this cannot be said of all the other extremities of the town, a few of which are disgraced by rough roads, shabby cabins, and narrow lanes—In your progress through one of these lanes to that beautiful structure the New-prison, the contrast of this nuisance with that beautiful object, will be found so striking as to fill the reflecting stranger with astonishment

at its inconsistency. In the completion of such a convenient structure, as that of the new prison, and in the appointment of a judicious officer to conduct it, the magistrates of Kilkenny have merited well of their country—how then shall we account for their overlooking the consistency and even necessity of an approach to that object, in some measure quadrating with the respectability of their city and of the establishment itself? 'Tis true, this beautiful structure has been but recently built, and it is but justice to make all due allowance for the embarrassments of public men, who with a multiplicity of duties to perform, and frequently with an immense number of difficult people to manage, find it impossible to correct with dispatch those public errors, to which their own judgment, if unfettered, would have applied prompt and effectual remedies—This is the best apology which we can make for those numerous instances of public neglect with which our country presents us, but after manufacturing this canvàs with the utmost strength of which we are capable, and casting it over the errors of our country like a skreen, we are fearful the sharp-sighted will see through it those errors of long standing, which by their bulk and publicity, are unavoidably reflected through the best manufactures. A spirit of improvement is, however, going forward in Ireland, though a mass of imperfection remains to be removed; and notwithstanding all which we now see defective, both in the cities and cantons of this country; yet if the system of improvement continues to be steadily conducted, and the light of letters duly disseminated, the SUN, at the conclusion of this century, will cast his beams upon a new country.

SEATS.

Soon after my arrival at Kilkenny, I visited the seats of Castle-Blunden and Tinny-park, the description of which comes next in the order of our tour.

CASTLE-BLUNDEN.

Castle Blunden, the seat of Sir John Blunden, Bart. within two Irish miles of Kilkenny, comprehends, so far as the works of art can make it, one of the finest demesnes in the vicinity of this city—The improvements cover an area of about one hundred acres, (one fifth of the whole demesne) and these are distributed with so much symmetry and beauty, and comprehend so many objects to amuse and entertain the senses, that we almost accuse ourselves of folly in attempting to give the reader an idea of their character—The great merit of this place is, that without prospect, save one interesting view from the turret to Kilkenny; or, in fact, any other gift from nature, than that of a level plain, it presents to the beholder, on an attentive inspection, all which the imagination could devise, or the most sanguine appetite for local beauty covet, to constitute a villa in the first stile of modern elegance and improvement—The light and ornamental gate-house, which strikes the visiter's attention in his approach to this place, will give him some idea of those other artificial beauties which characterise it—The approach to the mansion-house, after you pass the gate, is in unison with this—that edifice, in its neatness and competency, in the value of its furniture and paintings, and in the adaption of the surrounding improvements to its position, continues to

answer the expectation which the stranger had first formed, on his approach to that place, nor will his establishment in the drawing-room, surrounded by a constellation of beauties, complete his evidences of the proprietor's taste, and capacity of enriching and rendering magnificent, so simple a ground work.

The local features of Castle Blunden (subordinate to its contiguous and remote plantations, which are so distributed as to shed the rich influence of their foliage on the inhabitant of the house) are, an artificial lake in the form of a parallelogram, on the north end of the dwelling-house—a chain of peach and grape-houses, extending about one hundred and eighty feet, to the left of this interesting object—a light and ornamental suite of offices, which peep through the plantations; and lastly, a turret and tea-house, in positions more remote from the dwelling-house, but so circumstanced as to appear through the plantations, to the spectator on the lawn, who in his progress through the demesne, will meet with numerous modifications of woods and ornamental plantations, through which deep shades and judicious openings, for the admission of air and the introduction of light, have been so happily intermixed, as to preclude the effects which are usually produced by long and fatiguing marches through forests and large landscapes.

Here is a complete constellation of artificial beauties—water—statuary—plantations—green houses—peachery—grapery, in profusion, and almost every thing which art could introduce to embellish a plain ground work, and deceive the imagination with a notion of the beauties of nature.

TINNY-PARK.

Tinny-park, the seat of Miss Den, (and residence of Major Keating, a gentleman of public character in this county,) is situate in the immediate vicinity of Castle Blunden—The lodge and gate which guard the approach to this demesne, (and from which I heard those of Castle Blunden had been copied) are extremely beautiful, and though the demesne is by no means as extensive, or as richly ornamented, as that of Castle Blunden, yet its neatness and symmetry, on a small scale, and that beautiful horizontal landscape which the lawn and drawing-room commands, to a chain of elevated ground beyond the city of Kilkenny, (the latter of which is contemplated as an object of high interest on the plain) render this villa one of the most light and beautiful, and on the ground of picturesque prospect, decidedly the most interesting on that side of the city.

The dwelling-house of Tinny-park, ornamented with a neat portico and composed of a centre and two wings, is, in connection with its offices and garden, light, open and unincumbered—they combine to fix an impression of English neatness and beauty—the interior apartments are all adapted to health and convenience, but neither the interior nor exterior of this concern, convey an idea of cumbrous pomp, or fix any other impression, than that of rural beauty in a light and interesting form.

FROM KILKENNY TO THREE CASTLES & FRESHFORD.

The road in this direction conducts you by the river Nore, to the four mile stone beyond Three Castles, the seat of the late Abraham Ball, esq. a place so denomi-

nated from three ancient castles on those lands, of which, one near the glebe-house of the Rev. Sterne Ball, in good preservation, remains the only surviving monument of ancient architecture in this place.

The flour mill and woollen factory of Mount Eagle, on the estate of the late Mr. Ball, between Kilkenny and Three Castles, though not very extensive, has its claim of interest on the feelings of the patriot—It stands on the margin of the river at the foot of Barnaglasawney-hill, a proud elevation over which you pass in your approach to Three Castles and Freshford, and from hence you have a very interesting view of a landscape worth giving the reader somewhat in detail—It is composed of the river Nore, passing, in its progress to Kilkenny, through a plain, indebted to the improving finger of the house of Ormond for a chain of white thorn plantations, which extend about four miles on the distant bank of the river, almost from the city to the rich and ornamental plantations of Jenkinstown, the seat of Major Bryan—This demesne of Jenkinstown commands the peculiar attention of the spectator on Barnaglasawney-hill, not only by that thick foliage on the plain which distinguishes it from the bramble besprinkled lands of Lord Ormond, from thence to Kilkenny, but also by a richly wooded elevation which forms the grand outpost of those plantations, and is one of the richest and most beautiful features of that scene—The plantations of Three Castles in the immediate vicinity of the road, at some distance to the left of Jenkinstown, are seen to thicken on the plain, and to improve the general appearance of the country, the whole of which, considered as a landscape, is bounded by

certain hills, of which that called Conahee, beyond Jen-
kinstown, is rather the most lofty and remarkable—At
the foot of Jenkinstown hill, apparently in a low position,
although, in fact, a little elevated above the valley, you
have a glimpse from Barnaglasawney of the neat cottage of
Mr. Charles Ryan, which as a rural object, displaying its
snowy whiteness through the trees, has a good effect upon
the sight ; but this little villa (in its position and the neatness
of its improvements, a good model for the farmers of that
neighborhood,) is seen to much more advantage from
the parsonage house of Three Castles, which commands
the view of a very fine country, beyond the river, and
is in some degree rendered interesting, by its contiguity
to that venerable castle which we have recently noticed—
—The river Dinan which unites with the river Nore,
under the rock of Mount Eagle (the latter of which is
considered as a natural curiosity) passes through the plain
near Jenkinstown plantations, and is just seen from the
summit of Barnaglasawney-hill, reflecting upon the land-
scape, the influence of one bright and piercing charm ;
and that the eye of the passenger may be attracted to this
spot, she bears upon her breasts a bridge of very neat
architecture, which, distinct from every other object,
is no inconsiderable ornament of the plain.

The landscape, however, beyond Three Castles (which
opens upon the view a new scene) rather gains than
loses by a comparison with that which we have just no-
ticed, as comprehensible in a view from the summit of
Barnaglasawney—A large and beautiful bridge passes over
the Nore, just opposite the glebe house of Mr. Sterne
Ball, and opens a communication with a very fine
country, extending to Foulksrath castle, some miles

from thence. At the distance of about a mile, and directly opposite the glebe-house of Three Castles, is the cottage and plantations of Spring-hill, the villa of Charles Ryan, which we have just noticed—the space intervening between this seat and Three Castles, is enlivened by the neat villa of Mr. Shearman, on the banks of the river, and the snug lodge of Mr. Sheriff Ball, on the road leading from Three Castles to Mr. Ryan's—The parish church of Three Castles is also a very pleasing object beyond those seats; it is situate near the road leading from Spring-hill to Foulksrath castle, and in the contemplation of this landscape, (from the glebe-house,) the spire of this church produces, in conjunction with the river and surrounding villas, a pleasing effect upon the sight and imagination.

Of the objects which have been hitherto noticed in this landscape, that of Foulksrath castle, the seat of Mr. Wright (as combining the characters of a strong fortress, a venerable monument of antiquity, and a residence more comfortable than might be apprehended from its external aspect) claims particular attention—I had the honor of being lodged a night in this strong fortress; not as an enemy to the country, but as a prisoner of hospitality; and although in ascending the durable stone steps of that fortress to my bed-chamber (having previously inspected the different apartments of the castle) I felt a sensation somewhat gloomy and chilling, for I found my philosophy insufficient to guard my nerves from the intrusion of those crude ideas, which, in a small room, in an old castle, in early impressions, in the circumstances of the times, and in the darkness of night, found powerful auxiliaries; yet when under

the influence of that light, which puts to flight the fantastic images of fear, I soberly reflected on the interior accommodations of this castle, and the advantages which its inhabitants derive from its character of a fortress, in a country recently infested with hordes of nightly marauders,* I concluded, and I think not unreasonably, that the inhabitants of modern villas had more cause to envy the people of this castle their *security*, than the latter to envy the former, the enjoyment of their light and airy apartments. We have remarked, that the interior of this castle is more comfortable than would be apprehended from an observation of its external aspect—The parlour on the ground-floor, though not adequately luminous (having but one window of moderate size) is however, in every other respect, a very comfortable winter apartment—The drawing-room, on the second floor, both as to light and extension, has vastly the advantage of this; it measures about thirty feet by sixteen, is well furnished, and has a light and airy appearance—On the floor immediately above this, there is a bedchamber of nearly the same size, and also sufficiently luminous, but the residue of the rooms are small, and receive light only through those long and slender apertures which were originally formed in the stone work, and which Mr. Wright has guarded on the outside, by wire lattices,

* “Nightly marauders”—in allusion to the caravats and shanavets, who had recently infested this neighborhood, to the great annoyance of the peaceable inhabitants. Their force, however, was broken about the time of my arrival in this county, by an information, on which a party of them had been committed to prison.

and within, by little glass frames which open and shut at pleasure—In one of those apartments, (being politely offered a choice) I chose to lodge, and here I became the victim of that painful nervous sensation to which I have adverted—When a little returning health had, however, dispelled my vapours, I felt pleasure in reflecting, that for once in my life, I had lodged in one of those ancient castles, which had been the pride and the security of the ancient Irish; and I am only sorry to add, that the necessity for such fortresses should still continue in this country.

From Foulksrath castle I proceeded towards Freshford, but at that time did not go quite so far as this village—I however, looked at several seats which embellish the lands on the banks of the Nore, in that direction, and was much pleased with their appearance, and equally so with the improved condition of the roads which I traversed between Three Castles and those seats, and which, when put in competition with several other roads in this county (by the force of contrast) produced an impression highly favorable to the gentlemen of that neighborhood.

Among the various seats which ornament the country beyond Foulksrath and Freshford, we shall select those of Grange, Beech-hill, and Brookville, three objects deservedly esteemed respectable in the topography of that neighborhood.

GRANGE.

Grange, the seat of John Lanigan Stannard, esq. a magistrate for this county, is situate about seven miles north of Kilkenny, on one of those roads which open a communication with Durrow—The demesne, handsomely enveloped in plantations, is bounded on one side

by the river Nore, and in conjunction with the house which is extensive, (though its position is too low for commanding a prospect of the country) constitute this seat, upon the whole, a good local feature in the general aspect of that neighborhood.

Beech-hill, the neat villa of the Reverend Mr. Lodge, (a gentleman whose integrity and talents constitute him an acquisition of no small importance to this place) is a pretty object in the landscape comprehensible in a view from Brookville—this latter seat, the property of his brother Mr. George Lodge, deserves particular attention. The house, which is new and adequately extensive, stands in the front of a spacious lawn, over which it commands a view to Coppengh, Suckermore, and other hills of distinction in this county—The landscape in front of this house, is also enriched by the plantations of Upper-court, on a very proud elevation, to the right of Grange-lawn—by those of a Mrs. Mossom, on a hill equally beautiful, though not quite so lofty and extensive, on the left—and in the centre between, the villa of his brother, which we have just noticed, is an ornamental object in this landscape. In returning to Kilkenny from this place, I was charmed with the beauty of the road and river, and with the general appearance of the country—The [plantations of Three Castles, as I approached them in that direction, bounded the view, and had a still more interesting effect, than in the landscape described from Barnaglasawney-hill—Upon the whole I would prefer this drive to that which we have noticed from Kilkenny to Three Castles—the roads are much better, and the country is, I think, upon the whole more beautiful. On

the evening of my second day's excursion I returned to Kilkenny, and the next day attended the fair of that city, which if compressed into one street of forty-five or fifty feet wide, would, I think, have extended a distance of two and a half English miles—The market square is tolerably commodious, but beside this, the streets of the city which open a communication with it, were filled with men women and *horned cattle* to a considerable extent—Such a quantity of blue coats and cloaks I had never seen before in one congregation—The city, on that day, might indeed be said, in truth, to have had a *blue appearance*; but blue is, in general, the colour of the county, and the partiality to this colour, extends, we presume, through several parts of the province of Munster, to the principal cities of which, this county is the grand pass from the metropolis.

The black cattle in this fair, both wet and dry, appeared in my eye, very dear, and considerably inferior to those which determine the character of our fairs in the west of Ireland, as those at Athlone, Ballinasloe, and Mullingar—The good cattle were very scarce, and must of course, have been very dear, when a diminutive milch cow whose pinion bones you could almost span, would sell for £10 or £12 sterling, and for a dry cow very little superior they would ask the same money; but the dry soil of Kilkenny, like that of Carlow, always most fertile in wet seasons, is, notwithstanding the immense quantity of cattle which I saw, characteristically a corn country, and I do not believe from this ample specimen, that much pains is taken to improve the quality of black stock in that county.*

* The stock of a certain portion of the nobility and gentry

TO KELLS.

From Kilkenny I also drove to Kells, a village on the King's river, about six miles south of that city—It is a place remarkable for the antiquity and extent of an ancient abbey, to which six or eight castles were attached, several of these (placed like so many towers of defence, at nearly equal distances, in walls which enclose a platform of about two English acres) are in good preservation—This area or platform, descends from the declivity of a hill to the King's river, which forms a boundary to it, in the valley, and in your approach to the place, this symmetrical group of ruins, obtrude upon your mind the venerable impressions of antiquity. The picturesque aspect and position of these ruins, on the banks of the river—the glebe house of Kells, the seat of the Reverend George Waters, (a gentleman for upwards of twenty years the curate only of this extensive parish!†) on a pleasing elevation above those magnificent ruins, unite with the bridge, the village, the mills, and other objects in view, to constitute the Kells' landscape, an interesting rural scene, but for this effect,

no doubt forms an exception to this rule, but this partial improvement by no means determines the character of the stock of this county.

† Though this class of officers have but a very poor provision in the church of Ireland, they rise in the scale of rank and comfort, when put into competition with the curates of the Welch church, who are said, in several instances, to be under the necessity of keeping ale-houses for a livelihood, and even turning fiddlers to the festive parties of their parishes!—So much for the bounty of the church to her inferior officers, who have the weight of her duties to perform.

it is above all things indebted to its abbey and castles, which in reference to their number and extent, are well calculated to command attention—Immediately on entering the village, you perceive the ruins of a castle near the bridge, totally distinct from the former assemblage; so that this poor little village, once, as I heard, a corporate town, and invested with extensive lands, must have been a place of considerable importance in former times.

SEATS.

In the neighborhood of Kells, there are several villas of some interest—Chapelizod, the seat of Major Izod, though a place much retired from observation, is one of the principal—In reference to its plantations, at the rere of the house, a river called the Glory, which passes through the demesne, in front, and a very pleasing view beyond it, (to the rising grounds of Castlemorris, Kilmaganny and Coolya, in this county,) it deserves attention—The apartments of Chapelizod-house, which are more numerous than would appear from a superficial survey of its exterior, are neat and suitably furnished; and though the neighboring scene is rather plain than otherwise, yet the prospect we have noticed, uniting with the neatness of the dwelling-house and those handsome plantations at the rere, give this villa an aspect of respectability—The village and antiquities of Kells are, I believe, on this gentleman's estate, whose efforts to promote the education of the poor in his neighborhood, I was sorry to hear, had been retarded by those party interests which are the bane of this country—On the mode of conduct most likely to soften and

subvert these, we have already offered our sentiments in page 329, and to the opinions there contained, we once more beg leave to direct the reader's attention.

CALLAN.

Callan, a small town in this county, is also situate on the King's river, about eight miles south of Kilkenny, on the high road between Dublin and Cork—It has little to recommend it to the attention of a stranger, save the ruins of an Augustinian abbey, and certain castles which mark its antiquity—Near the former, a rather magnificent chapel of that order, which has been recently erected, is one of the first objects to attract the eye of the traveller, on his approach to that town from Kilkenny, but when in the town, the parish chapel on an eminence above it, and the church, a neat little edifice on the site of an old chapel, will be found worth seeing. The meagre aspect of some poor housekeepers in this village, though no solitary spectacle, was affecting to behold—How different their situation and appearance from persons of the same rank in the north of Ireland, where the universal diffusion of the linen manufacture affords to every class of the inhabitants profitable employment. When will the day arrive, when those who in every parish are the stewards of heaven's bounty, will become faithful stewards of the poor?—Ye patriotic members of the farming societies—Ye religious members of the bible societies—Ye societies for bettering the condition of the poor and for discountenancing vice and immorality, look around you in this country, and see the mass of misery which remains to be mitigated; and while you are laudably sending bibles through

the country to save the souls of those people, remember that they have bodies also to be comforted, and that your attention to the one, will be the best and most acceptable proof of your zeal for the salvation of the other.

Between Kilkenny and Callan there are three objects which interest the sight—a handsome lime-tree on the road—the castle of Ballybirr, inhabited and in good preservation, and the house and deep plantations of Farmlly, about midway between these towns.

FRESHFORD.

Freshford (some seats in the vicinity of which have been recently noticed) is a little village on the river Ouna, about seven miles north-west of Kilkenny. It is rendered remarkable by the lofty and splendid demesne of Uppercourt, which stands on grounds of bold elevation above the village, and from almost every seat in that country which commands an open prospect, this demesne is recognised as the most proud and lordly feature of the landscape. Here, I received marks of civility from several of the respectable and *rational* inhabitants of the neighbourhood, two of whom, Mr. Wright of Foulksrath castle, and Mr. Lodge, the worthy minister of that parish, have been already noticed; and with these names, I am bound in gratitude to record that of Mr. Lalor, whose conduct on this public occasion was obliging and respectable.

In the immediate vicinity of this village there are many rich and beautiful seats, of which we shall notice two or three by way of example.

SEATS.

Lodge, the seat of — Warren, esq. (a man of estimable character,) is situate on a plain, within a short distance of the village. The lawn commands an open and extensive view to a range of lofty mountains which form a very distant boundary to the scene; and the domestic landscape is rendered peculiarly rich, by the proudly elevating plantations of Uppercourt; by the villa of the Rev. John Mara, in the valley beyond them; by the village of Freshford, reflecting its whiteness through the trees; by a richly planted plain towards the mountains we have noticed, and by hills of less lofty aspect within the precincts of the county.

Kilrush, the seat of the Rev. Dr. St. George, (who in the summer of 1814 had nearly accomplished the erection of a handsome square edifice on his demesne,) constitutes a rich feature in the topography of this neighbourhood, although the house commands only the prospect of its own plantations. The demesne, though rather limited than otherwise, is rendered singularly beautiful by the diversification of its trees. These, composed of horse-chesnut, sycamore, ash, and lime-tree, are judiciously intermixed, of a luxuriant growth, and present the spectator with a limited plain of as rich aspect, as most objects of the same extent in that county. A few walnut trees, on the lawn of this concern, contribute by their light foxy foliage, to place the verdure and luxuriance of the chesnut and lime-tree in strong colours.

I visited this little scene (the richness and variety of

whose plantations constitute its chief excellence) in the summer which has been just noticed, and while my blood was fanned by the zephyrs playing through the trees, and my eyes gratified by the beauty and variety of the surrounding foliage, it will not astonish the reader that I should, after inhaling the fragrance of this charming scene, depart therefrom with a strong impression of its beauties on my imagination.

JOHNSTOWN.

From Freshford I drove to Johnstown, through a country embellished with a few good seats and villas, and ornamented with two or three castles of great antiquity. The principal of these, which I had not an opportunity of inspecting, is the castle of Balleen, (formerly the residence of the Mount Garret family,) a ruin in the modern gothic style, and situate in a beautiful fertile valley, through which a road passes that opens a communication between these villages.

Near another road, which likewise opens a communication between them, I perceived, in my progress from Freshford to the seat of Mr. St. George (an active magistrate, whose villa looks over a valley enriched by his brother's plantations,) a little inhabited castle, to which my curiosity would have conducted me, if a heavy fall of rain under which I had travelled for several hours, did not oblige me to push forward; but this country abounds with castles, and also with round towers, on the use and intention of which antiquarians are said to be divided. Had I found them on the hills instead of the vallies of Kilkenny, in my simplicity I should have converted them into watch-towers, erected for the ob-

servation of an enemy's approach, when this country was infested by the Danes, but as history does not reflect certain light on the origin of those ancient and peculiar structures, and antiquarians are divided on the subject, the curiosity of the reader, so far, must remain ungratified. Those, however, who are anxious to get the best information which can be had on the subject, are referred to the writings of General Vallancey and Dr. Ledwich, men of acknowledged learning, who took much pains to discover the origin of our antiquities, and who, in many instances, have satisfactorily succeeded; and beside these, there are Ware and Archdall, two writers of respectability on the same subject.

I was sorry to observe, at the period of my visit to Mr. St. George, the magistrate above alluded to, that he was under the necessity of keeping a guard of soldiers at his house, to perform the double duty of labour and protection. Having signalized himself in the protection of a decent farmer of the name of Little, (who for taking lands in that neighbourhood without the concurrence of the former occupants, had been violently assaulted,) he, in consequence thereof, became an object of public resentment—the people would not now work for him, and he had no alternative but that of obtaining a guard of soldiers to do their duty. These disturbances, and others of a similar nature, which have long agitated and disgraced this country, are much to be lamented—prompt and vigorous measures should be adopted to suppress them, the moment they appear; and great care should be used by the gentlemen and gentlemen-farmers of Ireland, not to lay the foundation of these disturbances by the wilful neglect of any duty which

they owe to their poor countrymen. The comfort of this class, and the improvement of their minds and morals, should be adequately consulted, by every landholder; and in the transfer of lands upon which they have been born and bred (particularly if they have been honest and industrious) due attention should be paid to their interests. These duties being fairly discharged, by those who are placed in authority over them, and no just cause of riot or disturbance remaining, they should be taught by the effectual exercise of the executive authority, that the laws must be obeyed, and that wicked and rebellious combinations will find, in the wisdom and energy of government, a prompt and powerful corrective.

From Balief castle, the seat of Mr. St. George, I drove to two or three other villas in the neighbourhood; and lastly, on that day, to Urlingford, the seat of Mr. Fitzpatrick, a magistrate also for this county. This gentleman who resides within two miles of Johnstown, and three and a half of the famous spa of Ballyspellin, is celebrated in this part of Ireland, for his breed of Leicester rams, an animal, as to the fineness of its wool, inferior to the Merino or South Down sheep, but in the quantity of its food and clothing (the great articles of consideration to the farmer) superior, we are informed, to every other class yet imported into this country. I saw some hoggets at Mr. Fitzpatrick's shew of Leicester rams, the day after my arrival, which were pronounced by judges to be good mutton, and to average at sixteen pounds per quarter. Now, if our ordinary ewes of two years old will not do much more than this, our interest

in the cultivation of the Leicester breed becomes obvious.*

In the country around Johnstown and Urlingford, there are several deserving objects of attention, beside the famous waters of Ballyspellin, which shall be presently noticed, but first we shall discharge the debt of description which we owe to a few seats of distinction in this tract of country.

KILCOOLEY-ABBEY.

The principal seat in the neighbourhood of Urlingford is that of Kilcooley-abbey, the property and residence of Sir William Barker, Bart. It stands on a plain, enclosed, in front of the house by a semi-circular chain of hills, which form a sublime boundary to the view. Of these hills, the most deserving of attention are those of Ballyspellin, north-east of the mansion-house, and that called Gibbet-hill, which constitutes a part of Sir William's deer-park. The improvements distributed on an area of near seven hundred acres, consist of a beautiful artificial lake, in full view of the mansion-house, (over an arm of which, a bridge has been thrown of the most light and elegant construction)—plantations judiciously arranged on the banks of this lake, and on the plain and elevated grounds around it to a considerable extent—a boat-house, in gothic stile, on the distant margin of the water, in full view of the spectator from the lawn and breakfast parlour—a mansion-house, including a square central edifice with wings,

* The Leicester ram, that has not been employed in propagation, is reputed good and juicy mutton.

the whole measuring about one hundred and sixty feet in front, and divided into lofty and elegant apartments; and lastly, the abbey, from whence this seat takes its name, with a pile of modern ruin attached thereto, in which the Barker family formerly resided. These individual features unite to constitute the aggregate beauty of this place, and they are so disposed as to concur with each other in the production of a beautiful demesne, unaided by the grandeur of elevated prospect. The stone work in the windows of the abbey, are in astonishing preservation; that over the altar, on the east end of the chapel, of which you obtain a glimpse from the drawing-room windows, through a vista in the plantations, is a model of that kind, and of such cleanly and unimpaired aspect, as almost to deceive you with an idea of its being the work of yesterday. Here there is a monument in good preservation, with a figure in armour, representing a Lord Ikerrin, (ancestor to the present Earl of Carrick) whose remains are, of course, interred there.

There is a view from the apartments of the mansion-house, but more perfectly from Sir William's dressing-room, to a chain of mountains called the Gaulties, at the junction of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, which are by much the most magnificent objects comprehensible in the view from Kilcooley-abbey.

The plantations on this demesne, amounting to many thousands of valuable and ornamental trees, are the product of Sir William's own finger. The mansion-house, lake, and all the other objects we have noticed, (the abbey and castle only excepted) have also been

produced by him, within the last forty years. In the summer of 1814, when I had the honour of paying this gentleman a visit, he was aged about seventy-four years.

COAL-BROOK.

From Kilcooley-abbey I drove to Coal-brook, in the County of Tipperary, the seat and estate of Charles Llangley, Esq. which, as to its scenery, is not extremely inviting, but is rendered very valuable by the coal mines with which it abounds, and which this gentleman, to his evident profit as a trader, and to his great credit as an Irish citizen, has brought to admirable perfection, in this comparatively wild neighbourhood. When I visited this place he had one hundred and fifty hands engaged in the working of three pits, which produce on an average, about forty-five tons of coal, per diem, beside a large quantity of culm. The steam-engine attached to this concern, is placed in such a position, as to be capable of drying an area of five hundred acres of coal.

The lands in this vicinity are generally pregnant with coal, as appears from several other pits which are now working on the borders of the Coal-brook property.

The hands now employed by Mr. Llangley, in the working of his pits, are not more than one-third of the number which would have been indispensable, but for the adoption of those iron roads, (as they are denominated,) by which the corf conveying the coal to the pit bottom, can be propelled with much greater ease, and under a much larger burthen, than could possibly be dragged forward on a coal or earthy bottom.

These coal mines are now working (agrecable to the

proprietor's accòmpts, which he had the politeness to shew me,) at an annual produce of ten thousand pounds sterling, and an annual profit of half that sum, a statement which, *if we have rightly understood it*, places this property in a very valuable point of view.

Within eight miles of these pits, and eight of Johnstown, I approached a rich level landcape, fraught with objects calculated to awaken the attention of the traveller, not destitute of taste and sensibility. The beauties of this little scene were rendered additionally impressive by their forming a junction with a country rather wild and uninteresting, between Coal-brook and Littleton, with the exception, however, of a very bold and beautiful range of hills, ornamented with plantations, (which run in a line nearly parallel with the road, on the confines of the deserted village of New Birmingham)—with the exception of this planted chain, the country has, upon the whole, a wild aspect, until you arrive within view of Littleton-glebe, the seat of Mr. Grady, rector of Ballybeg, whose taste for improvement appears evidenced by those rich plantations which ornament his concern, and which were the first thing of that kind I had noticed on a glebe-house demesne in the course of my travels.

The lands extending from this villa towards Littleton (a neat village raised by his industry on a farm which he rents from a Mr. Russell) are beautified, not only by plantations, but by several striking objects, which conspire to render that immediate neighbourhood well worth visiting, and in fact deserving a note in an estimate of the improvements of the country.

As you proceed from the glebe towards Middleton, an English mile only, you perceive a castle in some sort

modernized, and externally in good repair, which had been, not long since, the receptacle of a cotton factory, another proof of Mr. Grady's public spirit. Beyond this, and perceptible from the road and several surrounding positions, is the parish church of Ballybeg, one of the most light and elegant edifices of that sort, which I have yet seen in the rural districts of this country. The spire of this ornamental edifice is seen above the plantations as you approach the village of Littleton—the seats of a Mr. Ellard and Mr. Russell are seen through proper openings in the general improvements, and when you arrive at Ballydavid, the name of Mr. Russell's villa, you have an agreeable view of the village of Lyttleton, (composed of good houses,) in the shade or back ground of this picture, to which the Tipperary mountains form a bold outline.

Being anxious to render this little work as correct a portrait of the country, as was at all compatible with my numerous difficulties, I accordingly devoted part of a day to the inspection of this little scene, though I had travelled some distance to it in the morning, and in the evening, when my survey and visits were accomplished, set off for Johnstown, (there not being any inn in Lyttleton) and arrived at the former village after travelling hard for several hours, about ten o'clock at night.

The morning after my arrival in Johnstown, I rode from thence to the spa of Ballyspellin, which is reputed one of the lightest chalybeats in the nation. It takes its rise in an elevated chain of hills near this village, which is situate on the estate of Gorges Hely, Esquire, thirteen miles north-west of Kilkenny, and seventeen

north-east of Cashel, on the public road which opens a communication between those cities. This place is much resorted to in the summer season by the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and if Dr. Sheridan's poetic description of its waters (which I here subjoin for the reader's entertainment) be correct, the bilious and other affected persons, have indeed a great interest in resorting to the waters of this place. I am inclined, however, to think, that a considerable part of the cure results from the early exercise of the patients, who in going to, and returning from Johnstown to the spa, have the salutary aid of a jaunt of three miles, up and down the hills of Ballyspellin, the air of which is probably not much less salubrious than its waters.

On the morning of my visit to this place, while taking a glass of the spa water, I turned my eye (without diverting my ear from the eloquence of the spa-woman, who was descanting on the lightness of her water, with the grace of a first-rate chymist) to a chain of mountains, which form a kind of outline to that dry landscape—when my merchant in petticoats, suddenly perceiving the objects which caught my attention, assured me, that if I would scale the highest of those hills above the spa, I should be entertained with the observation of no less than twelve counties. Having, however, seen as much of that barren landscape, as I could well take in through a hazy atmosphere with the assistance of a small eye-glass, I re-mounted my horse, and riding rapidly down the hills of Ballyspellin, with the village of Johnstown and Mr. Hely's handsome edifice in full view (the only objects in the valley worth seeing) I arrived at the Johnstown inn, and after eating an hearty

breakfast, mounted my travelling cart in tolerable spirits, and drove to Durrow in the Queen's County.

DR. SHERIDAN ON BALLYSPELLIN.

1.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as famed Llewellyn,
By water clear, come every year
To drink at *Ballyspellin*.

2.

Though p—x or itch, your skins enrich,
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin, before you've been
A month at *Ballyspellin*.

3.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it grows
When she's at *Ballyspellin*.

4.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen,
Then back she goes to kill the beaux
By dint of *Ballyspellin*.

5.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind
Do all come here pell-mell in,
And they are sure, to work a cure
By drinking *Ballyspellin*.

6.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at *Ballyspellin*.

In my progress from Johnstown to Durrow, (a small town near the northern margin of Kilkenny,) one of those round towers for which this county is remarkable, attracting my attention, I alighted from my carriage, and walked over to inspect it. I found it enclosed on a piece of burying ground, together with the ruins of Fertagh church, in good preservation; and within the walls of this church, met with a still more interesting monument of antiquity than it, namely, a sepulchral monument of Fitzpatrick, one of the feudal princes of this country, whose image in armour, with various accompanying figures, remain in astonishing preservation, considering their age. Of these latter, however, I could ascertain only, with certainty, the figures 1211, which I presume to have been the year of his demise. United with this, there is another statue or representation of a figure in armour, but in a broken and mutilated state. For a minute account of those objects, we refer the reader to the antiquities already noticed in this work.

DURROW.

The town or village of Durrow, stands on the high road between the cities of Dublin and Cork. It composes part of an estate of Lord Viscount Ashbrook, who has a seat there, (but resides for the most part in England.) It is situate on the Erkin, a river of no great magnitude, and of course but little known in the geo-

graphy of this country ; but the river Nore, in its progress to Kilkenny, passes through the neighbouring lands. This village has three fairs in the year, and the name of a parish school, in aid of which his Lordship allows a small annuity to the teacher, but I could not hear of any other establishment in this place which has the semblance of a charitable institution. The most remarkable feature of improvement attached to it, is that of Lord Ashbrook's demesne, the plantations on which, cover both banks of the river, and extend a considerable way on the Cork road, as you proceed from Durrow to Johnstown. The village itself has, however, a neglected aspect, though it contains a few good edifices in the market square, the most modern and respectable of which is that of Dennis Delaney, Esq. the magistrate of the town. On one side of the market square, and directly opposite the inn, stands the parish church and spire, under the shade of Lord Ashbrook's plantations. This is the most respectable public building in the town, and in connection with the plantations, which there form a boundary to the square, constitute the principal ornaments of this village, and shed a more sensible influence of beauty upon it, than any other objects whatever.

SEATS.

Of the few seats which embellish this neighborhood, those of Dunmore and Castlewood (the latter of which, as a small villa, would have been better denominated Woodville) are not the least respectable. The former is distinguished in the landscapes of that neighbourhood as assuming the aspect of a thick wood, in a valley

on the banks of the Nore. Castlewood, the seat of Mr. Byrne, stands on the summit of a gentle elevation, over the same river. The house looks over a valley to the town of Durrow, in which direction the view is bounded by the beautiful spire of Durrow church, and the plantations of Lord Ashbrook, on the rere of that handsome structure. To the right of this object, the landscape is enriched by the deep wood of Dunmore, and on the left by the lofty promontory of Archerstown, and the much more modest elevation of Castlewood, beautifully planted. A glen, which runs in a line parallel with the lawn, and forms a channel to the Nore, (whose silver current in full view of the inhabitant of the drawing-room, reflects a ray of brightness on this landscape,) is seen to advantage, and with these objects, two or three neat houses conspire to render the view from Castlewood one of the best in that neighbourhood. This villa is seen from the bridge of Durrow, but to much more advantage within a short distance of the town, from a road which opens a communication with it; and with the deep wood of Dunmore, in its vicinity.

Here, one morning in the month of June, I took up *The Evening Post*, and read with a degree of enthusiasm the speech of a *protestant* orator, purporting to have been delivered at the previous aggregate meeting of the Catholics, at their assembly-room in the city of Dublin. I say, I read this speech with enthusiasm, so long as it pleaded only for *liberty*, but on arriving at the following sentence, the speaker's profession of *protestant* principles rushing strongly upon my recollection, produced a horrible revolution in my feelings—

Here follows the sentence as I copied it from *The Evening Post* :

“ Oh do not for any temporal boon, betray the great principles which are to purchase you an eternity—Here, from your sanctuary—Here, from the endangered altars of your faith—in the name of that God, for the freedom of whose worship we are so nobly struggling, let no unholy hand profane the sacred ark of your religion. For *my part* I approach your church—the ancient church of Ireland—with the mingled emotions of a patriot and a christian. Whilst it awfully forewarns me of a better world, it proudly reminds me of a better day, and rises on my vision like some majestic monument amid the desert of antiquity, *just in its proportions, sublime in its associations*, and only the more magnificent from the ruins by which it is surrounded !!!”

We might offer strong reflections on this complimentary language of a protestant (if such this gentleman be) to the *just proportions and sublime associations* of the catholic religion, the poetry of which though extremely fine, cannot but provoke a sarcastic smile at its inconsistency, for could we possibly suppose the speaker to have been as sincere as he was ardent, we should then stumble upon another inconsistency, namely, that of his not having, long since, set us the example of publicly embracing that church to whose *just proportions and sublime associations* he has paid so many handsome compliments !

From Durrow I drove to Ballinakill, a town in the Queen's County, which has been already noticed—it stands on an estate of Earl Stanhope (a nobleman who though resident in England, appears to have carried

with him the blessings a thriving and grateful tenantry.) While here I visited a respectable Roman catholic academy, conducted by a Mr. Keelan, a clergyman of the Roman catholic religion, who formerly resided at the academy of that community in Drogheda. This house, which appears spacious and well accommodated, is situate on a beautiful elevation, in the centre of a large demesne, within a mile of Ballinakill—it commands the view of an improved country, and in reference to its healthful situation and the plentiful country around it, appears well calculated for a public seminary—The proprietor of the place is a Mr. Jeremiah Brennan, in conjunction with whom Mr. Keelan conducts this establishment.

Brom Ballinakill I returned to the northern district of Kilkenny, being particularly anxious to visit Castlecomer and the coal-mines in its vicinity, before my final departure from this county.

CASCLECOMER.

The village of Caslecomer is situate about ten miles north of the city of Kilkenny, ten S.W. of Carlow, and twelve miles south of Athy—it stands on the Wandesford estate, in a valley remote from the principal public roads, in the centre of a hilly country, and within about two miles of that part of the colliery hills which forms a valuable feature in the estate we have just noticed, now in the possession of the Countess Dowager of Ormond, a descendant of the Wandesford family—Those hills form, in the topography of that district, a bold and striking feature, but what is of still more importance than the beauty of scenery, the trading inte-

rests of Ireland, for many miles beyond the verge of this county, are promoted by those valuable and extensive mines, the products of which, to my own knowledge, are transported to the banks of the Shannon, on the eastern margin of Connaught, and by the traders in kelp are conveyed, as I have heard, to the western and southern coasts, for the purpose of malting; the stone coal produced from these mines being well adapted to that use, as being free from bitumen, and consequently burn without flame or smoke.

The respect and affection with which the people of this village speak of their common patroness and protector, the Countess of Ormond, afforded me sincere pleasure—This lady who has remained near twenty years a widow, and whose constant residence in the country and attention to her tenantry, bespeak her patriotism and benevolence, resides, the greater part of her time in an elegant modern edifice on the ancient demesne of the Wandesford family, which is an appendage of great beauty to this village.

Beside the trade of the Castlecomer collieries, on which near two thousand persons are dependent for support, Lady Ormond has established several useful institutions in the village, for their benefit—Of these, a dispensary which administers advice and medicine to the poor, gratis, and two Lancasterian schools for the education of their children, are the principal*—The town

* On the article of school education, it now occurs to us to make a general observation, viz.—Whether part of the time devoted to the instruction of females in writing, would not be better devoted to their improvement in reading?—This question has arisen from the evident progress of females in several Irish

also, under her liberal patronage, is gradually increasing. Originally, it was composed of a few scattered cabins, but since the late rebellion, it has assumed a new aspect. A certain number of the houses which were then consumed by the violence of civil war, have been since rebuilt in tolerably good stile, and several of those which compose the main street, are now very respectable edifices—Of these latter, the new built house of Mr. Kane, her ladyship's late agent, is a building, both as to its situation and architecture highly ornamental to that street and to the town in general—Lady Ormond's seat is in full view of this street, the lower extremity of which has been embellished with lime-tree by her improving finger. Here, a bridge of very neat architecture crosses the waters of the Deen, a river which constitutes an appendage, not only of convenience, but of considerable beauty to the town. There is also a neat market house of modern architecture in this place, and a stationary barrack for two companies—from the hill on which the latter has been

schools, in every branch of literature proper for them, but that of reading—Some of these who can read *writing* fluently, cannot read *with correctness* a single page of print, though it is certainly obvious, that the latter is, for them, by much the most useful attainment—The remedy for this is, of course, an increase of application to the practice of reading; and to render this application effectual, they should read but little at a time, that little loud, so as to be heard at a distance, slow, so as to be understood; every word which they mispronounce, they should be made to spell, nor should they be permitted to pass on to a second paragraph, until both the reader and her hearers were in perfect possession of the first—This mode is equally applicable to the instruction of boys, and we will venture to assert, is the best which can be adopted for rendering the pupil master of this useful art.

erected, there is a very pleasing view of the town, and of Lady Ormond's house and plantations beyond it.

I do not know that I have felt in the course of my travels, a sensation more gratifying, than that which resulted (on the third day of my visit to this neighborhood) from an inspection of the numerous pits which have been opened on the Wandesford estate—Fortunately for my nerves, which have not been very grossly constructed, I was not under the absolute necessity of descending into those dark and unknown regions, in order to obtain the gratification which I sought—Mr. Aher, her ladyship's engineer, a man of science and good information, had the politeness to accompany me to this place—The earth, in several places having been previously excavated, and coal found within two fathoms of the surface, I had the pleasure of perceiving several beds of this valuable stratum, and the still greater pleasure of seeing a vast number of my poor fellow-creatures all busily employed, whose want of judgment to render their earnings more effective in the promotion of their comfort, (as I painfully heard) may be considered as the principal draw back to the enjoyment of the philanthropic spectator of this scene. Even the observation of those roads which open a communication from Kilkenny, Carlow, Athy, Leighlin-bridge, and other places, to those collieries (as furnishing one prospect of Irish improvement and prosperity) will afford sensible gratification to the patriotic heart—The numerous cottages on those various roads, as exhibiting a specimen of the increase of our population, will also prove a gratifying spectacle; so that I may truly say, in this neighborhood (shut out as it is, in a considerable measure, from fashionable intercourse) I felt more pleas-

sure, and met with more true politeness and hospitality, than in Kilkenny, and many other towns which boast of superior wealth and population.

In your progress from Castlecomer to the Collieries, by a road which takes its course in a line nearly parallel with the river Deen, you have a very pleasing view of Lady Ormond's demesne—The grounds, which beautifully elevate themselves beyond the water, on the traveller's right hand, are enriched with ornamental plantations, extending for a considerable distance in that direction, in full view of the spectator—On this elevated chain, a turret in the castle stile has been erected, which is an object of great beauty and distinction in that scene, the whole of which may be surveyed to great advantage from the neat villa of Mr. Brennan, a Roman catholic clergyman, whose residence on the left, at a moderate distance from the road, surrounded by some beautiful demesne grounds, will be contemplated by the lover of scenery as no mean improvement to that landscape.

From Castlecomer I returned to Kilkenny, through Ballyragget, a village, which, with some surrounding seats and plantations, and a castle, which sheds an influence of antiquity on the valley, are seen to tolerable advantage from a lofty position on the road within half a mile of the village—It is situate on an estate of Thomas Cavanagh, esq. (son-in-law to the Countess Dowager of Ormond) whose attention to the interests of his tenantry may be presumed, from the large portion of his time which he spends amongst them—After a slight observation of this poor village, I proceeded towards Kilkenny, where I arrived about eight o'clock on Friday evening,

the 24th of June, 1814, after an absence of about ten days.

FIRST VISIT TO WATERFORD.

On Tuesday the 28th instant, I crossed the country from Kilkenny to Waterford, by Knocktopher—This little rural village composed of two or three slated houses and a very limited range of thatched cabins, returned, previous to our union with England, two members to the Irish parliament, as a borough. It is situate on an estate of Sir Robert Langrishe, one of the commissioners of excise, who has a house in that neighborhood, but seldom resides there. Near this is Flood-hall, the seat of John Flood Esq. a place of considerable distinction in the County of Kilkenny, but which, when a large addition to the mansion-house (then erecting) is completed, will become still more eminent—The view from this seat to the hills of Brandon and Coppengagh, and to Mount Leinster, (the lord of those lofty objects) is truly magnificent and sublime—The elevated points of Lord Carrick's plantations, are seen to great advantage from hence, as also those of Mr. Power, which we have already noticed with approbation, as being highly ornamental to the lands which decline from Coppengagh to the valley of Kilfane—Before my departure from Flood-hall, I visited an extremely neat school-house, for females, on this demesne—the proofs of industry, piety, and improvement, there exhibited, afforded me high gratification—the selection of a sensible and judicious woman to the management of this neat rural establishment, reflects as much credit on Mrs. Flood's judgment, as her attention to the comforts of this person, and pro-

vision for the improvement of her pupils, do honor to the goodness of her heart—Here, I saw the largest quantity of clover, in the summer of 1814, that had attracted my attention on any one estate that season. The steward's house on this concern, within view of the traveller, going to and returning from Knocktopher to Kilkenny, is a neat object, and in point of aspect and accommodation, deserves to be noticed, as a very respectable model for that species of appendage to a gentleman's demesne.

Between this seat and the city of Waterford, you travel (over rough roads and a country wild and mountainous) through several shabby villages, 'till you arrive at that city—Knocktopher, the famous corporation we have noticed, is the most respectable of these, and is the only post town between Kilkenny and Waterford; but the whole of these villages put together, would not make one good street, and of course the population of the country, between those cities, a distance of about twenty-five miles in length, is wholly dependent on those cities for mercantile accommodation.*

* I had some opportunity of noticing the seats of two or three inhabitants of this wild region who appear to have paid some attention to its improvement—Of these seats I took more particular notice of Dr. Dillon's and Mr. Perceval's, a gentleman farmer—The former of these gentlemen has, however, chosen a very bad site for his new house there—Independent of its low position, the soil is reputed swampy and unwholesome—In both these respects Mr. Percival's seat has much the advantage of the other, the soil being dry, and the house adequately elevated above the surrounding country—To render this latter a good local object in that wild region, an approach from the public road somewhat superior to that which may be supposed to open a passage through a desert; and the growth of plantations,

A curious instance of the effects of light on certain portions of matter, or its influence, if you please, in the production of colours, happening to occur in the progress of my journey to Waterford, I shall, for the mere purpose of entertainment, give it a place in these memoirs.

Having alighted to walk up a hill within six or eight miles of the city, I turned round to contemplate the country towards Kilkenny, which I was leaving behind me—The lands, so far as I could extend my sight towards the horizon, looked extremely blue—I looked, and relooked, to assure myself that I was not mistaken, but the straining of my eye-balls was to no purpose, for blue continued to be the colour of the county—the blue coats and cloaks now began to rush upon my memory and imagination, and connecting this habit of the country with the influence of the sun upon the distant lands, I ventured, for the first time in my life, to give to a whole county, a new name, and accordingly pronounced that of Kilkenny—the blue county. I had scarcely determined this point, when directing my attention to the road, I found the dust looked red or of a

adapted to the wild aspect of the country, are alone wanting—These gentlemen, a Mr. Belcher and Mr. Walsh, are going forward improving the mountains, and we wish them all possible success in their meritorious proceedings—We record with pleasure, a patriotic feast, given by Dr. Dillon to his tenantry and neighbours (the annual practice of which we beg leave to recommend to the adoption of every man of rank and fortune in Ireland) as noticed with all due particulars in the Waterford Chronicle—This system of social intercourse is much wanting to harmonize the affections of the people, and render easy of operation, the plans adopted for their improvement.

brick colour, and advancing a few steps forward, six pigs which had rolled themselves in a stagnant pool, were lying across the road, basking in the sun, and were actually green—These objects of various colour, though easily accounted for, had nevertheless, the virtue of imparting to the mind and imagination of a solitary traveller, not occupied with better subjects, a momentary entertainment—The reader who smiles at the publication of so simple a tale (and we wish to promote his good humour) is complimented for the masculine stability of his understanding, *which has never once stooped from the dignity of its character* to become the tool of his humour or his fancy!

Within four miles of Waterford, in this direction, there is a little river called the Kilmacow river,* which drops into the Suir, within a mile of the city, and turns several mills in its progress; and what in that neighborhood is still more remarkable, sustains two respectable bleach-yards on its banks—I visited Mr. Smith and Mr. Shearman, the proprietors of those interesting improvements, and felt much pleasure in the observation of their useful industry, in that department, to which I myself had been brought up, in early life—The neat houses and other improvements attached to those concerns, and the picturesque grounds on which they are situate, contribute not a little to the improvement of this

† The tide comes up this river, the latter of which, though at the bridge of Kilmacow, (in the summer season) it has the aspect only of a stream, is nevertheless of sufficient depth to carry boats of small burthen with lime stone from thence to Waterford and Ross—The manure of Waterford, is sometimes conveyed to this neighborhood through the same channel.

neighborhood—Mr. Carr, the parish minister, resides in this little village, of which, his church and modest residence, are the only decent objects—To this rural pastor, Mr. Marum, the Roman catholic clergyman, and one or two of their parishioners, I was indebted for obliging conduct in my passage through this neighborhood.

From Kilmacow I proceeded to Waterford, and visited in my progress, the extensive flour-mill of Mr. Fayle—it stands on the bank of a small river which communicates with the Suir, within two miles of the city, and in addition to the large quantity of wheat which is here matured, and sold, principally at the market of Waterford, there is also an extensive starch and blue manufactory attached to this concern—The produce of these establishments, can be conveyed, if necessary, to the Dublin, Liverpool, and other markets, by water, from the stores on the bank of this river.

From the concern last mentioned, I proceeded to Waterford, and arrived at the bridge-hotel, (a house deserving of encouragement) on the County Kilkenny side of that city, late on the evening of the thirtieth of June, 1814—I had, however, sufficient light as I proceeded along the bank of the Suir (or conflux of the Barrow, Nore and Suir) to see and admire the appearance of that splendid river, the wooden bridge of Waterford, (built by Cox the celebrated American architect, and which opens a communication with this city, to the inhabitants of the County of Kilkenny,) the curious mountain rock, just opposite the bridge hotel; and lastly, the spacious quay of Waterford, which may be considered as the pride and beauty of that town—These various objects being sunk in the shades of the evening, and surveyed under

the influence of a sky peculiarly serene, presented the eye and imagination with a scene as picturesque as it was silent and sublime—On the following morning, however, when Phœbus had arisen and dispelled the darkness of night, though I surveyed the same scene with pleasure, the appearance of the city disappointed me—From the well known trade of this place (one of the most extensive in our island for the export of provisions) I had formed large ideas of its magnitude, and of the beauty and proportion of its streets, but on entering the city found myself much disappointed—I expected to see, in miniature, a few such objects as Sackville-street, Dame-street, or College-green in the metropolis, but the quay excepted, I looked in vain for any such splendid figures.

This latter and better part of the city, extends between one and two English miles, from the bridge to St. Catharine's Pill,* and with a tolerably genteel street, which they call the Mall, constitute the principal beauty of the town. The export trade of the city, amounting annually, for some years past, to upwards of two millions, is that which gives it consequence in the annals of the country, although in the vicinity of the city there are many neat villas which may be considered as appendages of considerable beauty to that port;† but in the compactness of its form, as a town or city, and even in the splendor of its seats, it falls considerably, in my view, beneath the standard of Kilkenny, its sister city. With the exception of the splendid seat of the Marquis of Waterford, a seat universally spoken of in terms of high

* A rivulet which drops into the Suir.

† See a description of those villas in a subsequent part of this work.

panegyric, there is nothing in the immediate vicinity of Waterford, comparable to Mount Juliet, the seat of the Earl of Carrick, nor has art done as much for any single object as for that of Castle Blunden, the seat of Sir John Blunden, Bart.*

ROADS.

The roads about Mullinavat, the village of Kilmacow, and several other spots between Knocktopher and Waterford, were completely discreditable to the country. Heaps of stones, as in the neighborhood of Graigue-nemanagh, instead of being immediately applied to the laudable purpose of improvement, were permitted to impede the traveller's progress, and render the passage of carriages, not only inconvenient but even dangerous. If our laws did not provide for the necessary accom-

* On this my first visit to Waterford, a survey of the County of Kilkenny (which extends to the bridge of that city) being my object, I put off to a future and more convenient period, my proposed inspection of the trade and public buildings of Waterford, as also of the seats beyond the river, and the country between Waterford and Clonmell, with a description of which, I proposed winding up the first volume of my travels. In the execution of this plan I had proceeded so far (on my second visit,) as to take notes of the principal beauties of the country, and was entering upon a description of the streets, public buildings and charitable institutions of Waterford, with its principal manufactories, (intending afterwards to proceed towards Carrick on Suir) when the arrival of winter, combining with ill health and other painful perplexities, obliged me to abandon my project, and reserve for a future and more favorable season, the completion of this task. The splendid seat of Curraghmore and other objects in the vicinity of Carrick on Suir, the description of which would have materially enriched this work, are hence unavoidably omitted.

modation of the country, by authorizing grand juries to levy taxes for carrying these improvements into effect, we should feel less disposed to treat with acrimony those shameful abuses.†

† It must be admitted, that grand juries, like all other public bodies, are critically circumstanced, being liable to the imputation of partiality, in the exercise of this, as well as other duties of their office; the truth or falsehood of which imputations, if made known to the public by a statement of the corresponding facts, in each county, might prove of service to the country; but this statement (impossible to be presented to the country by a mere traveller, and requiring sources of information which it would be impossible for a mere traveller to command,) would come extremely well before the public through a national or parochial survey, (such as that of Mr. Mason's) compiled from *resident authorities*. Through this valuable and authentic medium, the public might be satisfactorily informed of the good or evil produced to the country, by the execution or perversion of public trusts. This species of information, so well calculated to promote the ends of justice, would be an honorable exercise of that invaluable blessing, the liberty of the press; and in a work, the professed object of which, is to develop the true state of a country, such information appears not only useful, but absolutely indispensable to the perfection of its object. How far this end can be answered, by depending *exclusively*, for information, upon one inhabitant of each parish (however respectable and well informed that individual may be) is not for us but for the public to determine—The respectable proprietor of that useful undertaking to which we have just adverted, may feel, on reflection, the utility of adding to the list of queries which he has hitherto addressed to the clergy, *a few others*, calculated to bring into view *some hitherto unnoticed articles of useful intelligence*; and of aiding the labours of the established clergy, by other intelligent authorities, whose services, in the execution of an impartial survey of Ireland, if solicited personally, or through the press, would, in some instances at least, be cheerfully contributed; and I presume it need not be mentioned to that gentleman, that in proportion to the quantity of

From Ballyhale, one of the villages on the public road between Kilkenny and Waterford, the traveller proceeds over a chain of lofty ground, called the Welch mountains—several of the inhabitants of this wild tract of country, occupy much ground in the dairy department, and are famous also for extensive breeding of pigs, a description of stock for which they have a very good market at Waterford. It is a little singular, however, that some of those extensive pig breeders and dairy men, cannot speak a single sentence of plain English.

KILKENNY MARBLE.

The County of Kilkenny is famous for both black and variegated marble flag, of the finest quality which Ireland can boast of. The manufacturing of the numerous quarries of this flag, constitutes a principal branch of the trade of this county—they are conveyed by land and water to several sea-ports of the island, and occasionally exported to the Liverpool and London markets; some of these flags being exquisitely fine, and when manufactured into chimney-pieces, amounting, occasionally, to thirty

useful information which his work embraces, and to the weight and variety of evidences with which that information is supported, will his work be adverted to by the public, as a faithful portrait of Ireland, and one which may be resorted to in all cases of public controversy, as an unerring standard.

If to a writer, apparently influenced by an honorable design to promote the interests of his native country, an apology be necessary for the liberty we have here taken; be this our apology, that in doing so, we have not consulted our own private interest, but the interest of the country, and that the hints here thrown out, are not the production of our own solitary mind, but the sentiments (*more modestly suggested*) of a considerable proportion of the Irish public.

guineas a suit, are consequently fit articles of furniture for the most respectable apartments.

PEASANTRY.

This class of the population of the county, or rather of the southern district, (by which we principally mean, the country lying between Waterford and Kilkenny) appear, in a considerable proportion, in a state of rude nature, similar to those of the same class in most parts of Connaught—A person speaking to them in the English language, will often find it difficult to make himself understood; my patience in this respect, when enquiring about the roads or other ordinary objects of the country, was often put to a severe trial. North of Kilkenny, they appeared more polished, approaching, in some degree, to the appearance of the Wexford and Queen's County peasantry, who dress in a smart and improved manner, and many of whose women look particularly neat and attractive. The coarse round straw hats and stuff and linsey garments of the lower class of women south of Kilkenny, may be very serviceable and suitable to their rank, but certainly conspire with their vulgar habits and language, to rob them of all grace and attraction.

QUALITY AND ASPECT OF THE SOIL.

The County of Kilkenny is composed, for the most part, of a level surface, though occasionally diversified with elevations, but except Brandon-hill and two or three others of inferior magnitude, there are few lofty objects on the surface of this county.

The soil, or at least the greater part of it, may be classed under four heads, viz.—first, rich mold on a

substratum of limestone rock or quarry, as in the neighborhood of Gowran, Summer-hill, &c. which is certainly the best class—Shingley or slaty soil, (denominated by the peasantry, “Sleigugh,” from the Irish word Sleibgh, a mountain, being generally found in the vicinity of hills or mountains which abound with coal) as the lands of Castlecomer, &c.—thirdly, a poor gravel soil; and lastly, inundated or wet ground, which forms by much the minor feature of that county.

LOCAL FEATURES.

The lands between Kilkenny and Three Castles may be denominated a light improveable soil—those of Three Castles are much superior, being composed of strong clay, naturally grassy and fertile of corn; these latter are, in what may be termed original heart, but until a little previous to the death of Mr. Ball, the late proprietor, they had derived little assistance from artificial improvement. On each side of the road which passes by Foulksrath castle to Freshford, but particularly on the left hand, I saw the most poor and miserable vein of gravel soil which had attracted my attention in that county. This description of land extends, as I heard, on each side of the road from Dinan-bridge to the demesne of Ballyragget, although the lands which unite with this vein, and extend to the river on one side, and to the hills of Shangana, Conahee, &c. in the opposite direction, constitute nutritive pastures, and are fertile of corn.

FUEL.

The fuel of this county is for the most part coal,

with which the inhabitants of the northern district, are supplied from the pits of Castlecomer, &c. while those of the southern, obtain English coal from the port of Waterford, with which city, Cox's bridge, as we have already noticed, opens a convenient communication. The poor are, however, in many instances, badly off for fuel, as they can seldom purchase coal, and there is comparatively but little turf bog in this county.

AGRICULTURE.

Although Kilkenny is a good corn county, yet improvements in agriculture are not going forward as might be expected. The old fallowing system, though disused by some, and it is hoped will be ultimately superseded by a better, is still retained by a vast number—drill husbandry, lately introduced into the county by a few gentlemen, is making some progress, but much room remains for the extension of this useful system. Green crops are but little cultivated, and probably for the same reason which we have noticed in our survey of Carlow—the practice of pilfering every thing which can be rendered an article either of convenience or consumption to the peasantry, an evil (if my information be correct) still more prevalent in this county than in that of Carlow, and perhaps for the following reason:— Education (if I might judge from the ample specimens I saw) is much farther advanced in Carlow than in Kilkenny.

CHAP. XVII.

Author's entrance into the County of Wexford—Country from Innistioge to Ross described—Seats and Scenery on the banks of the Ross river, minutely noticed—Proceeds to Featherd, a village on the Wexford shore—Visits Duncannon-fort, Dunbrawdy Abbey, and other objects deserving of description in the vicinity of the Coast—Returns to Ross—Trade, Public Buildings, and Charitable Institutions of this Town minutely described—Traverses the Country towards Enniscorthy—Trade and aspect of this Town noticed—Beauties of the surrounding country carefully selected—Drives to Newtown Barry—Brief description of this Village—Proceeds to Wexford, by Ballinkeeel—Visits Artramon, and other seats of distinction, in his progress—Drives from Wexford to the Village of Taghmon, and from hence to the Sea Coast—Returns through Taghmon to Wexford—Seats and Scenery on the banks of the river Slaney, noticed—Brief description of the Town of Wexford—Interesting Anecdote of a School-boy—Description of the Baronies of Forth and Bargie—Copious Remarks on the dangers of the Wexford Coast—On the mineral productions of this County—Returns to Enniscorthy and proceeds from thence to Ferns—Visits Camolin-park, the seat of Lord Viscount Valentia—Villages of Fern and Camolin described—Shameful abuse of the Sabbath, in parts of this County, censured—Proceeds to Gorey—Brief description of that Town, with the Seats and Scenery around it—Concluding observations on the Agriculture, Soil and Manures of this County.

FROM KILKENNY TO ROSS, THROUGH THOMASTOWN AND
INNISTIOGE.

The country in this direction, so far as Innistioge, has been noticed already, and from thence to Ross, the scenery is not only universally pleasing, but in one or two spots highly picturesque—Of these, by far the most rich and gratifying landscape, is that which comprehends the demesne of Lord Callan, and which the eye takes in, though not with equal advantage, from two lofty positions on this road—The first is that of Ballycommon-hill, within two and a half miles of Ross—A valley richly planted, bounded by hills, ornamented by two or three beautiful villas, and enlivened by the waters of the Nore, exhibits to the eye of the spectator from this position, a spectacle truly gratifying. The road passes immediately by Lord Callan's gate, and if the stranger of taste who proceeds in this direction, will take the trouble of driving through his Lordship's demesne, the feast, of which he had obtained an earnest on Ballycommon-hill, will be rendered complete, by his observation of the Nore and Barrow, which forming a junction on this nobleman's demesne, may be justly considered as the most curious and interesting object on that extensive concern. In your passage from Lord Callan's to Ross, you approach a very beautiful draw-bridge, which crosses the Barrow, and lends its influence (with the seats of Mr. Minchin, and the Misses Rossiter, on the distant bank) to improve the appearance of the country.* On

* On visiting Rosemount, the seat of the Misses Rossiter, a few days after my entrance into Ross, I was charmed with the unrivalled beauty of the prospect which the elevated lands at

your arrival, however, at the second and more beautiful elevation, called Mount Garret, within half a mile of Ross, the prospect of the union of the waters, is much more clear than from Lord Callan's demesne—the landscape, in addition to this beauty, and to the numerous plantations in the valley, is also rendered magnificent by Brandon-hill, a mountain called Sleibghbawn, and other objects of magnitude which form a boundary to it. Lord Callan's lodge, on a gentle elevation beyond the waters, though small, is also a point of improvement in this scene, in the description of which, we should not overlook a little castle on the road side, which contributes its due proportion of influence to the general beauty of the landscape. Mount Garret, in addition to

the rere of Rosemount dwelling-house commands, and felt equally dissatisfied with the bad taste of the old school, which, in common with numerous other *living* interments of this fair and flourishing island, had buried those amiable girls at the bottom of this fine elevation, instead of placing them on its summit; a kind of geographical death which we would by no means recommend them tamely to endure, well-knowing that they possess the magic power of soon conveying themselves and their habitation to that lofty eminence which so much better quadrates with the beauty of this country, and with that chaste simplicity of heart and taste, with which these ladies have been honored both by grace and nature. Here the spectator enjoys a still more close and intimate view of Lord Callan's house, and of the meeting of the waters, than even from Mount Garret—an equally interesting prospect of the town, the bridge, and the river of Ross—of a little villa, which stands like a snow-drop in the valley—of Balliane-house and plantations, the seat of Colonel O'Farrell, bounding the landscape on a bold elevation to the north-east—of the summit of Woodstock plantations, in the opposite direction, and (in their own immediate vicinity) of the neat edifice of Mr. Minchin, and the farm-house of Mr. Henry Tottenham directly opposite Rosemount.

this landscape, commands a view of Ross, in the opposite direction. This town, picturesquely situated on the banks of the river, which sustain ornamental plantations, and gradually elevate themselves to a considerable distance beyond the water, had, in my view, as pleasing an aspect, as any other town which I had visited. The Ross river, composed of the united waters of the Nore and Barrow, may measure about two hundred yards wide in that place, and when taken in connection with its beautiful painted bridge, the light shipping on its surface, the stores, villas, and plantations on the banks of the river, conspired to render the view of this town and its concomitant improvements, as picturesque as can be well conceived.

SEATS.

From Ross I drove as usual to all the principal seats in the surrounding country. My first excursion was on the County Kilkenny bank of the river. In this direction stands Castle-Annaghs, the beautiful seat of Edward Murphy, Esq. It is the first object of distinction on this bank, and comprises an elegant square edifice, of modern aspect, on a demesne of near five hundred acres, beautifully elevated above the river, and enriched by a castle and ornamental plantations. The approach to this house, through lands highly improved, and commanding an interesting view of the town, the bridge, and the shipping of Ross, was highly gratifying. A collier or coal raft, was anchored in the river under the shade of a plantation, within a few perches of the avenue, on the morning of my visit to this place, the appearance of

which produced no mean influence on the general beauty of that scene.

The second seat was that of Aylwardstown, a neat little villa which commands a pleasing prospect over the river, and (from an elevated position on the demesne) an oblique view of the town of Ross, about six miles distant, and of several lofty and sublime mountains which bound the view beyond it. But in the traveller's progress along the Ross river, a landscape comprehensible in a view from the road which winds by Lady Esmonde's demesne (and still more perfectly from Drumdowney-hill, a little beyond it,) exceeds every other which the seats of that neighbourhood can boast of. Here the grandeur of mountains, particularly that of Blackstairs and Sleibghkelter, unites with the incomparable beauty and wild irregularity of the river, in its approach to the sea, with the cultivated lands of the extensive valley on the banks of this river, with the beautiful villa of Mr. Handcock on the distant shore, with that stupendous monument of antiquity, Dunbrawdy Abbey, on the County Wexford side of the river, and lastly, with the hotel and numerous beautiful villas of Check-point (the present station of the packets which ply between Waterford and Milford) to present the spectator with a landscape, as extensive, as variegated, and as eminently uniting objects of wild grandeur with those of modern taste, as any reasonable eye need wish to enjoy. Sir Thomas Esmonde, (to whose politeness, and that of his aunt, Lady Esmonde, I acknowledge myself indebted) was obliging enough to accompany me to the summit of Drumdowney-hill, which stands over the river, and in addition to the objects we have noticed, commands a

perfectly clear view of Ross and Waterford, an oblique view of the sea, and one highly interesting of Lady Esmonde's seat (beautifully planted) on the bank of the river. The charms of this landscape, are, however, in some degree diminished, by that heathy tract on the summit of Drumdowney-hill, from whence the spectator takes his prospect; nor can his eye, from the proximity of this disgusting spectacle, preserve itself from that shocking drawback to its enjoyment which this object produces.

The seats which embellish the country on the Wexford side of the river, are those of Oaklands (the seat of Lieutenant Colonel Sankey,*) Oak-park, (a beautiful

* This seat (as yet in an unfinished state) comprehends an interesting variety of demesne grounds, the borders of which are enriched and beautified by a valuable oak wood, and hence this place has been denominated Oaklands. It stands about a mile from Ross, on a beautiful elevation above the road which conducts you from thence to the seats which we shall just notice on the Wexford bank of the river, and is separated from this road by a stone wall. At the lower end of the demesne, as you proceed towards Stokestown, &c. the wood opens, and admits the prospect of a little valley enclosed by planted hills, which, in connection with each other, form a kind of rural amphitheatre; and should you penetrate the improvements, you will discover a deep glen at the bottom of those woods, which, in the interior beauties of this demesne is a feature of no mean character. When the young plantations of Oaklands are grown, and the house finished, this seat will be one of the principal ornaments to the neighborhood of Ross.

In the article of prospect, it commands a view of Castle Annaghs on the distant bank of the river, which arranges its beauties in full view, and is the most striking feature of the landscape; this latter also includes part of the town of Ross, and those lofty mountains which bound the prospect beyond it.

villa which stands like a snow-drop on the bank of the river, embosomed in a deep Oak-wood)—Landscape, (the seat of Mr. Usher, who has built a very handsome school-house, on the opposite side of the road)—Pilltown, (that of the Rev. Mr. Glascott, who farms a considerable quantity of his own estate)—and the glebe-house of the Rev. Thomas Handcock, which we have just noticed, as an interesting object in the landscape comprehensible in a view from Lady Esmonde's demesne. These seats may be considered as in the vicinity of Ross, the most distant not being more than seven miles from that sea-port; and in an estimate of the beauties and advantages of this neighbourhood, they maintain a marked position.

There is also on this side of the river (between Oaklands and Pilltown) a very fine elevation, or site for a mansion-house, on the lands of Stokestown, the property of Joseph Deane, Esq. This beautiful mount commands one of the finest and most extensive views of the river, the timber bridge of Ross, (ornamentally painted,) a bold and romantic bank on the opposite side of the river,—of Oaklands' house, on a neighbouring elevation, and of that still more highly improved and extensive concern of Mr. Murply, (which we have already noticed as one of the most splendid seats in this district;) but with all the advantages of prospect which this proud elevation commands, the proprietor had it in contemplation to build a new house near his *old offices*, on a site, which, when put in competition with this beautiful mount, would be a much more suitable position for a *barn* or *out office*, than for the dwelling-house of a respectable family.

Here I had the pleasure of beholding near thirty acres of green crops, and if we include potatoes, near forty acres, as Mr. Deane (who is a farmer of the new school) assured me. An example of improved cultivation, so extensive as this, in the vicinity of Ross, was highly gratifying, and I sincerely hope it may become (in conjunction with other useful examples) an object of general imitation to the people of this county, who from the defective resources of their soil, would, we conceive, derive peculiar advantages from this mode of manuring.

The day after my visit to Stokestown, I drove to Balliane, the seat of Colonel O'Ferrall, (a gentleman who had lately arrived in this country from the continent, and is brother to Major O'Ferrall, whose seat, in the vicinity of Clonard, we have already noticed in the course of these memoirs.)

Balliane-house, a handsome modern edifice, stands on a bold position, near the western margin of the county of Wexford, about six miles north-east of Ross, in a neighbourhood considerably removed from public observation; although in your progress from Innistioge to Ross, you obtain an interesting view of this seat, from the road near Mount Garret castle. It commands the prospect of a fine open country towards Woodstock, embellished by the seats and plantations of the Misses Rossiter and Mr. Minchin, the castle of Mount Garret, the silver current of the Barrow, glistening in the valley, and of Lord Callan's lodge, from the attic story of the mansion-house. In the parish where this property exists, a school has been endowed by the late Mrs. Houghton Bolger, sister of the present proprietor, for

the benefit of the offspring of the necessitous inhabitants of that parish ; and in Ross, the fever hospital, a most useful and laudable institution, is principally indebted to the same family for its foundation and support.

In the immediate vicinity of Balliane, and in a valley at the foot of this proud elevation, stands Berkely, the seat of John Berkely Dean, Esq. (brother to the Mr. Dean recently noticed.) This seat, from its low position and the recluse neighbourhood in which it is situate, does not command the attention of the traveller on any of the roads of that country which have come under our observation ; and if we except a chain of lofty hills which bound the landscape comprehensible in a view from the lawn, we know of no other objects which this seat commands, deserving of topographical description. Its advantages are those which have affinity rather to comfort than to splendor, the house being neat and adequately commodious, and the demesne respectable in its resources and appearance. The religious and moral worth of this family (of which in the course of a free conversation the Author was furnished with some pleasing proofs) was the best feature of Berkely, in his view ; and he acknowledges with pleasure (whatever use he may have since made of this instruction) that he derived some useful hints from a short interview with this worthy family. He was also edified with the zeal and piety of those young ladies, whose beautiful demesne at Rosemount has been recently noticed. Their wish for his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion, (expressed in the course of a brief conversation on his book of doctrines, of which they had heard) a sentiment very natural and very innocent in their case, did

not lessen in his view the value of that piety which appeared to him to have obtained considerable dominion in the breast of the elder Miss Rossiter. He rejoiced to observe, on this, and on many other occasions with which his public pursuits have supplied him, that in every society of professing christians, there are souls laboring to procure, and to preserve, the approbation of their great Creator, (and these however temporally divided, constitute one church,) and he sincerely lamented that these worthy characters should be unavoidably separated from each other by distance of time and place, by educational prejudices, and by the short-lived inter-*of party.*

FROM ROSS TO FEATHERD.

In this direction there are several objects deserving a place in an estimate of the improvements of this county. Of these objects, Carnagh and Tintern-abbey, having come more immediately under the Author's observation, he shall first notice them.

CARNAGH

Carnagh, the seat of Henry Lambert, Esq. is a seat rather valuable than attractive. The house is a very respectable edifice, but its low and secluded position, at once, deprive the inhabitant of foreign prospect, and the traveller, the enjoyment of its domestic advantages.

Mr. Lambert, at the period of my visit, was preparing to introduce a lake into the low grounds of his demesne, within view of the mansion-house, which when accomplished, will (in connection with a bridge already thrown over the intended receptacle of an arm of this lake) shed a considerable influence of beauty on that portion

of the confined landscape which comes under the observation of the drawing-room, and of the visiter, in his approach to the house ; but this place is, upon the whole, rather destitute of that variety which furnishes the landscape-painter with appropriate materials for his canvas.

TINTERN-ABBEY.

Tintern-abbey, the seat and property of Cæsar Colclough, Esq. part of which has been recently modified into a summer residence) stands in a richly planted valley, within three miles of the village of Featherd, (a noted bathing place on the southern coast of Wexford, and principally dependent for support on the confluence of company to the waters.) The walls of this ancient edifice (the complete reparation of which, from a handsome window recently placed on the south side, appears to have been in the contemplation of the late Mr. Colclough) are, considering the antiquity of the structure, in tolerable preservation. From the apartments of the castle, the eye takes in a plain land scene, and an interesting view of the Saltee Islands, on the southern coast of this county. The adequately luminous, and respectable appearance of those apartments, which Lady Colclough had the politeness to shew me, were well deserving of regard, and if possible still more so, a very beautiful and fruitful garden, of two or three acres, enclosed by a handsome brick wall, and abounding with the delicacies of the season ; an object which I had little expectation of enjoying when I drove to Tintern, as that castle, by a combination of family circumstances, had not been for some time the regular residence

of the Colclough family. I observed with pleasure, the proofs which the open aspect of this garden exhibited, of the taste and judgment of its manager, so contrary to the absurd practice of those, who stuff the beds of our Irish gardens with apple trees, to the exclusion of sun and air, from the vegetable tribes. Apple trees ought either to be planted on the margin of beds, in espaliers, or if introduced in quantity into a large square, should be placed in the angles; or should the garden happen to be of an oblong or parallelogramic form, on one end of the plot, totally distinct from the vegetable beds. By this mode, the vegetables and smaller fruits would derive every advantage from the season, while the angles of an ample square, or the end of an oblong area, would at all times contain an adequate number of apple trees for the accommodation of a family.

From Featherd I returned by a circuitous route to Ross, but not until I had paid Mr. Kennedy, the worthy minister of that village, then confined with a fit of the gout, a short visit. He resides in the castle of Featherd, (which had been modernized by his predecessor) within a few perches of the village, and directly opposite to his church, which stands on the margin of his little lawn. From thence I proceeded to Rose-garland, the seat of Francis Leigh, esq. about eight miles from Featherd, and within two or three of Foulks's-mills. This seat, remarkable for a valuable oak wood (through which the proprietor was opening a very handsome approach to the Ross road at the period of my visit,) constitutes a good local feature, on the borders of a tame and unimproved country from thence to Featherd. Rose-garland would, however, have been a more beau-

tiful and conspicuous feature of this district, if bad taste, or a false principle of *œconomy* had not placed it at the foot of a very good site on the demesne ; an observation, in the justness of which we are supported by numerous well-known facts in this country, of gentlemen erecting new houses on bad sites, because of their proximity to the old offices. These offices, however, for the sake of which, the beauty of elevated position has been thus preposterously sacrificed, in numerous instances, are afterwards unavoidably rebuilt, in the course of fifteen or twenty years ; and thus comes tumbling down with the old offices, the whole system of *œconomy* which had preserved them, while the deformity of the position, remains a standing monument of the bad taste, or ill-judged *œconomy* of the founder. In consequence of the *comparatively* low site upon which Rose-garland house has been erected, you must approach this seat in order to ascertain its character ; which having done, you will find yourself repaid for the toils of your journey over a country, for some miles, at least, completely barren of interest, by the local beauties of this concern. The house, which has been enlarged and modernized, rather than rebuilt, is a handsome, though by no means regular pile of architecture. It contains a commodious bath, which is supplied with water through a pipe, from a reservoir near the dwelling-house, a very useful accommodation to any family. The gardens are extensive and well stocked, and the demesne which gradually drops into a valley, is respectable, in its aspect, though evidently capable of much higher embellishment. There is a pretty cupola on one of the offices,

and a very handsome spire ornaments a modernized castle on the concern.

These are the domestic features of Rose-garland, and though situate on the margin of a landscape, which from thence to Featherd, is rather disgusting than grandly wild, yet on your arrival at this seat, a scene of new and improved aspect opens upon the view, particularly from thence to Foulks's-mills, in which direction the country is enlivened by the following handsome villas:—Hoartown, Slivoy Castle, Coolcliffe, Hillbourne, and Tottenham-green.

The first of these seats is occupied by a Mr. Goff—the second by Colonel Pigott, an amiable and benevolent officer, on whose estate it is situate, (and is denominated Slivoy Castle, from an ancient castle, on the site of which the present mansion-house stands)—the third, by Mr. Little, the worthy minister of Taghmon (this villa stands on a site modestly elevated in front of Rose-garland-house and demesne)—the fourth, a very handsome edifice, was unoccupied when I visited that country, but had been the residence of the Rev. Robert Hawkshaw, lately deceased; and lastly, Tottenham-green, (on an estate of Lord Robert Tottenham, Bishop of Killaloe,) which was just taken possession of by the Rev. Mr. Moore, then minister of Hoartown—but beside these, I do not recollect of any other seats in that immediate neighbourhood, which merit a place in topographical description.*

* Between Featherd and Foulks's-mills, some ruins of great eminence in the antiquities of this county, called the castles of Clonmines, and formerly an abbey of the Augustinian order, will be found deserving the traveller's attention. They are situate on the margin of a river, or inlet of the sea, called the

While rolling through this country, I two or three times passed near the rocky mountains of Carrickburn, rendered famous in Irish history, by the rebel forces which marched from their encampment at that place to the attack of Ross, on the 5th of June, 1798, and still more awfully remarkable by the tragical conclusion of those unfortunate Protestants of all ages and sexes, who perished in the conflagration of Scullabogue barn, at the foot of those stupendous rocks. The christian in passing by this monument of infamy may well exclaim—
“*Sancte spiritus charitatis, cujus numen benignum ex meis patribus invocare didisci, O adsis et tuâ ægide me protege, donec hunc locum transeam.*”*

DUNCANNON-FORT.

I returned to Ross (as I departed from it) by a circuitous road, incurring about ten miles extraordinary travelling to visit Duncannon, a famous military fort, which had proved the protection of many loyalists in the year 1798, and from this circumstance, as well as from its importance to the defence of the country, I could by no means think of departing from this portion of the Wexford coast without paying it a visit.

The battery which at present mounts thirty-one guns,

Scar, within five miles of Featherd, and four of Foulks's-mills: Their origin and order are, we presume, adequately detailed in the antiquities of this country; but in a work like this, it is sufficient to mark out their position and general outline, for the traveller's information.

* O, hallowed spirit of charity, whose benign influence my fathers have taught me to invoke! cast thy ægis over me until I pass this place!

stands on a rock over an arm of the sea,* and commands an interesting view of Paulville, the seat of Sir Joshua Paul, on the distant shore, and of the neat villa of a Mr. Allen in the vicinity of the fort.

When I visited this fort, workmen were engaged in building an addition thereto, which, when complete, six or eight guns will be added to its present force, amounting in the whole to about forty pieces of heavy cannon, beside two or three ship carronades.

Here the affrighted inhabitants of this county, who were exposed by their loyalty or their religion to the fury of the enthusiastic mob, fled, in large numbers, for protection; a small number only, compared to the whole, could, however, be received into the fort, but many who were rejected, took shelter in the village, which, for the greater part of the solitary street which composes it, is situate on a piece of ground adequately low, to lye under the protection of the guns.

* The bed or channel of that great triple river, which here blends itself with the sea, and forms a junction with St. George's channel, at the tower of Hook, is by many persons denominated indiscriminately the Suir or Barrow river, until it arrives at this its final destination. From the union of the Nore and Barrow on Lord Callan's demesne, to their junction with the Suir, near Waterford, and from thence to Duncannon, the channel of the river experiences a gradual enlargement, but on its arrival at this latter place it forms a wide and beautiful expanse of fresh and salt water, constituting from thence to the tower of Hook, at the land's end, a capacious harbour, properly denominated, the harbour of Waterford, and improperly, as we conceive, the Suir or Barrow river, and hence we have placed Duncannon fort, not on the bank of a river, but over an arm or inlet of the sea.

The grounds beyond this village, being higher than the rock on which the fort stands, it had been deemed expedient to build two towers, on elevated positions above the village. These, on which four pieces of cannon will be planted, were in progress when I visited the fort, and when complete, they will defend the approaches to the fort and village, on the land side, and constitute this one of the most important fortresses in this part of Ireland.

The barracks of New Geneva, within seven miles of Waterford, and within a mile and half of Paulville, on the same shore, are comprehensible in a view from this fort, but though an extensive range of building, they are not very attractive objects in this land and water scene.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.

In the vicinity of Duncannon, and on the river north of that fort, a fine sand impregnated with marine salt, and a shelly slob, denominated river marle, both convertible to the purposes of manure, are found in considerable quantity. Limestone, in aid of these, is brought down by boat from quarries beyond Waterford, and these united constitute the principal manures of this neighborhood. There are also slates of indifferent quality, found on the lands of Nuke, adjoining the river; and a valuable quarry of granite, fit for mill-stones and building, in the vicinity of Ballyhack, a fishing village on the river, about two miles north of Duncannon. It is probable this fort, and the abbey of Dunbrowdy, have been indebted for some of their best materials to this quarry.

Near this fort and immediately adjoining the road to Dunbrawdy abbey stands Harriot-lodge, the demesne of Lord Spencer Chichester, an object although by no means splendid, yet its interesting situation near the water, and that diversity of ground which the demesne exhibits, constitute a pleasing object to the eye of the traveller, in his progress from the fort to the abbey. From the road between Lord Chichester's seat and Dunbrawdy-abbey, Duncannon fort, which projects into the sea, is a very pretty object, and when taken in connection with the demesne of Lord Spencer, the extensive brewery of a Mr. Walsh, on the margin of the water, and the ships, of which I saw two or three in full sail on the river, will afford the traveller much interest.

DUNBRAWDY ABBEY.

As to Dunbrawdy-abbey, I know not how I shall set about to describe it, for whether I consider the extent and magnificence of the building—its antiquity—the picturesque grounds on which it stands, or the advanced hour of the day on which I just looked at the concern, in my progress to Ross, I feel myself on all these grounds disqualified to undertake its description. Limited, however, as I was in time, I attempted to step round it, and found the exterior of the edifice to measure about nine hundred feet, and the length of the abbey, about two hundred feet clear within the walls. Beside the various windows of this structure, which are composed of stone exquisitely cut, and are for the most part in good preservation, as are also, the castle and principal walls of the abbey, I counted eighteen or twenty arches, of which several are extremely splendid, but some of the smaller

arches, I was sorry to observe, have been greatly mutilated, either by the lapse of time, or by the levity of the people. The building stands on the eastern bank of the Ross river (or combination of the Nore and Barrow) within seven miles of Ross, and six of Waterford, and on the distant bank stands Kilmannock, the beautiful seat of Counsellor Powell, in full view of the spectator from this abbey. Between those splendid objects there is a communication by a bridge, which is said to have cost the county about one thousand pounds sterling. On the opposite side of the road which passes by the abbey, and opens a communication between Ross and Duncannon, there is an ivy covered ruin, and a neat lodge, the residence of Lord Spencer's steward, which add very much to the picturesque beauty of this scene—the abbey, however, and the splendid river which rolls between it and the mansion-house of Kilmannock, are evidently the grand, bold, and beautifying objects of this scene, although Kilmannock house, and the ruin we have pointed out in the opposite direction, are material to be noticed.

I was not surprized, considering the scene I had just witnessed, to hear that parties are formed in the surrounding country, to visit and dine within view of those splendid objects, in the summer season, as they are well calculated to infuse into the mind of sensibility, those interesting and awful sensations, which at once exalt the mind and fill the imagination with grand ideas.

This famous abbey is said to have been founded in the twelfth century, by Harvey de Montmoresco, who had been an officer of rank in Strongbow's (Earl of Pembroke's) army, but having resigned his commission,

in consequence of a dispute or misunderstanding with his master, he founded this abbey, on lands which had been allotted him for his services ; and there establishing the order of Cistercian or Bernardine monks, took the cowl himself, and became the first abbot of his order. In this state the institution continued until dissolved in the reign of Henry VIII. by composition with Alexander Devereux, the last abbot, who obtained the bishoprick of Ferns, in lieu thereof.

SITUATION OF ROSS.

The town of Ross is principally concentrated on the eastern bank of a fine crystal expanse (which we have already noticed as being formed by a junction of the Nore and Barrow at that place) on grounds whose striking inequality conspires with the aspect of the town, gradually elevating itself above the water, and with the beauty of Cox's bridge, (which opens a communication between the Counties of Kilkenny and Wexford) to render Ross an object of the highest interest in the surrounding landscape, while it comes recommended to the attention of the philanthropist by a still stronger feature of its character, namely, the number of its charitable institutions ; and to the trader, by its capacity of being rendered a profitable source of commerce, from its proximity to the sea, and advantageous position on the bank of a navigable river.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The principal public buildings of this place are, first, the court-house and assembly-room, a handsome square structure which is built of cut stone and ornamented with

a cupola and town clock—it stands near the junction of four streets, to two of which, namely, Quay-street and South-street, it forms (on one side of each) in a direct line with the other buildings of those sides, a corner or angle edifice of great beauty. The plan of the building comprises not only the necessary apartments for a court-house and mayor's office, but an open space enclosed by a colonade and iron gates, for the reception of corn and other provisions of the market, to which use, however, it is never applied, being wholly inadequate to the present trade of Ross, which has rapidly increased within the last sixteen years—Secondly, the new church—a plain lofty edifice, which stands, in part, on the site of an ancient abbey, on a hill considerably elevated above the town. This position so favorable for observation, will render the spire of that building, of which the tower only has been built, an object of considerable ornament to Ross—Thirdly, the new Roman catholic chapel, in South-street, which ranks next in magnitude to this edifice—It is a lofty square structure, somewhat similar, in form, to Wesley chapel in the metropolis—the galleries, as in that edifice, are enlightened by large windows on each side of the building, and the whole aspect of this structure is such as to convey that idea of beauty and architectural skill, which renders it an appendage of no mean ornament to that street in which it is situate—Fourthly, the horse barrack, which is capable of accommodating two troops of horse—it is a decent pile of plain building on an elevated position above the town—Fifthly, the sick poor institution, fever hospital and dispensary; a lightairy edifice, which commands an agreeable view over the town to the river and surrounding

country—it was founded in the year 1809, and endowed with a perpetual annuity of £300 by the late Mrs. Houghton Bolger, since which period four thousand two hundred and ninety-seven persons have been taken under cure, and of these, as the treasurer informed me, four thousand one hundred and forty-five have been discharged cured or considerably relieved. The house contains two sick and two convalescent wards, each adapted to the accommodation of four patients, and if we may judge of the management of this house by its convenience, cleanliness, and purity of air, as well as by the effects we have noticed, we may well pronounce this establishment, a public blessing to the neighborhood, but the funds (comprizing the above legacy, an annual grant from the grand jury, and annual and weekly subscriptions, amounting in the whole to upwards of £700 per annum) relieve by much a larger number of the weak and infirm poor of Ross, as extern patients, than those who are the proper subjects of the charity of the hospital.

Beside those public buildings, which on the ground of ornament more directly attract the attention of a stranger, the following charitable institutions and schools for education deserve to be noticed, in an estimate of the improvements of the place.

The principal school for education, is that endowed for the instruction of boys in English and classic literature, by the late Sir John Every, in aid of which the corporation allows a salary of £20 per annum to the master, who has a good house for his family and boarders, and a noble school-room, free of rent. This institution is placed by the will of Sir John, under the direction of

the sovereign, recorder, and chief burgess of the corporation, with the vicar for the time being. The terms of tuition, however, are pretty similar in this and most other endowed schools, to those which are conducted merely on private foundations.

The principal charitable school, which comprizes apartments for the education of youth of both sexes, is organized on the Lancasterian system, supported by voluntary subscription, and conducted by a standing committee. Instruction is administered here without religious distinction, and to prevent the jealousies resulting from which (not among the children, but in the minds of those who have an interest in their principles) neither creed nor catechism is introduced, but there is a poor school in the town, conducted by certain Roman catholic clergymen, where the peculiar tenets of that church are, of course, carefully inculcated.

The lying-in-hospital comes next in order—it receives and accommodates, during their confinement, six poor women at a time, whose uncomfortable domestic circumstances at such a period, render them proper objects of this charity. This institution founded in 1809, and supported chiefly by subscriptions of the inhabitants, has admitted within the pale of its benefits, seventy-eight poor women since the period of its foundation.

There is also a charitable repository, opened in 1805, for the purpose of supplying poor married women, *at their own lodgings*, with suitable comforts, medical aid and attendance, during their confinement in child-bed, and to provide clothing for their infants. This little charity is chiefly supported by profits on the sale of works of ladies who are friends to the institution, and by

the sale of presents made thereto; and in connection with the lying-in-hospital is solely indebted to the ladies of the town for its continuance and support. It has been the instrument of relieving five hundred and eighty women and their children since its foundation.

Trinity hospital, is another charitable institution of this place—it was endowed by a gentleman of the name of Dormer, and supports fourteen widows, each of whom has the use, during life, of two apartments, and an income of about £20 per annum.

There is also a chamber of commerce in this town, composed of subscribers concerned in the trade of Ross, for the regulating of all matters referred to them relative thereto. They have a commodious assembly-room, where the London, Dublin, and provincial papers, with Lloyd's list, price current, day notes, &c. for their own use and that of strangers, properly introduced, are taken in.

A charitable loan instituted in 1801, for lending out small sums free of interest to tradesmen and others, is deserving a note of observation in this estimate. The money constituting this fund is distributed in sums not exceeding five, and not less than one guinea to each, and is repaid by weekly instalments, at the rate of six pence halfpenny per week, for each guinea lent.

An institution called the college, shall close our description of the useful establishments of Ross. This house, which is devoted to the instruction of a few students at a time, in the Augustinian department of Roman catholic divinity, has been judiciously placed under the direction of the reverend Philip Crane, a gentleman whose piety, humanity, and tolerant principles, in conjunction with that

knowledge of the world which he has derived from a long residence on the continent, eminently qualify him for the instruction of youth, and prepare him to communicate to the heart susceptible of virtue, a portion of that divine charity with which the God of all excellence has gratuitously enriched his own. In the conversation of this christian minister, I spent an hour much to my satisfaction.

I have now detailed, I hope with tolerable accuracy, the public buildings and useful institutions of Ross, and shall close my observations on the charities of that town with the following reflections.

A friendly society for the support of reduced tradesmen and laborers, appears to be the only institution which remains to be adopted in Ross, for the completion of its charitable policy. The necessity for such an institution in every place, and the benefits it would confer upon industrious declining old age, are too obvious to need multiplied proofs—they speak for themselves, and ought to be independent of every argument, since to witness a life of labor passing through the slow torture of filth and famine to the close of a miserable existence, should sufficiently speak to the feeling heart without the aids of factitious eloquence, or the trouble of accumulating facts.

Here we have noticed what appears wanting to complete the charity of Ross, (and we may add of a thousand other towns in this country) but with regard to its social policy, though probably like all other parts of this island, nothing on an extensive scale has yet been adopted, yet we shall do the town of Ross the justice to say, that it has made a small approach towards that praise

worthy compact of fellow citizens; so often pleaded for in this work, by a weekly assemblage of the fever-hospital and sick poor institution committee at the social morning meal, and by which the affections of the members of that body are naturally cemented, and the interests of their institution more effectually promoted and secured.

May the example of Ross, in this instance, and in its numerous institutions for the mitigation of misery, and for the improvement of the human mind, be universally followed; and may that period soon arrive, when similar associations in every parish shall introduce us to the knowledge of each other, and put an end to those jealousies and consequent acts of aggression, which by the destruction of confidence and social harmony have interrupted the improvement of this country.

TRADE.

As to the trade of Ross, though I cannot speak minutely on the subject, yet from the list of exports for the year ending July 1814, (obligingly copied for my information by the clerk of the custom-house from the books of that house, and valued, in conjunction with a merchant of the town, by my friend, Samuel Ely, who is a very active promoter of the charities of Ross, and to whom I am indebted for much of the foregoing information) it appears that merchandize of various classes to the amount of £300,000 sterling, was exported from thence in the course of this year. It has also the aspect of a good home trade, the town having a lively appearance, the population being, in a considerable proportion, respectable, and several of the shops and warehouses

well assorted with the articles of trade which are in ordinary demand in this country.

I think it deserving of notice that during my residence in this neighborhood, a Roman catholic clergyman, whose character I highly esteem, observed in conversation, that the best effects would probably flow from a congress of deputies from the various churches of christendom, for the purpose of adjusting, so far as might be found practicable, those minor distinctions which have so lamentably split the christian church into sects and parties. This grand and glorious object so much in the contemplation of the celebrated Ganganelli, whose character has justly excited the admiration of the christian world, occupied our thoughts for the greater part of this short interview. My reverend friend observed, that "the legitimate objects of such a general congress should be, *those of removing all just causes of complaint from dissenting parties, restoring the church to first principles, and uniting, as far as possible, its numerous distinctions into one!*—Admirable thought, impossible to be conceived, or its object anxiously desired, by any mind not truly good and great in its principles and designs; and although the writer here inadvertently stumbles upon a very strong and favorite passion of his own heart, namely, his attachment to the great cause of universal charity, yet he could not prevail on himself to bury in oblivion those latent feelings which were called into fervid exercise by the conversation of this good father. The intrinsic excellence of that subject which occupied our thoughts, and a reflection on the possibility of living to see it become an object of atten-

tion to the churches of Europe, operated like a talisman on his heart—it produced a forgetfulness of his cares, and a sensation of delight like that which was supposed by the ancients to exhilarate the spirits of those heroes in the fields of Elysium, whose deeds of virtue or of valor upon earth, had constituted them the benefactors of their country! He echoed back the sentiments of the good father, to whose doctrine of universal love, his wandering heart returning to its duty, confessed itself a proselyte. But although measures have not been recently taken to promote this reconciliation of the churches, by the crowned heads of Europe, those illustrious men who possess the natural means of spreading this glorious unanimity from shore to shore, and a portion of whose time would have been well spent at the congress of Vienna in debating it, yet our consolation is (though overlooked by the princes of the earth) that it forms a link in the chain of His universal providence who is the JUDGE of princes, and whose progressive operations for the dissemination of light, and introduction of a purer state of things, have been conveyed to us by an assurance, that in due time, truth shall so far triumph over error, and peace over party interest, as that “nation shall not raise up sword against nation, neither learn war any more;” a period of universal harmony, in the participation and happy effects of which, to speak in the poetic language of an inspired prophet, even “the wilderness shall bud and blossom as the rose, and the trees of the field” uniting in the ecstasy of nations “shall clap their hands with joy.”

FROM ROSS TO ENNISCORTHY.

My last excursion from Ross was to the town of Enniscorthy—the country in this direction has but little variety with which to entertain the sight and imagination until you arrive within five or six miles of Enniscorthy, when the improved appearance of the road (if its appearance at the period of my visit can be constituted a standard of its character) and the observation of several neat villas, give you some idea of property and population, a treat which your mind will enjoy with peculiar zest, after having participated in the penalties inflicted on its sensitive companion by the roughness of the road near Ross. The persons who undertook to repair this road, like many other undertakers in the world, attentive, as in duty bound, to the great point of saving money, appear to have had no idea of blending with the heaps of rough stones (which were scattered by way of filling up) a little soft gravel, which though it would no doubt cement those stones, and mollify their asperity, yet as this improvement would be attended with a little extraordinary expence and perhaps no extraordinary profit, so these worthy road manufacturers (whom we have not the honor of knowing) appear to have learned better than thus to throw away their time in useless speculations. It is true, Mr. Bourne has compelled his *undertakers* to adopt this method with regard to the roads which have fallen under his care between Dublin and Galway, and equally so, that those roads are proverbially good, but then Mr. Bourne, as proprietor of the coaches which ply in this direction, has an interest in the goodness of those roads, which is by no means a point of equal feeling with the

worthy trustees of the numerous neglected roads which continue to disgrace this country, notwithstanding, upon the whole, it is considerably advancing in improvement, even in this branch of its police.

ENNISCORTHY.

On my arrival at Enniscorthy I perceived with pleasure, since my observation of this place at the period of its misfortune, the town arisen from its ashes, in a style of superior splendor and improvement. On the western side of the river, considerably elevated above the bridge, there is an ancient castle, inhabited by Mr. Hawkins, a gentleman who transacts business for the Earl of Portsmouth, on one of whose estates this town is situate. This castle I considered as the best public object in that town, and indeed the only one of any note which gives the place an appearance of antiquity; but although the spectator would augur very little comfort to the inhabitant from the coarse and hoary aspect of this edifice, yet, on entering the interior of the building, he finds nothing like gloom or contraction mark the apartments; but on the contrary, he finds them adequately illuminated, and furnished with all those nice and interesting little objects, which improve and beautify the apartments of our most modern villas. As to the trade of this place, though I cannot speak very minutely on the subject, yet I have been informed, by good authority, that a considerable quantity of business is done here in the corn, butter and other provision departments, particularly by Mr. Sparrow, the principal merchant of that place, who, in addition to the large quantity of provisions which he exports to the London, Liverpool, and Bristol markets, is very exten-

sive in the several branches of business, connected with the interior of the country. This town and the country around it, may be considered as suffering deeply for want of improvement in the navigation of the river from thence to the Deeps, near Belle-vue. Vessels of fifty or sixty tons burthen can come up the river to this place, but no farther; and even small boats of fifteen tons burthen, called cots, cannot, in the summer season, approach the town, but are obliged, at the distance of near two miles therefrom, to empty the contents of one vessel into three, in order to have them conveyed to the town by water. This defect in the navigation of the river is pregnant with serious consequences to the inhabitants of Enniscorthy, who are now obliged to pay five shillings per ton for the freight of coal and other articles from Wexford, a distance of only twelve miles, and which, on the issue of the river being rendered navigable, would, I understand, be reduced to the small sum of one or two shillings.

The day after my arrival at Enniscorthy, I drove six or seven miles on the western bank of the river Slaney towards Wexford, and was charmed with the objects in that direction, with the highly cultivated appearance of the country, and with the industry, peaceful demeanour and cleanly appearance of the people. The seats of St. John's, Macmine castle, and Belle-vue, are not the least remarkable in this direction.

ST. JOHN'S.

St. John's, the residence of Dr. Hill, is the first object which attracts your attention, as you proceed along this bank towards Wexford. The mansion-house, when in-

spected on the spot, is found to be a good edifice, but its low position on the bank of the river, (an advantage in the judgment of the proprietor,) and certain trees, which (in our judgment) have been injudiciously planted on the margin of the water, deprive it of all foreign prospect; nor is the approach to the concern by any means consistent with the beauties of wood and water, which characterize that retreat. Its principal and most enriching features are those of the Slaney, which sweeps by the lawn in front of the house, and a valuable oak-wood, which covers the latter object on the rear, and unites with the river to enclose the lawn on the south end, in view of the inhabitant of the drawing-room. The wood of St. John's which presents to the spectator on the distant bank of the river, one of the richest objects in that country, extends about an English mile from the dwelling-house to the river Boro, which forms a boundary to this demesne on the south side, while that of the Urn encloses it on the north. The traveller in his progress from Enniscorthy to the seats I have noticed, passes over these little rivers, which drop into the Slaney in their progress to the sea.

BELLE-VUE.

Belle-vue, the seat of the late Right Hon. George Ogle, is situate about five miles south of Enniscorthy, and eight N.W. of Wexford. It is seen to advantage from the handsome seat of Mr. Harvey on the distant bank, and peculiarly so from an elevation on the lawn of Jamestown, in the same direction. The river passes through the valley, and through a romantic glen between those seats, in full view of the inhabitants, and the lands

on either shore sustaining rich and ornamental plantations on their summits, deck the native beauty of the river with the most rich and interesting drapery.

Belle-vue house, in addition to the river and surrounding seats, commands an interesting oblong view between the river and its own plantations to Gibbet-hill, which terminates the landscape in that direction. The garden attached to this concern is well circumstanced for beauty and improvement. In addition to that variety of ground of which it can justly boast, it possesses the unusual advantage of presenting the spectator with the observation of some rich plantations beyond its walls; and if the fine elevation from which this little prospect is enjoyed, was not *overloaded* with good things, we should pronounce this garden a paragon of beauty: but, though we earnestly contend for the due cultivation of *every fertile spot*, yet we enter our protest against that abuse of authority, which sacrifices the beauty of *a little nice enclosure*, to an oppressive union with *overgrown weight and measure*.

MACMINE CASTLE.

Between Belle-vue and Saint John's, stands Macmine Castle, the seat of R. N. King, esq. Though an ancient edifice, it has been so far modified as to constitute it the suitable residence of a family of fortune. Its union of antiquity with modern beauty, and its importance to the landscapes of this neighbourhood, rank it among the objects on this river which deserve to be noticed in an estimate of the improvements of the county; a duty, which the pleasant manners of the proprietor of this seat renders not only easy, but delightful.

I also rode up the eastern bank of this river towards Wexford, and witnessed the improvements in that direction with pleasure. This county is evidently far advanced in agricultural improvement; and what we denominate drill husbandry is going on, although green crops are not cultivated to that extent which we think would be very profitable to a county not adequately furnished with manuring articles.

Mr. Beale, proprietor of Beale-grove, the first decent seat in this direction, and within a mile of Enniscorthy, is remarkable for his attention to the improvement of his lands, and which notwithstanding the expence of manuring with lime, to the farmer in this part of the country, to his reputation are in high heart.

In the way of prospect on this bank, I saw nothing comparable to the view from a beautiful elevation on the lawn of Jamestown, the property of Mr. Gray, a magistrate for this county.

The dwelling-house of this concern has been built on a poor low site, at the rear of one of the finest positions in the county of Wexford, for commanding the observation of a rich and capacious landscape. From the summit of this fine elevation, Mount Leinster and Blackstairs are seen casting their mighty shadow over the northern margin of the landscape. The rocky mountain of Forth sheds its influence over the southern boundary—the hills of Bree, Carrickburn, and Lackan, bound the landscape on the west—Bellevue-house and plantations arrange their beauties directly opposite this site, on the distant bank of the river—Macmine Castle, north of the same object, is distinctly seen—between them, the farm-house of Mr. Fitzhenry, and Merton,

the seat of Mr. Whitney, entrenched in a rich square plantation, connect the chain of improvements on the distant shore; and Kyle, the property of Mr. Harvey, and the present seat of C. Waddy, esq. about two miles south of Jamestown, on the same bank, raises its proud and lofty eye over the other objects of the landscape. The interesting aspect of the river Slaney, winding its broad silver fluid beneath those seats in its progress to the sea, in full view of the spectator on this elevation, is beyond all description. While enjoying the prospect before me, I forgot, in the paroxysm of the moment, to use ceremony, and enquired of Mr. Gray (a good and modest man) "Whether he was blessed with the possession of his reasoning faculties, when he built his neat little house in yonder hole at the bottom of this beauty."

While traversing the western bank of this river I visited the cottage of Mr. F——, a gentleman farmer, and one of those fortunate loyalists who escaped from the jail of Wexford and the fury of the democrats together, when the king's troops arrived in that town on the 21st of June, 1798. As a father, a husband, and a man of business, this Mr. F—— has been peculiarly fortunate, being blessed with a partner upon whom (beside the management of her house, and the education of four daughters in the various branches of useful and polite literature) has exclusively devolved the care and superintendence of a farm of about one hundred English acres, which she manages with peculiar ability !!

SALLVILLE.

The lands of Sallville, the property of Mr. Sparrow,

(the merchant recently alluded to in these memoirs) are situate on the same bank of the river Slaney with those of Jamestown, and have also the advantage of a very good site for a dwelling-house, which the proprietor intends building on these lands.

In addition to the mountains of Leinster and Blackstairs on the west, and those of Bree and Carrick-burn on the south-west, this site commands an extended view of the river, in its progress to Wexford, and of Doctor Hill's wood, beautifully elevated on the distant bank. A road which passes over the hills beyond the river, and opens a communication with the road to Ross, presents to the spectator on this position, the prospect of public objects, and conspires with the boats passing and re-passing on the river, to enliven this scene so highly enriched with wood and water, and to render it as interesting on the ground of beauty, as it is convenient in point of situation, being only one mile from Enniscorthy, of which town it commands a perfect view, as also of Vinegar-hill, with its tower proudly elevated above that object. But though Sallville certainly commands the observation of a rich landscape, and from its contiguity to Enniscorthy has the advantage of Jamestown, in the article of family convenience, yet the latter exceeds it and every other position which I visited on that bank, in the breadth and beautiful course of the river beneath it, and in those various rich works of art which embellish the land scene within view of that fine elevation, which we have already noticed as being shamefully neglected, though constituting the prettiest site for a gentleman's villa on that bank of the river.

VINEGAR-HILL.

Vinegar-hill, which by its encampment, its battle, and other transactions of 1798, will be long *famous*, in the annals of this country, stands over the town of Enniscorthy, as we have already noticed, and commands a view of the river and many handsome seats; yet these objects occupy so small a portion of that immense tract of country which the eye takes in from the summit of this hill, as to produce but little influence of beauty upon the general scene, and therefore I would by no means recommend the stranger who visits this place, and whose curiosity may conduct him to its summit, to form his estimate of the beauty of the neighbourhood by that wild and open prospect which this hill commands; but rather to drive up the banks of the river towards Wexford, and after visiting the different objects we have noticed in that direction, let him return and proceed towards Ross, taking in his way Bessmount, the handsome seat of Major Cookman, (an officer who has seen much service, and whose manners are as open and obliging, as his house and plantations are rich and beautiful,)—Daphne, the plantation sheltered chateau of Mr. Pounden—Dunsinane-lodge, the villa of Mr. Farmer—Mr. Hinson's church and glebe-house at Rossdroit, directly on the road to Ross—the neat villa of Mr. Gordon on the same road, and returning by Castleboro', the splendid seat of Robert Shapd. Carew, esq. if he finds it his convenience to proceed from thence to Newtownbarry, a beautiful village ten miles west of Enniscorthy, he will

have seen all which is worth seeing in the neighbouring country.*

* Having noticed Castleboro', the seat of Mr. Carew, it may not be amiss to advert to a controversy between this gentleman and his parish-minister, Mr. Gordon, which appeared in the public papers a considerable time after my departure from that country. Had this controversy taken place previous to my observation of Castleboro', I should have made it my business to enter with *minuteness* into the circumstances of Mr. Carew's tenantry and estate, which formed the subject matter of this dispute; but as nothing of a particular nature had then transpired, I, of course, paid no more attention to Castleboro' than to any other seat of respectable aspect on the surface of this county. I, however, conceive myself qualified, by a general knowledge of this district, by the opportunities I have had of ascertaining Mr. Carew's character, (in the course of my travels,) and by a tolerably close attention to the subjects of this controversy (the offensive part of which will be found in Mr. Gordon's Survey of Killegney, as it stands recorded in Mason's Parochial Survey of Ireland) to present the public with the following brief review.

It appears from Mr. Gordon's statement in the statistical account of Killegney, (see the Parochial Survey just noticed, vol. i. p. 461) that he, Mr. Gordon, made a fair and equitable proposal to his parishioners, to fix the rate of tithes during his incumbency by an acreable charge, offering to divide the sum actually received by him for the whole tithes of his parish, by the number of acres in it, to make the quotient the charge on each acre, and to let leases of his tithes to all his parishioners during his incumbency at that rate. This proposal, than which nothing could be more honourable on the part of Mr. Gordon, (and which, in fact, ought to be the law,) was not, however, according to his statement, acceded to by Mr. Carew, who occupying a demesne of five hundred acres, for which he paid but little tithe, did not chuse to incur the expence of that ratio. Taking this statement for fact, it is not unreasonable to presume that Mr. Carew's rejection gave birth to an unpleasant feeling in the mind of the Rev. Proposer of this equalization of tithe, of which neither his religion or philosophy

An important branch of trade in the lead mining department was sometime since carried on in this neigh-

could afterwards wholly divest him. This disgust, it is equally reasonable to suppose, was afterwards strengthened by private circumstances, and having, in all probability, grown into an established feeling at the time Mr. Gordon wrote his Survey of Killegney, some deep tints of this predominating sense have evidently coloured his portrait of Mr. Carew's estate, (by much the largest in the union of Killegney,) and tended to deform features, which, if fairly copied from fact, would have exhibited no foul trace of oppression. Of these features Mr. Gordon's statement of rack-rents, stands foremost in deformity, being less calculated than any other to place Mr. Carew's character, as a landlord, in a true point of view. This gentleman's land are let by lease, and by recent leases too, at prices which should put many Irish landlords to the blush, namely from thirteen shillings to a pound an acre, and none higher than a guinea, though represented by Mr. Gordon to be let from one pound to two pound seven shillings ! The duties of labour to be performed by the tenant, and represented by Mr. Gordon to be a source of oppression to the latter, is another of those features which has undergone distortion 'in the angry strokes' of his apostolic pencil. It appears, however, that these duties are not absolutely binding on the tenant, since he has the alternative of paying a small monied consideration in lieu, an alternative to which, Mr. Carew publicly maintains, the tenant has never resorted, and therefore it cannot be supposed that the latter feels these duties an oppression.

The charge also brought forward by Mr. Gordon against Mr. Carew, on the ground of his hostility to the prosperity of his tenantry, by threatening them with his displeasure in case of their establishing an interest in trees of their own propagation, by a legal registry, has been strongly negatived by that gentleman, who appeals for the truth of his assertion to those *injured* people, who are necessarily dragged in as a party with Mr. Gordon in this charge.

A statement also, which we shall presently notice, and which, if fact, would indeed place Mr. Carew's character in a very indifferent point of view, has, however, been bravely rebutted

bourhood, on the lands of a Mr. Feckman, within about four miles of Enniscorthy. The mines, from the best information I could procure, are deep and extensive, and were undertaken on the expectation that those lauds would supply a sufficiency of upper water to turn the machinery necessary to dry the mines; but the water on which they depended, proving insufficient to effect this indispensable object, particularly in the summer season and when the mines became deep, the business was

by that gentleman. In the Parochial Survey of Killegney he is accused of charging the enormous sum of seven pounds for one solitary acre of land, for the use of a *poor school*. The facts, however, were soon developed, and it appeared that Mr. Carew had leased a farm, of which this acre composed a part, at the very moderate rate of sixteen shillings, and his tenant (whose right to dispose of his property to the best advantage was not attempted to be controlled by this *oppressive landlord*) had succeeded in making this profitable bargain with the parish minister; but surely to load the character of Mr. Carew with the enormity of this act, was highly irregular and improper.

We unite with Mr. Gordon in admitting that forty shilling freeholders are an injury to the representation of this country, which, so long as this law continues in force, must be carried by the heaviest landed interest, in prejudice of virtue and talents, which are the only true qualifications for the service of a state.

Tithes also, we agree with him, should be raised by a tax on lands proportioned to their value, and which might be easily determined every seven years, by respectable appraisers, sworn in a court of justice for that purpose.

We shall conclude this note with a respectful recommendation to Mr. Carew, to arise and exert his influence to promote this equalization of tithe, in that highly respectable county where he maintains an imposing position, (and which his son has the honour of representing in Parliament.) We think his doing so would be an act of equity to his tenantry—of good example to his country, and that it would go far towards rendering his character perfect as a citizen.

given up, after having been conducted for several years with some prospect of success. A steam engine, the only, and the all-sufficient remedy for this defect, became, in this state of the works, indispensable to the further progress of the business, but this was never procured, and the mines are now to be disposed of. The persons formerly concerned in these works were Alderman Carleton and Co. of the City of Dublin, and the proprietor of the estate on which these mines are situate, we have already noticed.

While travelling in the county of Wexford, two instances of the justice and clemency of government being accidentally mentioned in the course of conversation, I could not avoid reflecting with pride and pleasure on that honour and magnanimity which had engaged our government to restore to the heirs of two unfortunate houses, their respective estates, before the remembrance of those crimes for which they had been forfeited were effaced from the public recollection ! If it be a painful, though sometimes imperative duty, to notice the errors of power and of law, it is equally obligatory, and much more gratifying to the honourable mind to do justice to their virtues. The factions of the present day proceed upon a principle totally different from this. One will abuse even the virtues of the administration, and the wholesome discipline of the law—another will defend even their vices and corruption—From all such extremes as these, good Lord deliver us !—JUSTICE be thou our middle path, and let the pages which are here penned by thee, be consecrated neither to power nor to faction, but to truth and to the good of the country !

SITUATION OF NEWTOWNBARRY—ITS QUARRIES.

From Enniscorthy I drove to Newtownbarry, a pretty village on the north-west border of this county, and rendered remarkable not only by its picturesque situation on the banks of the Slaney, in a valley at the foot of Mount Leinster, and by the beautiful seats and extensive woods which surround it, but also by certain valuable slate quarries on the lands of Ballypracas and Glasslackan, in its vicinity. These slates are in good demand, being conveyed from hence not only to the neighbouring country, but to several parts of the kingdom remote from this county.

EDUCATION.

There is a school in this village on the foundation of Erasmus Smith, and conducted on the plan of Dr. Bell, which, from the character of the Barry family, I have no doubt is well maintained, but my stay in that village being short, I can say nothing about it from observation.

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION AND EXAMPLE.

The decent manners and respectable appearance of the lower classes in this neighbourhood is strikingly perceptible, and no doubt if equal attention was paid to the comfort and improvement of the poor in every part of this country, but effects equally beneficial to society would soon make their appearance.

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.

The banks of the river Slaney from Enniscorthy to this village, are enriched by several beautiful seats. The roads also when I passed over them in the summer of 1814, were, for the most part, in good order; and hence this drive, to the people who travel for pleasure or for business, will be found, when the season is fine, to have peculiar interest.

TETHERING.

Mr. Brown, a worthy clergyman, whose seat is near this village, was kind enough to point my attention to a new mode of summer-feeding, which had been recently adopted, and with effect, by two or three gentlemen in this county. This new system to which I allude is that of tethering sheep in a confined portion of their pasturage, for the purpose of consuming the latter by piece-meal. The advantages resulting from this system are adequately detailed in a piece written on this subject, (signed R.) and published in *The Farmer's Journal*, of Saturday, July 9, 1814. To this we refer, for a more minute description of the mode of tethering, and the proofs of its utility.

An acre of pasture thus consumed by piece-meal, will, it appears, support a double quantity of stock. The authorities produced in its favour (of which the Rev. Mr. Radcliffe, of Enniscorthy, is one) are too respectable to be disputed, and the plan, which may be extended to cows and horses, is so evidently economical, as to render argument in its support almost an insult to common sense.

To new plantations, head lands, town parks and limited farms, this system is more directly applicable. To spacious sheep-walks, or other extensive feeding tracts, much less so—but on this very account it recommends itself to attention, because it promises to assist the *little* and the *necessitous*.

A small pasture overrun at once, as every one knows who has had any thing to do with land, is rendered unpalatable to the cattle, long before the consumption of the herbage; but by the tethering system, which confines them to a small portion at a time, the residue not only gains time to accumulate, but is preserved fresh and green, and consequently the cattle, on every new remove, enjoy all the benefits of a fresh field, on which, it is well-known, cattle will always feed with greater avidity than on a foul pasture, even if the latter should have double the quantity of grass, and by this means also the land is more equally and perfectly manured. It is hoped the respectable readers of this note, which at least within the limits of our own country will have wide circulation, will have the goodness to prove the truth or falshood of this position by experience; that should it turn out as we have stated, the force of their example may lead their poorer neighbours into the practice, until this and every other improvement calculated to promote the comforts of the poor, may be introduced into general practice.

CIVILITIES.

In my rapid progress through this neighbourhood, I visited a few of the respectable inhabitants, and record, with pleasure the obliging behaviour of Mr. Brown, the

clergyman we have just noticed ; of Major Beevor, who resides in the village of Newtownbarry ; of Captain Carey, whose seat in the country forms a feature of beauty on the western bank of the river, between this village and Enniscorthy, and of Mr. Sparrow, of Killabeg, and Captain Richards, of Solsborough, whose seats in the opposite direction, contribute a fair proportion of effect to the beauty and improvement of the surrounding country.

FROM ENNISCORTHY TO WEXFORD, BY BALLINKEELE.

The road from Enniscorthy to Wexford, in this direction, is not so good as that called the Mail-coach-road ; but the traveller anxious to see the whole country, must go over it, more particularly if he wishes to visit, in his progress to Wexford, Edenvale, or the glen of Artramont, which I understand has been, and with great justice, warmly eulogized by an English tourist.

This glen, which forms a part of the lands of Artramont, the property of W. A. Le Hunte, Esq. extends about an English mile on the north-west margin of that beautiful demesne, and on the bank of a small river (the latter of which after turning a cloth-mill, drops over several rocks into the bottom of this glen) there is a sanded road, over which you can walk or ride through the whole of this romantic retirement, until you arrive at the mill which we have just noticed. The lofty banks, which enclose this glen, are covered with plantations of oak and Hertfordshire elm, through the bending foliage of which, while the playful course of the river is contemplated with interest, the music of

the waterfall entertains the ear with the harmony of rural sounds, and conspires with the romantic objects of this deep retreat from the world, to deceive the imagination of the child of solitude, with a notion of felicity on earth.

By much the greater part of this rich and beautiful glen is seen to advantage from a prominent position on the bank beyond the river, as you descend thither from the mansion-house and lofty lawns of Artramont. From hence also the eye takes in the mill and a neat farmhouse beyond it, which though objects of no great magnitude in themselves, yet as being proudly elevated above the glen, and constituting features truly picturesque in that view, they could not possibly be overlooked by the poet or painter, in a draught of the beauties of this little landscape, of which, however, the deep and romantic forest of Artramont is evidently the proud and lordly feature.

But this glen and its appendages are not the only features of beauty which characterize that place. The view from the mansion-house, over a lake formed by the Slaney, to the town of Wexford and some beautiful seats in its vicinity, particularly that of Mulgannon, the residence of a Mr. Hughes, is truly picturesque, and perhaps was rendered, with the other beauties of this place, additionally impressive, by the uninteresting aspect of the country over which I had travelled in my approach to Artramont; a country (with the exception of Ballinkee, the seat of Colonel Hay, a plain beautiful villa without variety, and Harbour-view, that of Mr. Jones) which has little to interest the sight and imagination until you arrive at Artramont.

[The cloth-mill we have just noticed, in which Mr. Le Hunte's wool (who stocks his walks with Leicester, Merino, and South Down sheep) is alone manufactured, particularly struck me, as a good attempt on a small scale to promote a new species of industry in that neighbourhood. The situation of this mill, should a spirit of manufacturing improvement pervade this county, will be found highly eligible for an extensive factory, and it is to be hoped in due time, that such an establishment will diffuse its benefits through that neighbourhood.

From Artramont, I proceeded to the castle of Carrick, by Edmond, the seat of Mr. Bell, Mount Anna, that of Colonel Huson, and Sanders'-court, the once respectable residence of the late Earl of Arran.

When I arrived within view of the splendid arch and lodges, which, on an elevated position above the public road, form a grand outpost to this concern, and through which, though never carried into effect, an approach was meditated by the late Earl, my mind became unexpectedly introduced into a train of reflection on the ruinous consequences to this country, of that absentee system, which since our union with England has become so much the fashion. This splendid portal, with the degraded state of the mansion-house and offices, (now wholly deserted by the proprietor and his family,) and which form a striking contrast to each other, were well calculated to impress this subject upon the mind. I reflected that the most powerful blow which had been directed for a long time against the moral and political security of this country, had been happily averted, and that now, under the protection and the reign of law,

she extends a feeling call to the proprietors of her soil, to return and cultivate the seeds of virtue which remain unextinguished in her bosom, and that these calls are extended to her absent proprietors, in vain, I felt my heart impelled by a sentiment of sympathy ; a feeling not likely to be obliterated, by the neglected and ruinous aspect of Sanders'-court, no longer the seat of nobility, nor of that munificence and national hospitality or which it was once so eminently remarkable.

The castle of Carrick which stands elevated on a rock on one of the banks of the river Slaney, at the distance of about a mile from Sanders'-court, is a small square ruin supposed to have been built by one of Strongbow's knights ; it stands near the handsome wooden-bridge of Carrig-ferry, over which you pass in your progress to Belmont, the interesting seat of W. E. Lees, Esq. within about two miles of Wexford.* From hence, before I entered the town of Wexford, I crossed the country towards Johnstown castle, one of the most ancient seats in this county, and also visited Killeen castle, the property of Mr. Vigors Harvey, (then occupied by Mr. Goff, junior.) This castle, though vastly inferior to that of Johnstown, holds, nevertheless, a respectable rank in the residences of this district. There is a neat modern house attached to this castle, in which the occupying family reside, and the garden is truly *well stocked*

* Belmont commands the observation of a scene richly decorated with wood, water, and architectural improvement. Mount Leinster, and other grand objects bounding this prospect on the north-west, shed upon the landscape a most grand and interesting influence.

with fruit trees and vegetables, thrown promiscuously together in close compartments. This little area was so remarkable for the plenitude of its crops, that figuratively, at least, it might be said to groan under the weight of its confused productions !

From Killeen I proceeded by the rocks of Mulgannon to Wexford, where I arrived on the afternoon of the 1st of August, 1814, having lodged at Artramont and Belmont, the two preceding nights.

From Wexford I drove to various parts of the surrounding country, and among the rest to Taghmon, a small village to which there is a neat little castle attached. It is situate about seven miles west of that sea-port, and the country between them is rendered remarkable by the rocky mountains of Forth, which have been noticed in the landscape from Jamestown.

From hence I drove to the sea-coast, so far as Cullens-town and Ballymadder, and while traversing this shore, contemplated with great interest the Saltee islands, so largely noticed in the history of the Wexford coast, and rendered not less remarkable in the political history of this county, as having been the retreat of Messrs. H—— and C——, (two eminent leaders of the rebellion) previous to their arrest and ultimate misfortune in the year 1798. Bag and Bunn, the famous promontory, where, according to general tradition, Strongbow landed his troops in the twelfth century, preparatory to the reduction of this country, is also visible from the strand of Ballymadder, and as a spot rendered eminent by this tradition, I regarded it with deep attention.* There is a kind of tower

* The prevailing opinion of Strongbow having landed his

on this projecting point of the coast, which constitutes it, as I have heard, an useful sea-mark to the mariners who bend their course in this direction, to the city of Waterford. I wished very much to have inspected those reputed entrenchments of Strongbow, the vestiges of which are said to be visible; (though considerably overgrown with furze and vegetable productions) but the interposition of the ferry of Bannow, over which, I heard, neither horse nor carriage could then be transported, prevented me, and when at Featherd, a much more convenient position for inspecting this famous spot, I had a land-route to perform, which occupied me until a late hour of the night, consequently I have only seen Bag and Bunn, with its tower, from the opposite bank of this ferry, or inlet of the sea.

The country people on this shore, when speaking of this famous promontory, will sometimes entertain you with the following couplet:

“ There stands the famous Bag and Bunn,
Where Ireland was lost and *never won*.”

troops for the conquest of Ireland in that place, is pointedly controverted by Captain Frazer, in his Statistical Survey of that County. His note on this subject, page 68, is as follows:

“ This first landing of the English, was merely that of a few *private* adventurers, who landed at Bag and Bunn; in the County of Wexford, where the remains of their camp is to be seen at this day, and which is improperly called Strongbow's camp, who landed in the County of Waterford some months afterwards.”

With Mr. Frazer's authority for this statement, so much at variance with the prevailing opinion, we are not acquainted, and must therefore leave the controversy between him and his opponents, to be decided by better judges.

SEA-WEED.

That species of sea-weed which grows on rocks near the shore, is collected by the poor people on this coast, and after being dried and burned, is manufactured into kelp and made an article of commerce. Another kind of sea-weed, to wit, that which is thrown by strong convulsions of the sea upon the shore, they collect for manure, and though by no means of a strong or durable character, yet as being impregnated with a quantity of salt sufficient to produce one crop, at least, it suits the necessities of the poor. The weed collected for this purpose is usually found upon the beach after tempestuous weather, and may therefore be called, the gift of Boreas to the poor cottagers.

SCARCITY OF FUEL.

The inhabitants on this part of the coast of Wexford, and even some who occupy considerable farms, are under the necessity, in consequence of a dearth of bog, of planting furze on the ditches which enclose their fields, for the twofold purpose of fence and fuel. This dearth of turf prevails in partial spots, to the interior of the country, and in those parts, the method of planting furze is resorted to, as the only or principal substitute for this natural defect.

On my return from the sea-coast to Taghmon, I passed by an ancient ruin called the castle of Coolhull, by the village of Duncormick, to which there is also a castle attached; by Tallycanna, another village which has also the ornament of a neat little castle in its vicinity, and lastly by Harperstown, the seat of Captain Hoar, a neat

modern edifice, enriched with copious plantations, and which from a lake formed by the Scar, immediately beneath Barrystown, to the village of Taghmon, is the only seat of distinction on that road. The Saltee islands are seen through an opening in the plantations from the lawn of this concern.

FROM WEXFORD TOWARDS ENNISCORTHY BY THE RIVER
SLANEY.

I also drove from Wexford towards Enniscorthy, by the banks of the Slaney, and perceived with pleasure the improvements of this district of the river, as I had already done those in the vicinity of Enniscorthy. Beside the seats which we have noticed, as those of Artramont and Belmont, &c. there are four or five others on the banks of the river, towards Bellevue and Jamestown, which contribute no small share of influence to the beauty of the river landscapes. Of these Barnstown, Healthfield, and the wood of Archandrage, on the western bank, and Killown-cottage and Percy-lodge on the eastern, are not the least remarkable. Barnstown villa, denominated Barnstown castle, from an ancient castle on the elevated grounds above the house, is a neat little object, but by no means splendid. The house and light plantations which form wings to it, are seen to advantage from Killown-cottage, beautifully elevated on the distant bank of the river, and from the same interesting spot the eye takes in Belmont, the old castle of Barnstown just noticed, and several neat cottages and plantations which ornament the elevated grounds beyond the river. The avenue conducting to Killown-cottage (now the seat of the Reverend John Jacob) commands through the

plantations which enclose it, a very pleasing view of the rocky mountains of Forth, which run in a line nearly parallel with the river, directly opposite this approach. The lands of this demesne are in high heart, and the lodge in a stile of English neatness and beauty, conspires with the lawns, the river, and other objects which surround it, to constitute this a very interesting, and (in reference to the farm, which is highly cultivated, and exhibited a larger quantity of Swedish turnip and other green crops, than most other farms I had visited in the vicinity of Wexford) a very rich and profitable concern.

On the same bank of the river with this last villa, and about two miles farther up towards Enniscorthy, I surveyed with pleasure, a very fine position for a dwelling-house, on the lands of Ballydicken, the residence of Mr. James Goodall. On this site Mr. Goodall intends building an edifice, which with concomitant improvements, will add one to the many objects on that river, which embellish the country, and shed a pleasing influence on the tranquil waters of the Slaney. The landscape comprehensible in a view from this site is truly extensive, being bounded, in several directions, by lofty mountains remote from the interior improvements, while Mount Leinster and the Blackstairs chain, in full view, shed the influence of their grandeur on the intervening country. Bellevue, Killuran, and Archandrage wood, are among the objects which beautify this prospect.

TOWN OF WEXFORD.

The town of Wexford, which covers a considerable extent of ground on the S.W. bank of the river Slaney,

is defended on the land side by a very bad wall, through which there are six gates or approaches to the place; and on the N. E. by the river, which there forms a barrier to the town, while to the country beyond the river, a very convenient passage is opened by the wooden bridge, so justly celebrated for its tragic exhibitions: This famous bridge, erected by Mr. Cox, the American architect, (and which as the well known theatre of calamity and death to the loyalists of 1798, needs no comment) measures, from quay to quay, near six hundred yards. It is seen to advantage from Edmond, the seat of Mr. Bell, and if possible, still more so, from the lands of Sanderscourt, the property of the Earl of Arran. In stepping over this bridge, I was honored with the conversation of the gate-keeper, who directed my attention to several tragical incidents connected with its history, and among others, to the portcullis, through which the bodies of those unfortunate men who had been assassinated in the year 1798, were cast into their watery grave. As historians had long since furnished us with the incidents of this shocking drama, I felt none of that horror which is the offspring of first impressions; nor did the architecture of the bridge (having previously seen those of Ross and Waterford, erected by the same person) much surprise me, but I derived a moment's entertainment, and a gleam of sincere pleasure, from the judicious remarks and unaffected integrity of the loyal gate-keeper.

TRADE.

The exports of Wexford are for the most part corn, butter, and live stock; and a considerable quantity of

beans, raised in the baronies of Forth and Bargie, are also sent here for exportation. The imports are occasionally Bangor slates, but principally coal and culm.

CASTLE-BRIDGE.

Within two miles of Wexford, and in the vicinity of Artramont, Harbour-view, and other handsome seats, is Castle-bridge, a neat little village, considerably indebted for its respectability to the improvements of a Mr. Dixon, whose house, brewery, and extensive stores, are appendages of no mean value to that place. There are a few other neat houses, beside that of Mr. Dixon, and one decent shop in the village. There is also a handsome church in its vicinity, but its position on the river Slaney, and proximity to those handsome seats, are the advantages which chiefly entitle it to a place in topographical description.

One of the most interesting drives from Wexford to the neighbouring country is that on the Clonard road, which conducts you by several beautiful villas, among which Laurel-ville, the neat residence of Mr. Garret, is not the least deserving of attention. The lawn, garden, and rich fruits of this little concern, which are kept in order by Mr. Garret's own hand, are objects of high interest to the heart which has a passion for the pleasures of rural life.

ANECDOTE.

During my detention in Wexford, I was particularly struck with the amiable conduct of a young gentleman of the name of St. Clair, who resided in the country, but came in every day to Wexford for the benefit of

education at the school of a clergyman in that town. Perceiving me enquiring, in vain, for a tradesman whom I wanted to employ, he approached, and politely offered to accompany me to his residence. There was something in this act, as well as in the child's air and manner (so contrary to the general wildness and inconsideration of school-boys) that particularly interested me. After succeeding in procuring me the person I was in pursuit of, and parting with mutual affection, my business conducted me to the country, where I continued for several days; and should have been ungrateful enough to have wholly forgotten my little *conducteur*, if recognizing me a few days afterwards, on my return to the town, he had not pursued me in the street, and taking me by the hand, made affectionate enquiry after my welfare. As this little anecdote (in which the sympathies of the heart are every thing) may reach the eye of some school-boy, and place before it, by one living example, the interesting form of benevolence, my pen declines not the office of giving this simple tale a place in the history of my travels, for his instruction.

BARONIES OF FORTH AND BARGIE.

I made several excursions, while at Wexford and Taghmon, into such parts of those baronies as I could visit in time to return to my head quarters on the evening of my departure; for in these baronies there is no respectable house of entertainment, to supply any accidental defect of hospitality which might occur in the inhabitants. Being anxious to acquaint myself particularly with the habits and customs of the barony of Forth, (a place which has been long famous in the annals of this

county,) I procured a letter of recommendation from a magistrate and clergyman of high respectability; who reside within a short distance of this rural district, addressed in general terms to the respectability of that place; but happening awkwardly to present my letter of recommendation to a gentleman gamester, who thinks it of more consequence to fix a deep impression of his hospitality upon his rich tenants than upon travelling writers, who are usually *dull game*; and two gentlemen to whom I had letters express, being, unfortunately, one in England, and the other absent from home, I felt myself reduced to the necessity of depending upon a partial observation of this district, with such occasional information as I could collect from authentic sources, for the following account.

ORIGIN OF THE HABITS AND LANGUAGE OF THE PEASANTRY.

The peasantry of the baronies of Forth and Bargie, but particularly the former, for industry, cleanliness, and consequent comfort, have rendered themselves eminent in this part of Ireland. The original settlers are supposed to have come hither from South Wales, with Dermot, king of Leinster, who brought troops from thence to assist in the reduction of his subjects who had revolted against his government, and from that period to this, the barony of Forth has been almost exclusively occupied by the descendants of this people. Their language, until lately, (a language almost unknown to the other inhabitants of the county) is said to have been a dialect of the Saxon mixed with English, but this jargon has been for some time past on the decline, the rising ge-

neration seldom speak it, and in another century it will probably be wholly forgotten.

The inhabitants of this barony, (though like their brethren of the English nation, by no means fond of strangers, like them also) carefully cultivate those arts which promote private comfort. On the event of sickness or other inevitable calamity, I heard it is their usual custom to provide for the indigent of their own barony, but I could not learn that any society or regular funds, for this purpose, existed among them. Native beggars are, however, unknown in this district.

DRESS AND EMPLOYMENTS OF THEIR WOMEN.

Their women manufacture straw hats and bonnets of a very neat fabric, (one or two of which I myself saw in progress) they also make a neat kind of lintsy, which they call Scotch poplin—these, together with calicoes and dimities, of which they purchase a considerable quantity at market, are made up and worn in a stile well calculated to set off their beauty, a gift which nature appears to have dealt out to them with much more liberality, (and indeed to the women of this county in general) than to those of Kilkenny on its eastern margin.

CHARACTER.

Their simplicity and *inland* honesty, so very different, I am sorry to say, from many of our countrymen, will be best understood by the perfect ease and confidence with which strangers live there, who for the benefit of sea bathing, are compelled to have a temporary residence in that barony. Mr. Johnson, a gentleman from Dublin, who had spent six months on this part of the Wexford

coast, assured me, that he has seen carriers leave their goods on the road side, during the night, without any watchman to preserve them; that every description of property (I presume he meant *inland* property) is equally safe in those places, and that for his own part he was perfectly indifferent, when he retired to rest, whether his doors were closed or open, the latter of which, from the perfect confidence of the people in each other, is frequently to be met with in the summer season. I was, however, sorry to hear that those coasters, so remarkable for *inland* honesty, are by no means equally remarkable for their attention to *the property of the poor shipwrecked mariner*, unless to *pillage* it, which it is said they will do without scruple. To restore this property to the poor buffeted sailor, would, however, be the highest act of hospitality, but this is a virtue, for the honorable exercise of which, notwithstanding all their other fine qualities, we do not think it would be justice to accuse these coasters.

DIVISION OF LANDS—SCENERY—ANTIQUITIES.

The barony of Forth is divided for the most part into small farms of from three to twenty acres, a division of property highly favorable to its industry and independence. The comfort, œconomy, and adequate supply of necessaries, which the smallest of these cottage farms exhibit, was admirable to behold. Its general aspect of improvement, of which the goodness of its roads forms no mean feature, places it in a scale of considerable superiority to Bargie; but the surface of those baronies, more uniformly level than any other of the same extent which I recollect to have seen in my travels, renders both of these baronies, in the article of native

scenery, equally destitute of interest. There are various castles in these baronies, but no other monuments of antiquity that I saw—there are also a few handsome seats, but the characteristic features of this district, are those of agricultural industry and habits of domestic virtue.

MEASUREMENT—POPULATION—PRODUCTIONS.

These baronies are said to contain forty thousand acres of land, which subsist forty thousand souls, and send more provisions to market than double or even treble that quantity of land, in several other districts of the island. Oats, barley and beans, are the staple productions of this district, to which the latter crop is almost peculiar, nor have we heard of any other in this island which cultivates it in equal quantity. The beans raised here, are disposed of at Wexford, as we have already noticed, and from thence exported to Liverpool, and other parts of England. Wheat is but partially cultivated, the portion which is made into flour for home consumption, is generally ground by wind-mills, but I saw neither bolting-mills nor rivers to turn them in those baronies.

FARMING SOCIETY.

Some years since, there was a farming society in this neighborhood, principally supported by the late Mr. Tench, and Mr. Harvey, of Bargie-castle, who now resides, for the most part, in England. This gentleman gave premiums for improved agriculture, out of his own private purse—By this means, in conjunction with much personal attention, a good foundation was laid for the scientific practice of agriculture; and had this infant society continued to receive similar support, it

is probable, from the habits of industry which characterize this whole county, that it would, were this, have rivalled those Scotch cantonments, which are so often placed before us, in the article of agriculture, as the models of this rising country; but this institution was given up at an early period of its history, and the political circumstances of Wexford seem hostile to its revival; although, surely, nothing can be more absurd, than to sacrifice to those prejudices and narrow views which are inseparable from a party interest, the solid blessings of social harmony and domestic improvement.

FUEL.

Here, as on some other parts of the coast, they have little or no turf-bog; their fuel is consequently furze and bean stalks, with a small quantity of coal. They quench their fires in the summer season, when meals are over, and thus remunerate themselves for the labor and expence of procuring fuel, by an abridgement of the quantity usually consumed.

USEFUL HABITS OF LIFE—CONSEQUENT HEALTH AND BEAUTY OF APPEARANCE.

The comfortable habitations of these people, their healthful labors, domestic plenty, and temperate habits, all conspire to promote health and longevity, and to produce that glow of native beauty which characterize their women. You need not go far from Wexford to form some idea of the habits and appearance of this amiable class of the population of those baronies (particularly that of Forth) and indeed of the women in ge-

neral in the country around Wexford.—You will meet them riding single to market, dressed in a habit quite superior to persons of the same class in other districts. In fact, the people hereabouts, approach nearer to English life and manners than in most parts of Ireland, save the province of Ulster, where commerce, education, and a certain obstinate spirit of independence, have raised the inhabitants much above the general level of the population of this country.

INTERESTING VIEW TO ARTRAMONT, &c. AND TO THE
LIGHT-HOUSE ON TUSKER ROCK.

In my visitation of the seats near Wexford, I enjoyed with pleasure a prospect from the rocks of Mulgannon, over the town and surrounding country, to Artramont, and other objects in that direction; and through a tolerable telescope, with which the gentleman who accompanied me was provided, I beheld with pleasure, the light-house then erecting, for the benefit of poor mariners, on Tusker rock, (although to this pleasure, the loss of fourteen lives in the erection of that tower, by an unexpected overflow of the sea, was a serious drawback)—For want of this, or some other adequately *distinguishing light*, how many ships, and infinitely more valuable lives, have perished on this dangerous coast, particularly near the Saltee islands, in the rocky shallows of which, if a vessel gets once embayed, its case becomes hopeless. I cannot well convey to my readers how much I felt at the tragical tales which are told by the aged inhabitants of that place, of this Scylla and Charybdis of the Irish coast; (as an author whose sentiments we shall have occasion largely to notice has

truly denominated it,) in fact, they would make the blood of humanity shudder, and the only wonder, in an age of civilization and under an enlightened government, is, that the remedy or corrective of these misfortunes had been so long deferred; but as under the head "WEXFORD COAST;" which immediately follows, we have entered largely into this subject, by ample quotations from the works of the above learned writer, we shall, without further preface, conduct our reader to the reflections and arguments contained under that head.

WEXFORD COAST.

We think it our duty, conformable to the information of the best historiographers and navigators of the channel; in this direction, but more particularly on the authority of Mr. Frazer, (a gentleman who published Agricultural reports of the counties of Cornwall, Devon and Wicklow; and in 1807, under the auspices of the Dublin Society, a Statistical Survey of this county) to turn the attention of our readers to the situation and dangerous character of the Wexford coast, and to the numerous fatal accidents which have happened to mariners in the Irish sea, for want of adequate lights on the Saltee islands, to apprize them of their approach to this rocky shore,* Should this light land scene vehicle, prove the happy instrument of reviving in the public mind, and once

* The defect of light hitherto loudly complained of on this coast, has been remedied in part, since the publication of Frazer's Survey of Wexford, by the light-house which we have just noticed, on Tusker-rock. Whether this will answer the purpose, or confirm Mr. Frazer's persuasion of its insufficiency, must be determined by future experience.

more conveying to the chamber of authority (where the defect complained of can alone find an adequate remedy,) the important information of this learned and respectable writer, I shall deem my transcript of his remarks by no means useless. To neglect the opportunity which I now possess of throwing before the public a subject pregnant with salvation or destruction to so large a portion of our fellow-men, as those who are obliged by the necessity of their circumstances to lead a seafaring life, would I fear be a culpable omission; and as the best assistance which can possibly be extended by the hand of power to our brethren in these circumstances, is truly my object, I shall make no apology for once more spreading before the public eye Mr. Frazer's valuable observations on this subject, and on some others connected with the history and interests of this county, as being equally genuine, and better executed, than any which I could pretend to offer to the public on the same topics.

From Mr. Frazer's Statistical Survey of Wexford.

“ In the course of the investigation we have had opportunity of making, respecting the Nymph-bank fishery, we have discovered, that the most certain and abundant fishing-ground is to be found adjacent to the islands of the Saltees, situated on the southern part of the coast of this county; but from the want of a harbor to run to, this fishery cannot be followed by native fishermen in their open boats, neither from the adjacent coasts, nor from the harbour of Waterford.

Two very small harbours have indeed been formed, one at Feathard, and another at a place called Cross

Faranogue, in the bay of Ballyteigue ; this last being by much the best adapted to carry on the fishing. It has been erected by the fishermen themselves, with a small subscription from the gentlemen and principal farmers in the neighbourhood. Inadequate as this little harbour is, yet it has enabled the fishermen to extend the size and number of their boats, from five and six, to twelve and fifteen tons, of which there are now about twenty, chiefly employed in catching lobsters, which the larger boats carry to Dublin market.

“ This fishery is carried on in summer, in which season they also take considerable quantities of cod and ling, mullet, gurnet, and other small fish. The winter-fishery, which would afford them much employment, both in pursuit of the cod-fishery and of the herring-fishery, they are unable to follow, from the want of a harbour sufficient to shelter their boats. We have not seen any situation on this coast, where a little money could be of so much importance in extending the fisheries, as the formation of a harbour at or near this place. It would not only be of great advantage to the fishermen adjacent, but to those from the harbour of Waterford, and other parts of the coast resorting to this fishing ground. The land adjacent to this place belongs to a minor, the son of the late Mr. Bruen, a gentleman who has left great possessions to his family : nor could there hardly be any greater permanent improvement made on this part of his estate, than to erect a sufficient harbour at this place, and to lay out a village on a liberal plan. The present tenant Mrs. Colclough, with a liberality that does her great honour, assured me that she would not suffer any interest she has in these lands

to obstruct so beneficial an object for the inhabitants and the community, and would cheerfully join in granting every possible accommodation to the formation of such an establishment.'

"It is not only at this part of the coast, where a harbour being formed, would afford an additional source of employment to the people, but there are several others, of which, at present, we shall only notice two. One is near Carnsore Point, and the church town of the parish of Carn, a parish which we shall have occasion particularly to notice, for the exemplary industry of its inhabitants, both as farmers and fishermen. The other is at Saint Helen's, near Greenore Point, where an admirable harbour might be formed, with a bason, which, by a convenient back water, might be formed so as to be a place of shelter for coasting and other vessels of moderate burthen. But independent of the advantages which the formation of harbours on the southern coast of the county of Wexford would afford to the adjacent inhabitants, such harbours would be of the greatest importance in affording the means of assisting vessels in distress, and saving the lives of many unhappy mariners, from the frequent shipwrecks that happen on this coast, particularly if two or three life-boats were stationed at these proposed harbours. And if with these proposed improvements were added a proper distinguishing light, erected on the most advantageous situation on these coasts, great distress and damage would be prevented, by which at present vast losses are sustained by the channel trade.

Distinguishing Light proposed to be erected on the great Island of the Saltees.

“ The sea, adjacent to the southern coast of Wexford, is full of rocks and shallows, both near and at some distance from the islands of the Saltees. These islands consist of the greater and the lesser island of the Saltees, both of them containing high rocky land, covered with grass. The larger, about a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth—the lesser, about half a mile in circumference. From the lesser island to the shore, a ridge of rocks stretches the whole way, except a very narrow channel between this ridge and the lesser island. The space between the two islands is also rocky and shallow, with only a narrow sound, difficult to find without an experienced pilot.”

“ The islands and rocky shallows, stretch into the sea nearly two leagues from the main land, and form one side of a large and deeply indented bay, which is bounded by the lands of Ballyteigue, Bannow, and Tintern, with the long and narrow peninsula called the Hook.

“ This extensive bay, enclosed on all sides by rocks and dangerous shallows, presents a wide opening mouth of fifteen miles, extending from the light on the tower of Hook to the Saltees, presenting a most dangerous and deceptive attraction to the weary and distressed mariner, ignorant of his course on this false coast. Once embayed, he has little or no chance of safety. It is to him, truly, the Scylla or Charybdis, and presents only the dismal alternative of being driven in pieces on the islands of the Saltees and the rocky points around

them, or of being wrecked on the low lying shallows in the interior of the bay. There has been no less than eleven vessels of large burthen known to have been wrecked on this coast, during the last winter, five of which took place on this part of the coast, from the vessels having been embayed in the manner we have described.* All of these shipwrecks would, in all probability, have been prevented, if a distinguishing light had been erected on the greater island of the Saltees, which by warning them to stand out to sea, would have prevented them falling victims on this rocky coast.

“ But it is not only from the dismal effect of the very tempestuous weather which took place last winter, that we think it our duty to press this subject on the attention of government and the public. It is but a few years back when the captain of a West India packet, mistook the tower of Hook light for the Eddystone light-house, off Plymouth sound, and in running, as he thought, for Plymouth, was brought by the coast of Wexford. A similar mistake happened lately by a homeward bound West Indiaman, and a cargo of the value of 120,000*l.* was with difficulty saved by some fishermen.

“ Every winter numbers of vessels are wrecked from the uncertainty of their course, and from want of a light on this coast. For it is not only this bay which we have described, that presents a fatal snare to the distressed mariner, but there are a great number of rocks and shoals at some distance from these islands, and along

* And many more it is feared were wrecked, from the spars and masts driven ashore, and numbers of dead bodies.

the other parts of the southern coast of Wexford, from thence to Tusker, which is a formidable rock in the mouth of the channel, at some distance from Greenore Point, on the south-east of this county.*

“ Notwithstanding the well-known danger of this part of the Irish coast—notwithstanding the numerous wrecks which happen thereon, every winter, there is no light on the whole coast, to enable vessels to shun the danger, from the tower of Hook light to that of Wicklow head. Nor is this deficiency complained of by individuals only, but we find by the preamble to the Act of the Irish Parliament, respecting light-houses, in the 36th of the King, chap. 18th. it is expressly stated, that ‘ the channel trade between Great Britain and Ireland is subject to frequent losses, from the want of a light on the coast of Wexford,’ and the Commissioners of his Majesty’s revenue are empowered by said act, to erect additional light-houses, specifying particularly, ‘ *and on that coast.*’

“ It is not easy to form any conjecture of the reason the Board of Revenue have had for neglecting this accommodation, contained in the above Act of Parliament, for remedying what is truly called in the said act, ‘ *this notorious deficiency* ;’ and we therefore think it our duty to call on that board and the government of the country to adopt active measures for remedying this evil.

* The great island of the Saltees is said to be forty or fifty feet higher than Tusker rock, and one hundred feet above the level of the sea. This circumstance furnishes strong support to Mr. Frazer’s argument in favour of a distinguishing light on that island.

“ In order to explain the necessity of attending to this object more fully, we beg to state, that in sailing up the British channel, no such deficiency is found—You will there rise, alternately, one and two lights, and in order to form a distinguishing light, three lights in the form of a triangle, are placed on a rocky island called the Caskets, on the coast of France, by which means no mistake can possibly happen in finding the course to that channel. Whereas in St. George’s channel, which on the whole is much narrower, there is no such arrangement of lights formed—a single light placed in one situation, another in another, two lights here and two there, without any regard to distinguishing them, so that the most correct navigator that ever sailed, may, perhaps, after a three months passage in crossing the Atlantic ocean, and not able for several days to get an observation of the sun, mistake one for another, and the consequence prove fatal. The single light on the tower of Hook, is every winter, in many instances, mistaken for the Eddystone light-house, and running, as they think, for Plymouth-sound, they get embayed in the bay we have above described, between the islands of the Saltees and the coast of Wexford.

“ To render the uncertainty of these lights more intelligible, it is to be observed, that the distance from the single light on the tower of Hook, and the single light on the Smalls, is so little, as to occasion great doubt and uncertainty. The distance between the two lights on St. Anne’s, entering Milford-haven, and the two lights on Wicklow-head, are but little also, and liable also to perpetual uncertainty, in distressing circumstances. Whereas the whole of the southern and

eastern coast of the County of Wexford, and a great part of the County of Wicklow, from the tower of Hook to Wicklow-head, including a line of the most dangerous coast in the British islands, of near seventy miles, without a single harbour or place of shelter, is left destitute of the means of distinguishing a ship's course with any certainty. In the opinion of many intelligent sea-faring men, all this dreadful uncertainty would be completely prevented by erecting three lights on the island of the Saltees, in the form of a right line, so as completely to distinguish them from the other lights we have mentioned, and by erecting a wall in the shape of a half moon battery, so as to eclipse the southermost, when the vessels approach near the foul ground, at a distance from the Saltees, and thereby warn them to heave about.

“Such a light would form a complete key to St. George's channel, and enable the distressed mariner to shape his course without any doubt or hesitation through St. George's channel; or if thwarted by contrary winds, to either Milford or the port of Waterford, to refresh a wearied crew, or to refit a crazy bark, and would guide the ship clear of the bay we have so often mentioned, and of the foul ground lying at some distance from the island of the Saltees, which dangerous rocky grounds situated to the south-west, and the east of the Saltees, is covered at high water, but is dry at low water, and on which seldom a season happens that vessels are not wrecked, and the mariners sometimes saved; but alas! many others, it is apprehended, are lost, without a soul being saved to announce the fatal intelligence.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE WEXFORD COAST, SHEWING THE INADEQUACY OF A LIGHT ON TUSKER, INDEPENDENT OF THE SALTEES.—*From Frazer's Survey of Wexford.*

“ We have understood that some are of opinion, that instead of at the Saltees, it would be a greater advantage to the trade navigating those seas, that a light should be erected on the rock Tusker, and it is therefore necessary to state the reasons which appear to us to give a decided preference to the Saltees.

In the first place, the rock Tusker is very difficult of access, and to erect a light on this rock would be tedious and very expensive.* In the next place, there could only be one light erected on it, which to be a distinguishing light, must be copied after the light upon Scilly, perpendicular to the horizon, on a shaft united with a machine below that turns the whole round every two minutes, by which means this light, which appears in the horizon like a star of the sixth magnitude, is alternately eclipsed and visible, for the duration of one minute or sixty seconds.

An insuperable objection appears to the forming a light in the first place on Tusker, even were it practicable at a moderate expence, arising from the low situation of that rock; as it could not be raised to such a height as to enable vessels to clear the Saltees and the foul ground adjacent thereto; whereas the light proposed to be formed on the great island of the Saltees, could be kept fully in view, so as to form a communication with the other

* We have noticed in those memoirs, that fourteen lives were lost in the accomplishment of this object.

lights, and be a sufficient guide to avoid Tusker, either to vessels outward or homeward bound. For in coming down channel, the outward bound ships have every advantage to attend them, clean out of dock, well manned, tackled, apparelled, with a fair wind they can with every confidence shape their course, and in a little time clear the narrows of the channel. If taken abaft with contrary winds there is a possibility of getting a fresh departure every day, one side of the channel or the other. The benefit of the good light on Howth, which is situated on elevated ground, and seen at a great distance, both athwart the channel and to carry a vessel to Wicklow light: from thence, in dark weather, no better guide by day than the breakers on the sand-banks from Dublin-bay to Tusker; by night to be careful of the lead, until the light proposed to be erected on the Saltees appears; which being kept west by north by the compass, would carry the vessel completely clear of Tusker and all the foul ground on these coasts, until she comes to the Saltees, the foul ground to east and south of which she would avoid, by being warned to heave about by the eclipsing of one of the lights, by the contrivance of a wall in the form of a half moon battery, as above mentioned.

But it is not to those vessels alone so happily circumstanced, that this light proposes those advantages. Every one will agree that it is the helpless wreck that deserves our first attention. The foul bottomed homeward bound vessel from a foreign voyage, after encountering various storms in crossing the western ocean, is become crippled in her masts, sails, and rigging; her crews, perhaps, coming from a warm to a cold climate;

not a sight of land, perhaps for two or three months; many days of thick weather, and having a very narrow opening to hit between the foul ground off the Saltees and the Smalls: can it for a moment be doubted, that the erecting a distinguishing light on the great island of the Saltees, is the very best of all plans that can possibly be devised, for the safe conducting of ships of the above description, or any other in the fair way to St. George's channel. In regard to the single light on Hook tower, this light is *shamefully neglected*, as can be easily proved by an enquiry at the custom-house of Waterford, where *numerous complaints* are lodged of the badness of this light, and we have frequently found it hardly visible at a mile from the coast in a clear atmosphere!—But if even it was properly attended to, the situation is by far too much embayed, to say nothing of the great danger of mistaking it for other single lights, by ships circumstanced as above—its low situation, its oblique direction, fifteen miles distance off the dangerous rocks adjacent to the Saltees will not admit of the much wished-for benefit that might arise from such a light on that coast, as we have proposed. which would enable the vessel to hug the Irish coast as near as possible, with northerly winds, or to relieve the anxious mind with the promise of safety in southerly winds, and which none other, but such a light as we have proposed, can possibly accomplish.

“ From the circumstances here stated, it appears, that although the light of the tower of Hook may be very useful, as a guide to the harbour of Waterford, it by no means supersedes the necessity of a light on the great island of the Saltees; and that there can be no doubt of the immediate propriety of forming a light on the great

island of the Saltees, such as will distinguish it from the others in the opening of the channel, to which it may be added, that from this island, containing upwards of twenty acres of arable land, plenty of water and provisions may be had for the family attending to it—A single revolving light, or three separate lights, might be attended to with less expence than on Tusker, be built also at less expence, and above all, as there are funds perfectly sufficient for the purpose, without burthening the trade passing this light, it is to be expected that active measures will immediately be adopted to form a proper light on this island.

MINERALS.

“ If under this article we are only to comprehend the more valuable mineral bodies, such as metallic substances, the enumeration of such as have been found in this division of Ireland, is not very extensive or abundant.

“ There is an antient working of a mine to be seen on the banks of the river Bannow, near Barrastown, and which was renewed about thirty or forty years ago, by Mr. Ogle, on whose property those workings appeared: it did not turn out to any profit—I have, however, amongst the deeds thrown out, found some galena adhering to quartz, and rhomboidal iron stone; and I should apprehend it would be worth while to clear the old works, which could be done at a small expence, and examine the veins from which these had been broken, with some attention.

About six miles from this place, on the sea shore, I found also some nodules of close grained galena, which had been evidently washed out of the bank which formed the sea shore; and which consisted of indurated clay

and marle. A farmer in the neighborhood informed me, that it was no uncommon thing to find very large pieces of this ore on the shore after storms, which generally broke down part of this bank. This I should also think worth pursuing so far as to examine the rocks, or, as it is called by miners, the fast ground, which might be done by shoding at no great expence.

“ I also found at a place called Kirlogue, near Wexford, a small vein of copper ore, of the species of Malachite, or carbonated green copper ore, specimens of which I sent to the Dublin Society repository, with the analysis I made of this ore.

“ Within this few years, also, a vein of galena has been found in the parish of Killan near Enniscorthy, which we are informed has produced a considerable quantity of lead.*

“ With regard to the other mineralogical objects in this county, of much value, they consist chiefly in the different species of marles, and some limestone, found in various parts, and in the calcareous sand found near the sea shore, and the calcareous sediment in the beds of the rivers. These will be more particularly noticed in describing their application to the purposes of agriculture. But although metallic veins of ore have not hitherto been discovered to any great extent, it may not be unworthy to enquire whether there is any such probability of the existence of such veins, that might render a diligent search for these treasures an object deserving attention and investigation.

* This mine is noticed page 513.

“ Since writing the above, I have seen a manuscript in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, which relates, that during the time the Danes or Ostmen possessed the sea coasts of this county, there was such abundance of silver found here that a mint was erected, and silver coins formed to a considerable amount. This, no doubt, was at a place which is called to this day, Clonmines, opposite to the place where I found the galena above mentioned, which forms an additional argument for renewing the working of that mine. However from the situation of this district in regard to the primitive mountains, one would, from the analogy to what takes place in Great Britain, be inclined to expect the appearance of that very valuable mineral, of so much use in the various purposes of life, that is coal. Although, however, we found that there existed a strong prepossession in favor of this mineral being situated in various parts of the district, we did not find any old workings of coal mines, only some obscure tradition of coals having been found in small quantities. We are far from considering it wholly undeserving attention to try for coals in this country, and the situation we consider most favorable for those trials are, in the lands between the mountain of Forth and Mount Leinster, or on the southern declivity of the mountain of Forth, between the hornstone and the vein of limestone that runs from Killsgue to the barony of Bargie.

“ Another and a stronger argument perhaps, to expect coals in this county, arises from the opposite country in Wales containing coal, and of the same kind that is found in the County of Kilkenny, which is obviously the same strata as that in Wales, and which at great depths

is likely to be found also in the County of Wexford.

In the north of Ireland the Scotch coal strata is found in the County of Antrim, as also in the County of Leitrim, in Connaught, and most likely exists in all the intermediate districts, and beyond Leitrim to the Western Ocean. The Welch or blind coal is also found in Kilkenny, Carlow, Tipperary, and Cork. In several situations, both to the north and south of this mountain, we should have been glad to have had it in our power to examine the strata of this county. This, however, could not be effected without sinking pits, so as to remove the incumbent earth, which would have been attended with considerable expence, and have occupied much time and attention.

“ If the plan proposed by Mr. Kirwan had been adopted, of having a set of mining augurs in each county, trials of this kind might be made without any extraordinary expence; and if ever a plan of this kind should be adopted, I beg leave to suggest, that it would be worth while to try the strata of this county, proceeding from the mountain of Forth in a north east direction, to the bounds of Mount Leinster, and on the south of the mountain of Forth in a south west direction, to Duncormack and Cullenstown. It is not of any great importance from what part of the north or south side of the mountain the trials should be begun, that will easily be determined by those acquainted with the art of searching for coals; and to make this or any other trials for examining the mineral strata of the country, without the superintendence of persons skilled in the art, would be absurd. In many operations respecting mining, the erection of harbours, the formation of inland navi-

gations, carried on in this part of the united kingdom, and indeed in Great Britain, it is astonishing how many failures have arisen from the ill judged parsimony, in neglecting to employ men of real science and experience, in the direction of these operations, instead of which men without knowledge or responsibility of character, or any pretensions, are greedily employed, because they offer their own time at an easy expence, and hold out a plausible plan to their employers, flattering their vanity by pretending to submit to their judgment, on a subject respecting which they must be totally ignorant.

“ A complete mineralogical survey of Ireland would be of great national importance, and a most desirable acquisition to that branch of science; and it is hoped, that with the return of quiet times, this important investigation will be taken up with spirit and determination.”*

SEATS.

From the road which opens a communication between Taghmon and Enniscorthy, the traveller has a partial prospect of Wilton, the seat of ——— Alcock, esq. brother to the late member for this county, and also of Clonmore, a neat villa, once the habitation of Samuel Woodcock, deceased, a truly respectable member of the Quaker society, with whom I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance. In the progress of my journey I stopped for a moment to contemplate the temporary residence of a man whose memory I valued, but whose seat, vacated by his family for ever (and now the property of Mr. Atkin, a respectable attorney) placed before my eyes, in living colours, the

* We most heartily concur with Mr. Frazer in this observation.

rapid succession of events, the facility with which the living son forgets his dead ancestor, and the moment (it may be the very next) when we who now float upon the surface of time shall disappear, and be no more regarded by our successors for any gift they derive through us from the great Supreme, than the fly who floats upon the sunbeam shall take pains to register the petty deeds of his progenitors. Man of wealth, will this teach you one lesson—to fear God and do good to your suffering fellow creatures, during the short period of your probation, since the wretch for whom you heap up gold like the dust of Ophir, will soon be alike regardless, whether the blessings of those who were ready to perish have followed you into eternity, or the cries of those whom you have defrauded of your bounty, for his aggrandizement.

CHARLESFORT.

In my progress from Enniscorthy to Ferns I visited Charlesfort, the handsome villa of Charles Dawson, esq. This seat is beautified by neat plantations, and the house on a pleasing elevation, commands the view of an extensive dry landscape, the bold and beautifying feature of which is that of Mount Leinster, within a few miles of the concern, and which lofty object bending its shadow over a skreen of ornamental plantation which encloses the lawn, had a more rich and intimate effect than on any single seat I had visited in that district. Declining the invitation of this most obliging and intelligent man to spend the night at his house, I proceeded from thence to the village inn of Ferns, a distance of only two miles, and there rested for the night.

CAMOLIN PARK.

The day after my arrival at Ferns I drove to Camolin-park, the seat of Lord Viscount Valentia,* to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who, at the period of my visit, was actively engaged in opening a respectable and indeed very needful approach to his seat from the Gorey road, as that which then conducted the passenger from the village of Camolin to his Lordship's residence, was utterly unsuitable to the public accommodation, the value of this object, and to the rank and respectability of the noble proprietor,

Camolin-park, until latterly, had not been inhabited since the year 1798. The shocking, though short, convulsion of this year, having transplanted several of our Irish nobility and gentry to England (many of whom have not yet returned) the seats of these *rural sovereigns* have been consequently neglected, and it is only by slow degrees, as the tranquillity of the country inspires them with confidence, that we can expect their families will return, and repair the mischievous effects of this long and unhappy interregnum.

The demesne of Camolin is favourably circumstanced for picturesque improvement. We understand it comprises an area of seven hundred Irish acres, of which two hundred are under wood. The undulating surface of these lands, presents to the professor of artificial embellishment, such variety of canvas, as to leave

* Lord Viscount Valentia, son and heir of the Earl of Mountnorris, and author of *Travels to India, Ceylon, Abyssinia, and Egypt*, published in London, in three volumes quarto, anno 1809.

him inexcusable, if he does not present the proprietor of Camolin, and the county at large, with an object commensurate with those advantages, and with the general improvement of the country ; but as these embellishments will be conducted under Lord Valentia's own eye, we may safely calculate, from this Nobleman's knowledge of the world, his fine taste, and recent application to the improvement of this property, that Camolin-park will soon present to the view of the spectator, a very beautiful and even splendid demesne. Slievebweigh, which approaches (with several other mountains) to the confines of this landscape, sheds a more pleasing influence upon Camolin-park than upon any single object which I had visited in that county. Having taken a view of this place, and committed to writing the foregoing brief remarks, I rested the remainder of the day at Camoliu-park, and returned late in the evening to Ferns, carrying with me a warm impression of the personal virtue and engaging manners of the intelligent proprietor of this seat.

WOODS.

The county of Wexford appears to be enriched by many valuable woods. Of these Killoughran, which covers, it is said, an area of six or eight hundred acres, for its value and extent, may be placed in the foreground ; but, as an object of picturesque beauty, that portion of Stokestown wood, which (if not since cut down) surrounds the lawn and snowy lodge of Mr. Adam Glascot, on the eastern bank of the Ross river, exceeds in picturesque effect, (when surveyed from an elevation on the road from Ross to Waterford) every similar object which I

had seen in the course of my travels through the county of Wexford.

WHEAT.

In the northern district of this county, which may be considered as extending from Enniscorthy to Gorey, wheat is more generally and extensively cultivated than in the southern department. At Barndown, (near this latter town,) the seat of Abraham Brownrigge, esq. one of the most extensive agriculturists in these parts, I saw the largest quantity of wheat which had come within my observation on any one farm, in the progress of my travels through Wexford. Fifty acres of wheat, and in the whole one hundred acres of tillage, is certainly a great deal in the hands of a gentleman perfectly independent of the laborious duties of a farmer; but Mr. Brownrigge's exertions to employ the poor, and to unite with the improvement of his own property that of the country around him, we conceive derives additional merit from his independence, and therefore we presume to notice his useful pursuits with approbation.

Until my arrival on the lands of Barndown, I had no idea that any part of the Wexford soil was capable of producing such crops of wheat as those which I then witnessed. This wheat appeared of prime quality, and might average at seven or perhaps eight barrels to the acre; but this, in a county where the poor farmer will, in many instances, think himself well repaid for his acre of marled ground (and two years rent) if it produces him four or five barrels of clean wheat, was little less than a prodigy; but supposing the soil of the poor farmer (who in addition to his poverty is usually slow

in advancing beyond the tedious system of his ancestors) to be equal in quality to that of his opulent and scientific neighbour, the latter, in the quantity and quality of his manures, in his superior machinery and mode of agriculture, has much the advantage of the other ; and in the profit and appearance of his farm, will outstrip the poor man, whose prejudices conspire with his poverty, long to withhold from him the benefits of useful improvement.

Mr. Brownrigge, and a few other inhabitants of this northern district of the county, are likewise considerable in the feeding department. To these extensive agriculturists and feeders, the merchants of Enniscorthy (but particularly Mr. Sparrow, who is the most extensive purchaser) must prove a valuable acquisition. To this town, the produce of the northern district naturally proceeds, partly for home consumption, and partly, in its progress to Wexford, for exportation ; but between Gorey and Enniscorthy there is no place, nor person of consequence, to the trading and agricultural interests of this county.

OBSERVATIONS.

In the progress of our observations on this county, we have noticed with approbation the patient industry and generally peaceable demeanour of its population ; and in doing so, we have discharged a duty to ourselves and to the inhabitants of this county. The truth of history, however, (and our desire for the reformation of this abuse) compels us to notice one shameful public immorality, which, so long as it is permitted (by the magistrates, for it is not permitted by the law) will

continue a blot upon its reputation and improvement, as it does, we are sorry to say, upon many other parts of the Irish nation. We here allude to that flagrant profanation of the sabbath, which we have witnessed in several parts of this county, by the most shameful exhibitions of drunkenness, blasphemy, and public noise, not only in the houses of public entertainment, (the poor proprietors of which may plead, with some appearance of reason, their complicated difficulties, as an apology for this abuse) but even in the streets of several villages. Here the traveller of feeling, whether compelled to rest from the labours of the week, or reluctantly to pass through in the progress of his journey, will have his senses alike assailed with those *glorious* proofs of our progress in civilization and good manners; for as to the religion of the country we enter not into it, being perhaps incapable of fathoming the depth of that policy by which it indirectly sanctions this periodical fermentation and occasional effusion of the blood of our countrymen. It would, however, be a very proper question for the consideration of our governors, whether these disorders which have arisen (even in our own day) to an alarming height in some of the southern and central counties of this island, and produced many barbarous *murders*, have not found, in this systematic profanation of the sabbath, a very powerful preparative. To their superior wisdom, and to the piety of the clergy, we leave this subject, having discharged the duty which devolves upon us, by giving publicity to the fact and to our own reflections.*

* Should it be objected, that, the labouring poor being unavoidably employed in their avocations, during the week, for

FERNS AND CAMOLIN.

The villages of Ferns and Camolin, which are about two miles distant from each other, are situate on the public road between Dublin and Wexford. Coaches ply regularly between those ports, and furnish the inhabitants of this county (so generally defective in the article of inland navigation) with instruments of conveyance, extremely useful for the transportation of every thing; but merchandize and manures. To the landed interest of this county (as well as to the mercantile) it might, however, be a subject worthy of consideration, whether it would be practicable to facilitate the conveyance of mer-

the support of life, it would be cruel to deprive them of the temporary recreation afforded them by this day of absence from labor; and that the poor publican, who is dependent on the sale of his ale and whiskey for the support of his family, and for the payment of his heavy duties, would absolutely perish, if our rigid system of morality was universally adopted. To this apology the only one which has the semblance of humanity, we reply, that in proportion as people abstain from excesses on *periodical* days, such as Sundays (and holidays, a tremendous list in this country) in the same degree and proportion, they will be able to consume, on the other days of the week, (and with additional comfort, in the bosom of their own families, where it is most wanting) the produce of the baker and the brewer, and provided these are sold, it matters little to the retailer, (if he sells an equal quantity and be punctually paid) whether his goods are consumed in the town or in the country. To the strict observation of the sabbath, as to its principal source, may be attributed the comparative happiness and morality of the Scotch nation, a standard of respectability to which we cannot arrive, until the public mind in this country, is in some degree emancipated from the superstitious and immoral customs which now abuse it.

chandize and manures, by opening canals in certain directions of the country. I am equally ignorant whether the wealth and public spirit of this county and its natural resources, are, or are not, adequate to the accomplishment of such a work; but as the conveyance of manures to several parts of the Wexford soil, is well known to be a burthen of intolerable weight to the poor farmer, and as the mercantile interests of the county, and even the interests of private life, would be materially promoted by cheap and convenient carriage, I have ventured to throw out this hint to the gentlemen of Wexford, for the freedom of which, I have no other apology to offer, than that of my zeal for the improvement of their county.

The country around Ferns and Camolin, has the advantage of a respectable population; and though these villages cannot boast of splendid public buildings, or eminent manufactories, yet the inhabitants, for the most part, have an aspect of decency and comfort.

SCENERY.

In the article of scenery, Ferns has the advantage of Camolin—To this, the bishop's palace and demesne, in the immediate vicinity of that village (a seat which eminently possesses the grandeur and beauty of modern improvement) and the ancient castle of Ferns, materially contribute. These interesting specimens of ancient and modern magnificence, and which in the landscape of Ferns may be considered as the most lordly works of art, are seen to great advantage from Ballintore, a beautiful eminence, which at the moderate distance of one English mile from the village, overlooks the surrounding

country.* From hence the castle of Ferns, the palace and its improvements, the church, the village and its neighboring seats, are seen blending with the lawns and golden fruits of the valley, and rendering jocund and gay by their entertaining variety, those various orders of animated nature, which labor, or sing, or gambol upon the plain. The beauty of this prospect is rendered complete by Mount Leinster and other stupendous objects which bound the landscape beyond this valley, and shed upon the gay variety of the plain, a ray of their own native glory and magnificence.

COTTAGE IMPROVEMENTS.

There are several farm-houses in the neighborhood of Ferns and Camolin, which do credit to the occupiers, and to the gentlemen on whose estates they are situated. Of these, the cottage of Farmer Pearson, on the public road between those villages, and another of similar neatness, on the opposite side of the same road, deserve to be noticed by way of public example. The neatness of these habitations would procure for the occupiers, if a farming society existed in this county, and did its duty, a premium calculated to reward their merit, and to encourage similar improvement in the country.

CAMOLIN.

Camolin, is situated on an estate of the Earl of Mountnorris. The little solitary street which composes it,

* Ballintore (on the summit of which there is a neat villa) I consider to be the most interesting position in the neighborhood of Ferns, for taking a drawing of this scene.

contains, for the most part, decent stone houses slated ; and for its growing aspect of improvement, the stranger will naturally conclude it is indebted, to a liberal plan of policy pursued by the proprietor towards his tenantry. Though this village forms an object of too little magnitude in the county, to justify a long and labored description, yet from its position on the public road, and in a country exhibiting marks of respectable population, it will naturally attract the attention of the traveller who passes through it, in his progress to Wexford or Dublin. Should he enquire into its history or trade, he will probably be surprised to hear, considering the appearance of the place, that a single shop in that village shall receive on the day of a public fair, for dry goods only, a sum of sixty or seventy pounds sterling. The property and population of this neighborhood must be considerable, if the information I received on this subject, from a person resident on the spot and concerned in business, be correct. The foundation of a dispensary has been recently laid here, a charity, for the introduction of which, I was informed that neighborhood is chiefly indebted to Lord Valentia, whose attention to the necessities of the poor and to the interests of the tenantry on that estate, reflect honor on his lordship's character. The grand jury, in the year 1814, when I passed through this village, had assisted this infant establishment by a grant of £65 sterling, and a similar institution at Gorey, by a like grant of £100, for the same year.

GOREY.

To this latter town, which stands near the northern

margin of Wexford, and consequently near the southern border of Wicklow, I next proceeded in my progress to visit certain beauties of the Wicklow district, (which, in my former temporary visit to that county, I had neither leisure nor opportunity to inspect.)

Gorey is a post town, it has also a weekly market, and several fairs in the year, but in comparison of Wexford or Enniscorthy, it is a place of little business. Coal and salt are occasionally brought from England to the coast near this place, but as there is no navigable communication between Gorey and the sea, nor yet a harbour on the coast to protect vessels from the effects of the south and south east winds, which by drifting the sands do frequently obstruct the progress of vessels to the shore, the trade of Gorey must necessarily be very partial, and will so continue, until the country becomes improved by inland navigation, and a quay or harbour be formed on that point of the coast for the accommodation of shipping.

SEATS.

Although there are considerable tracts of land in the neighborhood of Gorey, undistinguished by any other works of art than those of the husbandman, there are, nevertheless, a few seats of distinction which deserve to be noticed in an estimate of the improvements of that neighborhood. Of these Courtown, the seat of the Earl of Courtown, Seafield, that of Walter Hoar, esq. Hyde-park, Clonatin, and Ramspark-lodge, may be considered as the principal.

Ramspark-lodge and Clonatin, are in the immediate

vicinity of the town. The former of these seats, stands on the estate of Stephen Ram, esq. who since the rebellion of 98, has been generally resident in England. The demesne of Ramspark, which is reputed the largest in the vicinity of Gorey, forms, however, but a speck on the map of this estate, which comprizes, according to our information, upwards of *twenty town lands*; but neither this immense tract, nor yet the demesne of Ramspark, which may be considered as the pride of this property (if we except a considerable quantity of valuable timber with which the demesne is enriched, and which from several positions surrounding Gorey, forms a striking feature in the topography of that neighborhood,) will be found to furnish the painter of a country's beauties, with many striking objects for his pencil or his pen. Clonatin, the villa of Colonel Ram, exceeds, in the article of rural beauty, the valuable though unwieldy demesne of Ramspark. It comprizes a neat edifice in the English cottage stile, with a limited demesne of light aspect, beautifully planted, and standing on a gentle elevation above Gorey, unites with the woods of Ramspark in the neighboring valley, to cast around this town a mantle of rich foliage and lively beauty.

HYDE-PARK.

Hyde-park, the seat of John Beauman, esq. is situate near the sea, (as are also Courtown and Sea-field) about five miles north of Gorey, directly opposite an immense mass of rock called Tara-hill, an object seen to advantage through the plantations which ornament the approach to this demesne, and which sheds upon that approach a

grander influence than upon any single object in this vicinity. The dwelling-house of Hyde-park (an edifice in which several features of the Grecian and modern architecture appear blended*) may be considered as adding a considerable influence of beauty to the plain aspect of this demesne, the most remarkable feature of which is that of a glen, which sweeps through the plantations, and is watered by a little river, called the Kilgorman river, from the parish of that name through which it passes. The garden also, though a plain object and not very extensive, exhibited, in the distribution of its productions, and in its light and airy aspect exempt from pompous incumbrance, the proofs of good taste. From the walks of this interesting enclosure, the rocky mountain of Tara is contemplated with interest, as also Castletown, the seat of Mr. Rowe, and other objects which embellish the surrounding lands; and here it may not be impertinent to remark, that to breathe pure air in an open area, embellished with vegetable productions lightly distributed, and to contemplate from thence, an improved country gradually elevated around its walls, is infinitely more gratifying to the animal functions, than to gasp in vain, for a mouthful of fresh air, on a platform, where a multitude of overgrown fruit trees, preclude, at once, the benefits of a thin atmosphere, and the beauties of a surrounding country.

CASTLETOWN.

Castletown, which we have just noticed, as standing

* It has the Grecian portico, but not the Grecian roof, nor parapet.

on an elevated position above the garden of Hyde-park, has the advantage of commanding an oblique view of the Irish sea; and Tara-hill, directly opposite Castletown-house, sheds á very bold influence on the lawn of that villa. The sea is, however, seen to more advantage from Ahere (a villa on the estate of Mr. Beauman, and rented from him by Mr. John Boyce) than from Hyde-park or Castletown, but the bleak and offensive appearance of the lands on the margin of the water, detracted considerably from the natural influence of this element on the neighboring landscape, a defect which (by levelling certain barren and offensive hillocks on the beach, and substituting in their room a verdant lawn, with light plantations on the elevated grounds to the left of those offensive objects,) might be easily converted from its present deformity, into a piece of ornamental drapery to this sea-green expanse. The Croghan mountain, already noticed, as being in the vicinity of the Wicklow gold mines, with other mountains near the precincts of Wicklow and Wexford, form a boundary to this landscape, and shed upon it a considerable influence of grandeur.

AGRICULTURE, SOIL, MANURES, &c.

The County of Wexford, from the best information we have been able to collect, has rapidly advanced in agriculture within the last fifteen years; but an improvement in the mode or method of agriculture, does not appear to have borne a due proportion to the increase of its productions, within that period, nor to the indefatigable labors of the farmer. Oats and barley, are evidently the staple productions of the county, and of

these immense crops are raised ; but in comparison of these classes of grain, wheat appears but partially cultivated, at least in the southern district, in many parts of which, there are neither bolting-mills nor streams to turn them.

The soil, in most parts of this county, is reputed a shallow clay on a substratum of loose shingle. For the purpose of strengthening this light and shallow soil, they are obliged, in those parts of the county where there is no marle, to manure with a compost of clay and lime, as the best substitute, and preferable in point of strength and duration, to lime alone ; but when the surface is deep and the substratum firm, as in the lands of Taghmon in the barony of Shelmalier, the necessity for this heavy compost is superseded, and the penetrating alkali of the lime is found abundantly adequate to all the ends of improvement.

Though limestone is a very scarce article in the Wexford soil, it is nevertheless to be met with in some partial spots of the county, as for instance, in the neighborhood of Wexford, and on the lands of the Earl of Ely, in the barony of Shelbourne. Here there are whole quarries of this valuable stratum, and the demesne of Loftus-hall, the country seat of the late Earl, and present residence of — Tottenham, esq. is what may be denominated a limestone soil, and is reputed some of the richest land in the County of Wexford.

The lands in the vicinity of Enniscorthy, are supplied with a valuable stratum called marle, which, as a manure, exceeds lime in duration ; but as the lands in other parts of the county, are, either not supplied with this manure, or it is unsuitable to the quality of the soil, it

frequently happens, such has been the growing industry of the farmer within the period we have noticed, that persons from certain parts of this county will travel thirty miles into that of Carlow, for lime ready burned, while others who procure limestone at Ross, at the distance of ten or twelve miles from home, have afterwards to travel between twenty and thirty miles through the intervening ledges of Blackstairs and Mount Leinster over the precipitous and craggy roads of those mountains, to procure culm at Castlecomer, to calcine this dear bought material, a single barrel of which when burned, if the labor and attendant expences be moderately valued, stands the poor farmer in at least seven shillings, and calculating that this quantity will manure two square perches of land, the manure of one acre of tillage, at that rate, will stand him in £28 sterling. The growth of industry in Wexford, may therefore be estimated by these examples. In a county not adequately supplied with manuring articles, like this of Wexford, and exhibiting the most praise-worthy examples of patient industry, every aid which the landlord could reasonably extend to his tenantry, might be naturally expected. Assistance in the manufacturing of improved implements of husbandry, in the erection of comfortable edifices and good lime-kilns, although in the article of expence, by no means of magnitude to him, would be of the highest importance to the tenant—and if to these, every gentleman would lead his tenantry to the practice of manuring with green crops, and encourage this system by trifling premiums, in the course of a few years we might expect to see still greater improvements in the aspect and circumstances of this

county ; but to produce these effects, we are aware that strenuous and persevering exertions, on the part of the gentlemen of the country, would be necessary, as the prejudices of a people in favour of ancient habits are not easily surmounted. The method of sowing potatoes in drill, appears to be gaining ground in this county ; clover also, as an article of summer feeding, is getting into use—but these improvements excepted, the old system of husbandry continues to be the general practice of the county.

CHARACTER OF THE PEASANTRY.

The peasantry of Wexford, from all which I could see and collect, appear generally disposed to peace and industry. For forty years they have maintained this character, (with the exception of one or two violent eruptions, produced by the operations of a powerful influence on their ignorance and prejudices, and certain disorders which continue to result from a flagrant abuse of the sabbath.) It is to be hoped they have derived from their recent afflictions some useful lessons, and that neither the difficulties common to us all, under which they labor, nor the most improper use which may be made of their prejudices by crafty and designing men, may ever again have power to render them the instruments of a tragedy, to which the people of this country are truly indebted for their deepest political misfortunes.

CHAP. XVIII.

Author's second entrance into the County of Wicklow—

He proceeds to Arklow on the coast of that County—Seats in that direction noticed—He enters the famous Vale of Ovoka, and devotes a week to the inspection of this beautiful Valley and the Country around it—Queries proposed to the consideration of the Farming Societies of Ireland—Brief description of the Town and Manufactures of Rathdrum—Drives from hence to Glendaloch, a romantic retreat in the mountains of Wicklow—History and Antiquities of this famous Valley, noticed—Description of the Town and Harbour of Wicklow—General observations on the Inns of this district—Enters the Devil's Glen—Description of that Natural Curiosity—Proceeds to Newtown Mount Kennedy—Visits Altadore, Mount Kennedy, and other Seats in that neighborhood—Brief description of the Church and Village of Delgany—He advances to Bray—Farther description of this neighborhood—Penetrates the Country to Powerscourt—Visits the Dargle Glen, and Splendid Cascade at Powerscourt-park—Description of those objects—Peculiar gratification derived from a visit at the interesting Cottage of the Hon. Matthew Plunket—Author seized with indisposition in his progress to visit Legally—Departs from the County of Wicklow and returns to Waterford—Seats and Scenery in the vicinity of that City described—Compelled by the Season and other circumstances to cut short his inspection of the Country in this direction, he

returns through Carlow to Dublin, arrives in that City early in the Month of December, 1814, and sits down (after numerous perils and hardships) to call into order from the confused elements of his travels, this first Volume of THE IRISH TOURIST.

ENTRANCE INTO THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

From Gorey I drove to Arklow, a town in the County of Wicklow, though not much frequented, yet particularly well circumstanced for sea-bathing, from its proximity to the water, and rendered justly remarkable in the topography of that county, by the famous vale of Ovoka, which approaches near the town, and may be considered as one of the finest combinations of art and nature in any country. But in addition to the shade of celebrity which this valley reflects on the town of Arklow, the latter has the advantage of being situate in the vicinity of various other objects of high distinction in the topography of Wicklow, among which, Bally-arthur, on the margin of the vale, Shelton, the seat of the Earl of Wicklow, and Poolahony, that of Earl Carysfort, may be considered as the principal, although there are several seats of less magnitude which deserve to be noticed, as contributing a due proportion of influence to the general beauty of the country. Of these latter, Emmavale, the seat of Colonel Christmas, within an Irish mile of Arklow, on a road leading from thence to the golden valley, and near the public road from Gorey to Arklow, was one of the first I visited. It stands on a gentle elevation over a valley richly wooded by the plantations of Poolahony, the seat of Lord

Carysfort, who resides in England, and this valley and gentle elevation, being surrounded by a chain of mountains, the landscape assumes the appearance of a splendid amphitheatre, enlivened by the seats and plantations of Poolahony and Ennavalle.

VALE OF OVOKA.

This rich and beautiful valley may be considered as extending about seven miles, from the bridge of Arklow to that called the meeting-bridge (from the rivers Avonmore and Avonbeg, which meet there) at the foot of Castle-Howard, an Alpine gothic castle of great beauty, which stands on a lofty pinnacle above the Avon (the name by which those waters are distinguished, after forming a junction at the meeting-bridge) and this river proceeding towards Arklow, embraces, in its progress, at the foot of Knocknamohill and the lofty plantations of Ballyarthur (in a beautiful and spacious portion of the valley which unites with the golden valley*) the river Derry or Derragh, and thus reinforced, it proceeds through this enchanting valley to the ocean, from thenceforth denominated, by way of distinction, the Ovoka river. The bridge of Arklow and the meeting-bridge, may therefore be considered with propriety, the extreme points of this interesting valley, although its principal beauties are concentrated on the banks of the Ovoka river, and of these, the portion comprehensible in a view from the octagon of Ballyarthur, but still more eminently from

* So called from a small quantity of this valuable ore having been found there.

the summit of Knocknamohill is undoubtedly the master feature.

To attempt a description of the rural charms by which this object (or any other striking feature of the Wicklow district) is distinguished—To conduct our readers along the banks of rivers which pursue their variegated course, in the view of gothic castles, through mountains of valuable ore, and lofty plantations, which here open into spacious amphitheatres, and in a moment enclose within their luxuriant embrace the path of those waters which guide the traveller to his place of rest, is a task with which the talents of a Thompson, a Shenstone, or a Moore, may be perfectly commensurate, but which will be very badly performed indeed by the pen of a dull prose writer.

To see this valley to advantage, the beauty and boldness of the elevated lands which enclose it, and the improvements of the neighboring country, it is necessary to drive the whole way from Rathdrum to Arklow. From a lofty position called the meeting-hill, on the public road near the meeting-bridge, (as you proceed in this direction,) and from a like elevation on the road to Tinnchaly, called Knockanode, you have a very grand and interesting view of Castle Howard, (the seat of Colonel Howard) and of the scenery which surrounds that splendid castle. Descending from these hills, you pass over meeting-bridge, and enter upon that valley which is the subject of our description. In your progress, you pass through the copper-mine mountains of Ballymurtagh and Cronebane, which enclose the river Avon, and the path which conducts you on its bank to the deeper recesses of the valley. These mountains are breasted in one point with

lofty perpendicular rocks, directly opposite each other, as though they had originally formed one stupendous mountain, and that the valley which now passes through it, fertilized by the waters of the Avon, and furnished with a public road for the accommodation of the traveller; was indebted for these advantages to the gigantic labors of the rustic pionier. In your progress through this part of the valley, Mr. Johnson's neat little villa beyond the river, presents itself to view (on a gentle elevation, in the centre of a richly planted landscape) as a little specimen of Wicklow comfort. This useful citizen has also a flour-mill on the river, which is not only a source of profit to himself but of great convenience to that neighborhood.

Ballyarthur, the property of the Reverend James Symes, is by far the most striking and important seat on the elevated banks of this valley. It is situate about four miles N.W. of Arklow, and extends for a considerable distance above the village of Newbridge, along the northern bank of the Qvoka river, towards Arklow. The demesne comprizes about four hundred Irish acres, a considerable proportion of which is covered with lofty oak woods, through which there are several interesting openings to the valley, but that which forms the receptacle of a rural arbour, called the octagon, (from the number of its sides) commands by much the most open and extensive view of the beauties of Ovoka, and furnishes accidental visitors who often dine there, with no mean accommodation in their progress through those woods.

ROADS.

The mail-coach road from Gorey to Arklow was so extremely rough for the last few miles, as to be utterly disgraceful. Ruts, holes, and high stones, marked the road, and painfully exercised the traveller's feelings for that portion of the communication which is next to Arklow. Several parts of the road which passes through the vale of Ovoka, and various other roads in the same neighborhood, were also very defective. The approach through Ballyarthur demesne to the dwelling-house, when put into competition with the beauties of that place and of the neighboring valley, was very shocking also, but Mr. Symes, in the autumn of 1814, was opening a new approach through the plantations on his demesne, which woods, when complete, will no doubt quadrate with the character and consideration of that seat.

ORCHARDS.

There are cherry-orchards in this valley, which as a tolerably good imitation of the vineyards of France and Italy (and the best which an Irish valley could be expected to produce) are very much in character with this scene, and an important accommodation to the company who resort thither in the autumn season for the enjoyment of its beauties.

SEATS.

In your progress from Rathdrum to the meeting-bridge, you pass by Avondale, the beautiful demesne of Wm. Parnell Hayes, Esq. and Kingston, the interesting villa of Doctor Mills King. A deep and richly wooded glen

watered by the Avonmore, passes through Mr. Hayes's demesne, and is an appendage of great beauty to that fine residence. The traveller of taste who passes through this part of Wicklow, will miss the observation of an important beauty, if he passes by this seat without inspecting it.

ROADS, MINES, &c.

Of two roads which issue from the meeting-bridge, as you proceed towards this bridge from Arklow, one conducts you on the right hand to Rathdrum, and another which proceeds in nearly a direct line from thence, conducts you to the village of Ballynaclash, Whaley-abbey, and the lead-mines of Glenmalier, which happily for the people of that neighborhood, (amongst whom the blessings of plenty are diffused by this establishment) are now working with spirit, and we hope adequate profit to the proprietors. This, I am sorry to say, cannot be said of the copper-mines of Ballymurtagh, which have been recently noticed, and which for several years past have been totally abandoned, after having been conducted with diligence and great benefit to that part of the county, for near half a century. It is of the highest importance to the success of our Irish mining establishments, that proper persons should be brought over from England for the management of these works, or in other words, that no reasonable expence should be spared for the purpose of procuring those whose scientific and practical knowledge of mining can be satisfactorily proved to Irish companies, *by the solvent securities which they produce.* For want of this caution it is to be apprehended, that persons defective in knowledge and integrity have

sometimes been deputed to conduct those departments, whose promises being sanguine, and their services easily procured, it is to be feared that several of our Irish companies, in the selection of such persons, have fallen the victims of their own ill judged œconomy. The Cronebane mines, though as I heard, (when passing through that neighborhood in the autumn of 1814,) were doing but little business in comparison of their former works, were nevertheless proceeding slowly in their preparations for farther trade.

WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE.

Mr. Hayes, the gentleman whose seat we have just noticed, has established on a patriotic principle, a factory (in the valley of Glenmalier, within half a mile of the lead-mines and five miles of Rathdrum,) for the manufacture of coarse woollen cloths. This establishment which necessarily employs a number of the poor in that neighborhood, was going on with spirit in the autumn of 1814, and in a neighborhood hitherto eminent only for the manufacture of flannels, may be considered as a good advance in the trade of this county.

SPECIMENS OF FARM-HOUSES, CROPS, MANURES, AND RURAL TRAFFIC.

Beside the road which conducts you through the vale of Ovoka to Newbridge, Ballyarthur and Rathdrum, there is another which conducts you to those places from the same town, by the avenue of Shelton, the splendid seat of Lord Wicklow. On this mountainous road there are only a few neat villas to attract your attention, until you arrive at Ballyarthur-hill. Of these, Sheep-walk,

the neat farm-house of Mr. Thomas Murray, and Mine-view, that of Mr. James Kilbey, appeared good models for the respectable farmers of that country, and would have been still more so, if Mr. Murray had built his house on a more elevated site, and had not placed his hay-yard on that end of his house which is next the public view. In this respect, Mine-view is faultless, and when the elevated grounds, behind the dwelling-house are planted, the friend of Wicklow improvement may safely hold forth this prettily circumstanced villa, as a good model to the farmers of that neighborhood. I was a good deal surprised to see a wheat crop on the farm of Mine-view or Ballycoolen, near the Wicklow mountains, look much more luxuriant than many similar crops on the vallies through which I had passed this autumn. Mr. Kilbey estimated this crop at ten barrels to the acre, and I should not think it an exaggerated statement. This produce, however, they say, is common in this part of Wicklow, and if so, undoubtedly places the soil in a scale of considerable superiority, for the production of this grain, to the soils of several much more level counties, in the middle district of Ireland.

Certain traders in Wicklow and Arklow, import limestone from Howth, Carlingford, and other parts in the vicinity of Dublin, which they burn and sell to the farmers in this part of Wicklow. From forty to eighty barrels of this burned lime, (according to the quality of the lime and soil) will manure an acre of their land, and will produce, on an average, about three crops, previous to its being let out for grass. The farmers in the neighborhoods of Arklow and Rathdrum, also procure lime from the County of Carlow, which they consider upon

the whole, superior in quality, to that imported from the neighborhood of Dublin. The Carlow barrel is also much larger than the other, and from these advantages, they find it worth their while to send men and horses to that county for this useful article, a distance of at least thirty miles.

The Wicklow soil, in the article of feeding, is applicable, for the most part, to sheep and light black cattle, as is usual in mountainous districts—there are parts of the county which may deserve a higher denomination, but prime feeding-ground is, we presume, but rarely met with in this county. Green crops, if we except potatoes, appeared but little cultivated by the farmers in general, so far as I had opportunity of observing. Mr. Symes, Mr. Hayes, Dr. Mills King, and several other gentlemen of landed property, form, of course, exceptions to this rule, as people of their rank do in every county; but green crops, as a profitable preparation of the soil, and useful article of feeding, do not appear to be a staple branch of the agricultural œconomy of this district.

VALE OF OVOKA RESUMED.

We have already remarked that this is a scene better adapted to the luxuriant fancy of a poet, than to the phlegm and stupidity of a dull prose writer. To supply therefore what is unavoidably defective in our own description of this interesting valley, we here introduce the incomparable melody of our countryman Moore, as a *desert* well calculated to remunerate for the brevity and simplicity of the previous entertainment. The whole of this valley appears marked rather by the sublime and

beautiful, than the awful and terrific. The latter may characterize the Devil's glen, and one or two other works of nature in this county, but when accomplishing the beauties of Ovoka, she seems to have been in a more mild and softened mood, and to have studied rather to amuse and interest her children, than to overpower them with terror and surprise.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS—*by T. Moore, Esq.*

1.

There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the wide waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
'Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

2.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal, or brightest of green,
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh no! it was something more exquisite still.

3.

'Twas that friends the belov'd of my bosom were here,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4.

Sweet vale of Ovoka how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which distract this cold world should cease,
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace:

CRITICISM.

Moore's melody was not made, Dr. King says, on the junction of the waters of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, at Meeting-bridge, but on those of the Avon and Derragh, in that beautiful portion of the valley which we have noticed between Knocknamohill and Ballyarthur. He maintains that this piece was composed in the demesne of Ballyarthur; and that the vale of Ovoka which is here complimented, commences, not at Meeting-bridge, but at the meeting of the Avon and Derragh, which from thenceforth forms the Ovoka river, and proceeding to Arklow, gives to this portion of the valley (through which it passes,) and to this exclusively, the name of the Ovoka valley.

In answer to this new construction of the vale of Ovoka, we beg leave to observe, that though the principal beauties of the valley are certainly concentrated on the banks of the Ovoka river, (between Ballyarthur and Arklow,) yet the valley, with equal certainty, extends from Arklow to the Meeting-bridge, at the foot of Castle-Howard, and on this principle, Major Millar who lives near this bridge, has called his lodge on the road side, "THE OVOKA COTTAGE," *a title which becomes futile*, if BALLYARTHUR be the northern extremity of the valley, and if on the meeting of the waters here, and not on those at Meeting-bridge, Moore composed that popular and pathetic melody, which has given celebrity to the place.

FARMING SOCIETY.

A farming society has been formed in the County of Wicklow, but as we are not acquainted with the history

of its acts, for the promotion of improved agriculture and the comforts of the peasantry, and have only heard, that it is highly respectable, and possesses very ample funds for these purposes, we shall beg leave to supply our defect of information, so far, by proposing a few queries (which originated, in part, in a course of free conversation with a respectable farmer of this district) to the consideration of the farming societies of this country.

Quere 1st.—Have the exertions of the farming societies of Ireland to improve the practice of the middle classes of agriculturists, and to promote the comforts of the poor, been attended with success proportioned to the labors of those respectable bodies, and to the ample funds which have been raised by the patriotism of the nation for these purposes?

Quere 2.—If effects have not been proportioned to the virtue of the original design, and to the ample contributions which have been levied on the patriotism of the nation; would it not be meritorious in the farming societies to investigate the causes of impediment, and so far as they are discovered, to have those impediments removed?

Quere 3.—May it be presumed that the high prices of agricultural implements at the farming repository in Dublin, and the non-establishment of cheap manufactories in rural districts, is one of those causes?

Quere 4.—To elevate the character and œconomy of Ireland to the standard of sister countries, is it sufficient that the respectability of her counties occasionally meet, dine together, make collections and give premiums for

degrees of improvement, which can affect only, or principally, the first and second ranks of society?

Quere 5.—Do these proceedings, though forming a noble foundation on which to erect national prosperity, reach the low and languid springs of the country, and furnish them with a strong and steady impulse to improvement?

Quere 6.—To effect this object, should not an increase of attention be paid to the lower classes of society, and such exhortations and encouragements held out to them, individually, as would, in the course of time, effect a sensible improvement, in their practice, habitations, and mode of living?

Quere 7.—Can this be done by any other mode than the appointment of an agent in each district (interested in the welfare of the country, intimately acquainted with the dispositions and habits of the people, and superior to such difficulties as might counteract his views,) to visit, explain and hold out to the inhabitants, the advantages which would result to them from a cordial co-operation with the objects of a national and patriotic institution?

REMARKS.—It is only by acquiring the confidence and affections of the Irish people, that they will be led into those useful improvements which would prove profitable to themselves, and ultimately honorable to the character of the Irish nation. They are not always alive to argument, nor to elevated example, but touch the spring of their affections, and excite a spirit of emulation amongst them, and you may do something. This, with regard to that class of the population which has acquired property, is peculiarly true. If their next neighbor has

been prevailed on to attempt certain improvements, and has succeeded in his enterprize, they will not be behind hand. Make the experiment, and try if an agent having intercourse with, and possessing the confidence and affections of the warm hearted Irish, will not do more towards their improvement in three or four years, than the cold recommendations of ten annual assemblies. Such an agent or inspector, if qualified for his task, would render effective, so far as was practicable, every praise worthy plan of the farming or other patriotic bodies, for the improvement of this country, and by his frequent visits and cordial attention, in aid of those premiums which are the trophies of success, would probably effect those objects, which philosophical experiment, the examples of the great, and even the stimulus of premiums singly, have failed to produce.

It is far from our wish by any hints which have been here suggested, to diminish that respect which is so justly due to the gentlemen of Ireland, for that foundation of national improvement which they have meritoriously laid. We only wish as they have laid a foundation, that they would build upon it a superstructure suited to the necessities of the country. The annual festival of the different farming societies, as constituting a centre of union to certain classes of agriculturists, we greatly approve of, and sincerely hope, that that languor or torpidity which too often seizes public bodies, may not paralyze the energies of this also. If at these annual assemblies, *a printed statement of the funds, with the society's amount current for the past year*, was presented to each member, we have reason to believe from our knowledge of the country, that it would prove gratifying to many,

and we think it would peculiarly encourage members of humble rank to continue their attendance, a class of society for whom the benefits of this institution being chiefly intended, their gratification should be peculiarly consulted, and in every question relative to those degrees of improvement which come within the sphere of their knowledge, it would be proper to open with them a free communication through proper agents.

RATHDRUM.

Rathdrum is a small village in the Wicklow mountains, on one of those roads which open a communication between Gorey and Wicklow. The characteristic feature of its trade, is that of the Wicklow flannel and coarse woollen cloth manufacture, to which it forms a centre of union, by the very commodious hall which has been built there for the sale of those articles. There is a flannel fair held monthly in that edifice, which is much frequented by the Dublin traders, as also by shopkeepers from the country towns; but the largest proportion of those goods are there purchased by the drapers from Dublin. About four thousand pieces of flannel are manufactured and sold annually in those fairs, but for some time past, we were sorry to hear, that this trade had suffered a temporary depression. There are two establishments in the neighborhood for the manufacture of coarse woollen cloths, the principal of which we have already noticed, as being under the patronage of Mr. Hayes. There is a neat church and glebe-house, on the south end of this town, and a dispensary under the conduct of Dr. Mac Murray, which is an instrument of considerable benefit to the poor.

GLENDALOCH.

From Rathdrum I drove through the mountains, to the romantic valley of Glendaloch, usually called seven churches,* from that number of religious edifices having once existed in the valley. Of the ruins of these churches, two or three are now nearly demolished; but although, to the antiquarian, those vestiges of antiquity which have survived the lapse of ages, with the sculpture and gothic inscriptions which they exhibit, are the great objects of enquiry, and even to the scenographic tourist, are not without interest, yet the operations of nature, in the production of this glen and its lakes, (which are enclosed on the north and south west by lofty mountains, and except an opening on the east, are wholly embosomed in hills) presents to the spectator by far the most striking objects of admiration.

The road from Rathdrum to this celebrated glen, extends along the declivity of a mountain, by the crystal waters of the Avonmore, through an interesting vale, under the shade of a mountain coppice; and passes by the seat of Mr. Ben. Johnson, a villa denominated Coppice, from its proximity, I presume, to this rich and lofty object in the landscape, of which, with the valley and its neighboring beauties, this seat commands an interesting domestic view.

In your progress to Glendaloch, you pass over the bridge and river of Derrybawn, through a cool and shady plantation, in view of a handsome foot barrack, which

* For a particular account of those churches, see Doctor Ledwich's *Antiquities of Ireland*.

government has judiciously built among those mountains for the protection of the country, and in a quarter of an hour you arrive within view of a lofty round tower, which is the first object to attract your attention in the famous valley of Glendaloch, or lakes of the glen.

Beside this tower, though in less perfect preservation, there are several vestiges of churches, as we have already noticed. Of these, that called the cathedral, (which with the ground around it appears thickly inhabited by the dead,) is much the largest, and on the molding of the eastern window, which is now much broken and mutilated, there are some figures expressive of the legends of the place, as also on several fragments of the ruins, so that in the fragments of those fabulous or historic sculptures, the curious will find as much entertainment, as the learned have found matter of investigation and dispute.

The reputed bed of St. Kevin, which, to the visitor of Glendaloch, forms no mean object of enquiry, is situate in a rock projecting from an almost perpendicular mountain, which encloses the valley on the south west side. The entrance to this aperture, which Dr. Ledwich says has been excavated from the living rock, from the best calculation I could make on the distant bank, appeared to be about thirty feet above the surface of the great lake, which fills the breadth of the whole valley in that place, and is indeed one of its principal ornaments. I continued on the bank opposite this famous recess, until a lad who was attended by his trusty dog, had clambered over the rocks which guard the mysterious passage, and saw him enter it, though with great difficulty, from the shadow of the mountain (which overhangs the recess

and a considerable portion of the lake,) intercepting the reflection of the sun upon those objects.

From the round tower on the east (by which you approach this place to a mountain which forms a beautiful back ground) to the great lake, in the opposite direction, may measure about one Irish mile; but the visiter who stops short of this latter object, will miss the observation of, by far, the most beautiful feature of that scene. It is separated from the lesser lake by one of those verdant lawns which mix with the softer beauties of this place, and unite with them in tempering the lofty horror of the mountains, and those relicks of superstition in the valley, which appear well calculated to unite with those dreary objects, in the production of rural and even reverential feeling.

Here the lover of nature's bold and beautiful designs will find an object to engage his admiration, in the art with which she has concealed this western beauty of the glen from the transient visiter of its eastern curiosities, to whose eye it is rendered impervious by a splendid curve of the mountains, into the bosom of which you must enter, before the great lake, the bed of St. Kevin, and the other beauties of this lofty enclosure, unfold themselves to your view. Had the sides and summits of those mountains been covered with forests of oak and other timber, as antiquaries maintain they were, in ancient times, I cannot conceive how nature could form, in the immense variety of her works, a scene better calculated to command the admiration of the philosopher, to have rivetted the chains of superstition in an age of ignorance, or to have furnished a persecuted community with a safe and suitable asylum, in a bigotted and bloody reign.

It is impossible not to be amused with the stories which the country people will tell you of the famous cave of St. Kevin, with the origin of which they profess to be perfectly well acquainted, by tradition. They trace it to a *love affair*, a thing somewhat singular in the history of this saint, and one which had like to have proved fatal to the poor lady who was enamoured of his *virtue*. She (as the story goes) having pursued St. Kevin to this strong fortress, to which he had retired for the purpose of avoiding her importunities, the saint perceiving this shocking proof of the violence of the lady's passion, is said to have precipitated her from this *tarpeian rock* into the lake beneath; but being seized with anxiety for the consequences of his *just indignation* he prayed for her safe arrival at the other side, which being happily accomplished, he added another prayer, viz. that the lakes of Glendaloch might never thenceforth prove treacherous to a *woman*. This latter part, however, may be considered as a spurious addition to the primitive history, as a poor girl, who some years since, had the temerity to approach this holy recess, for want of adequate caution in measuring her steps over the craggy rocks which surround it, lost her footing, and in a few moments perished in the great lake of Glendaloch.

This famous glen or valley was supposed, agreeable to the simplicity of ancient times, to derive such important benefits from the patronage of the departed St. Kevin, as to induce many pious persons to establish themselves there for life; the number of these votaries rapidly increasing, a city was at length erected, which for several centuries was the see of a bishop, but its wealth and

beauty, produced by the contributions of the pious, becoming objects of rapacity to the northern invaders of those times, who frequently spoiled the inhabitants of their possessions; and the see of Rome having determined to incorporate with the more noted bishopricks of this kingdom, those rural ecclesiastical sovereignties, which were then numerous, for the purpose of rendering the whole more manageable, that of Glendaloch, with the diocese or archdiocese of Dublin, was at length carried into effect, after much useless opposition of the people, and being ultimately confirmed by Pope Honorius III. in the year of our Lord 1216, this period may be considered as the era of Glendaloch's political declension.

From Rathdrum I proceeded to Wicklow, by a new road preparing for the mail coach, in the autumn of 1814. In this direction you have the observation of some planted mountains, a portion of which are advantageously seen from the elevated position of Hollymount, the seat of Captain Carroll, which I just looked at in my progress to Wicklow. There are also a few other objects in that direction, by which the finger of improvement may be traced in its progress through the mountains; but after my visit to Hollymount, being detained in a long and useless discourse with a shrewd catechist in that neighborhood, until a late hour in the evening, I had to traverse several miles of this new road in the night season, and consequently was badly circumstanced for making observations on the country.

WICKLOW.

The town of Wicklow is composed for the most part, of good houses slated, and but for the wretched aspect of some hovels of misery in the suburbs of the town, and certain defects which shall be noticed in the present condition of its harbour, would be entitled to a note of considerable distinction in an estimate of the beauties and improvements of this county: but though the aspect of the town is, upon the whole decent, and there are several good houses in it, (as for instance those of Mrs. Weldon, and Mr. Pim, a merchant,) yet the streets, branch out from each other in directions so shockingly irregular and void of symmetry, as to furnish proof, that in the construction of this town, very little attention had been paid to the beauty of proportion, or to the order of mathematical exactness.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Of the few public buildings which I saw, the parish church and county jail, are most deserving of attention. The former, which stands on a piece of elevated ground on the north side of the town, is an appendage of considerable beauty to Wicklow. When inspected from several surrounding positions, the ornamental spire of this edifice (towering above a group of foliage which envelops the chamber of devotion, and beautifies the site on which it stands) is regarded with attention, as exhibiting no mean proof the taste and judgment with which the several parts of that object in the landscape, have been selected and combined. The jail, though by no means an extensive building, is yet, happily, in the

present situation of the county, much more than adequate to the ends of its institution. It stands retired a few paces from the pathway, near the centre of a street on the east side of the town, in a very good and convenient position ; and though by no means an edifice so light and ornamental in its aspect, as the jail which we have noticed in our description of Kilkenny, yet its appearance is rather respectable than otherwise, and the cleanliness and comfort which the persons and apartments of the prisoners, exhibited on the Sunday of September 25, 1814, when I visited that institution, administered more satisfaction to my mind, than the most splendid ornaments which could have decorated the exterior of the building. The prisoners (if we except two debtors of some rank in society) were only three in number—Of these I saw one man and one woman, with the wife and child of the former, and they had every thing in their persons and apartments which denoted cleanliness and comfort. The openings in the towers, on each end (by which the cells in those towers, for the confinement of criminals, are enlightened and ventilated) were the only or principal objectionable parts of this structure. In the summer season these apertures may answer very well for the admission of light and air, and for preserving the persons of the prisoners cool and healthful—and in the winter season, as rendering those apartments pervious to wind and frosty air (in reference to prisoners of broken health or delicate constitution) they may answer the useful purpose of superseding the tedious operations of trial by jury.

Though the town of Wicklow, if we confine ourselves to its mere natural advantages, appears well circumstanced for the sale and exportation of bacon, butter

and corn, yet even of this latter article, there is comparatively but little sold and exported, and no wonder, since in addition to the defective state of its harbour, they have not even a regular market for the sale of this article, a circumstance, considering the goodness of its bay, and its proximity to the city of Dublin, administering to the stranger just matter of surprise.

That portion of the beach on the Wicklow bay, called the Murrow, a very interesting flat which constitutes a race course to the sportsmen of this neighborhood, and a pleasing open drive between Wicklow and Clonmanin, the beautiful seat of Dr. Truell, is worth noticing, as an object of considerable consequence in the topography of this neighborhood. It extends about three miles from south to north, and opens a private communication through the demesne of Mr. Truell, to the Dublin road, by Newtown Mount Kennedy. One of the most remarkable curiosities on this portion of the beach, is that of the variegated pebbles which are found there in great abundance, and which by lapidaries, are modified into various ornaments of dress, such as necklaces and watch seals. A choice collection of those pebbles, were politely presented to me for inspection by Mr. Browne and his lady, of Merrion-square, Dublin, who at the period of my visit, were at Wicklow for the benefit of the salt baths.

In my walk over a small portion of this tract, I derived considerable pleasure from an observation of the light shipping floating on the channel, on my right hand; the Wicklow river, with the parish church on an elevated bank above it, on my left, and in front, Clonmanin and other interesting villas, besprinkling the distant lands,

which are terminated by lofty mountains. On returning towards Wicklow, the appearance of this town with its various appendages elevated above the water, will also administer pleasure to the heart of him who delights to behold the creation around him improved and beautified.

Here I had the satisfaction of conversing with two or three officers of the East Suffolk Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel White, a gentleman whose attachment to this country, united with great affability and extensive knowledge of the world, rendered his conversation one of the highest treats, which I had the pleasure of enjoying during my travels through Wicklow.

Mr. Thomas, the post-master of this town, a very obliging man, accompanied me to the prison, and rendered me such other services, during my short stay in Wicklow, as were compatible with his knowledge and circumstances.

INNS.

In the article of inns, if we take a comprehensive glance of this whole district, we are bound from observation and experience, to recommend the stranger who may be conducted hither by his business or by the beauties of the country, to take up his abode at the New-rath-inn, within two miles of Wicklow. For cleanliness, comfort, and general civility, it has the advantage of many other houses in this district, but on the ground of expence they are nearly equal. Were the inns of Ireland which are noted for civility, cleanliness, comfort, and fair dealing, to be deducted out of the whole number of these establishments, I fear the balance would

balance would be such as to give the English people a bad prospect of the state of public entertainment in this country, nor will the evil of which we complain be generally corrected, until the press enters into this subject, until travellers pay more attention to their beds and horses, and resist the frauds which are daily practised upon them in those departments, and finally, as the most sovereign remedy of all, until gentlemen who have towns upon their estates, erect inns for the public accommodation, and place them in the hands of persons who shall be rendered accountable for their conduct.

On finding fault at one of these houses in the Wicklow district, and that by no means of the worst character, with a spurious kind of litter which was placed in the rack as a substitute for hay, but which I saw very plainly, the horses neither would or could eat, I was informed by way of apology for this rotten goods, and for the insolence which punished my temerity in presuming to censure it, that the horses of his Excellency ——— and those of the Bishop of F——, had been fed on the same provender, and that these great men (who, of course, had laid out a vast deal of money at this house) did not give it half as much trouble as I had done on account of this single article. To all this overbearing cant, I simply replied, that I should endeavour through some public channel to make those exalted characters acquainted with the treatment which their horses had received—that these horses had much less business to perform than mine—that my interest in the life and health of my animal was infinitely greater, than the interest of those great men in a much larger number; that if their wealth and titles raised them above attention to their

cattle, that was not my case, and that it was highly cruel and unjust, that persons by whom innkeepers live, should first be defrauded of their due, and afterwards insulted by proxy for presuming to correct the errors by which they have been abused; so after enduring two or three volleys of insult from a rascal hostler, who was the faithful instrument of his master's designs, I succeeded in compelling them to feed my horse, from thenceforth, with a portion of good hay which I found they had in possession, but which they were carefully preserving until the litter should be disposed of. The name of this house (for the landlord of which, with his large family, notwithstanding the treatment I have noticed, I feel some tender consideration,) shall be concealed for the present. I have no other end to answer by the publication of this or any similar incident, than that of admonition and improvement; for if to blacken the inns of this country was my single object, I might fill a considerable part of this work with a list of the houses which have disgraced the character of this country by culpable negligence, gross insolence, or palpable frauds, many of which I have detected, by that vigilant attention to those establishments which necessarily results from my knowledge of their character, and from the necessity to which my circumstances reduce me of spending so large a portion of my time in them.

WICKLOW BAY.

The bay of Wicklow is open and spacious—in the absence of north and north east winds, the largest vessels can ride therein with safety. The harbour also affords good anchorage to shipping, and nature, by a range of rocks on the south east side, has provided it with one

good pier or barrier, but in the opposite direction there is no pier-head to enclose the harbour and protect vessels from the N. and N. E. winds, which are the most detrimental to shipping, and consequently by the omission of this improvement, the trading interests of Wicklow have been long retarded. But mariners maintain, that an improvement in the trade of Wicklow is not the only benefit which would be produced to the country by this useful addition to the harbour of that port. Vessels both outward and homeward bound, would derive material protection from it in many cases of distress, as for instance, shipping from Greenoch, Belfast, and other northern ports, proceeding to Cork to join convoy, meeting with southerly winds, in their progress south of Wicklow, and driven back by these, are now obliged to make for Carlingford, Strangford, or for Larne, on the coast of Antrim, as Dublin-bay, the next north of Wicklow, besides its other inconveniences, does not afford safe anchorage, particularly for heavy vessels, and in dark tempestuous weather, so that the vessels only which are bound for that port, are fond of making to it—Again, vessels from southern ports bound northward, as for instance, those from Cork and Waterford, and more particularly the West India fleet, which after arriving with convoy at Cork, and dispersing for the several northern ports for which they are bound, being arrested in their progress by northerly winds after having cleared Wicklow head, would not be under the necessity of encountering the dangers of the Wexford coast, in bearing for the harbour of Waterford, between which city and that of Dublin, there is no safe shelter for them, nor is this latter bay safe and satisfactory, as we have just noticed;

so that to Waterford on the Irish coast, or to Milford on the coast of Wales, vessels in these circumstances are necessarily impelled, an inconvenience which the mariners of this coast maintain would be completely prevented, by the erection of a bar or pier-head, on the north west side of the bar of Wicklow. On the authority of persons whose course of life qualify them to determine the utility of this improvement, we have given their observations a place in these memoirs, and if found to be a correct portrait of the case, we unite with them in hoping, that it will be condescendingly noticed by the proper authorities.

In the vicinity of Wicklow there are many local features which conspire with the grander beauties of the country to embellish the surrounding landscapes. A minute description of all those scattered features or villas, would be incompatible with the other objects of my pursuit, and in a county so abundantly supplied with grand materials as that of Wicklow, the scenographic tourist is less dependent on the works of art for picturesque description, than in districts to which nature has been less bountiful of her gifts. I shall therefore briefly notice, that of the various minute objects which contribute to the beauty of this neighborhood, Tinekilly-lodge, the seat of John Grogan, Esq. a neat villa, near the road from Wicklow to Rosanna (the extensive and richly wooded demesne of Mrs. Tighe.*) The lofty rock of

* I had the satisfaction of seeing a very handsome school-house in this neighborhood, which was erected, and I believe is principally maintained by Mrs. Tighe. May this praise-worthy branch of benevolence, continue to grow and spread its hallowed

Cronrow, which commands a fine view of Wicklow-bay; Ballycurry, whose light modern structure and fine Grecian colonade, shed a noble influence on the lake, lawns, and plantations which surround it; Kiltimon, the seat of Wm. Eccles, Esq. the elevated grounds of which command a more beautiful view of Wicklow-head, the lofty light-houses, and the channel, than any other position which I visited (and the pleasing manners of whose proprietor, rendered my short visit to his seat particularly satisfactory) are not the least important of those minor features, which sparkle with brilliancy on the landscapes in the vicinity of this town.

I was a good deal surprized, in my progress through this neighborhood, to observe some spots of feeding ground of superior quality. On the farm of Mr. Macdonnell, within two or three miles of Wicklow, I saw some large and well framed cows on a small tract of this description. The valley in front of Ballykeane-honse, the seat of Mr. Byrne, has also a rich and fertile aspect, and and several parts of Lord Fitzwilliam's estate, in this neighborhood, are of the same character, but from the uneven and variegated surface of the soil, you will find, on the same farm, a very fertile field adjoining a very poor one, or perhaps in the centre of a very rich and fertile plot, a rocky skull of great extent which mocks the utmost labor of the husbandman.

DEVIL'S GLEN.

This natural curiosity is situate about twenty-two miles

wing over the cantons of this country, until the Irish population becomes as remarkable for information and good conduct, as the peasantry of Scotland,

south of Dublin and three miles west of Wicklow, within a short distance of the sea-shore, and in a country considerably improved. It is more extensive than either Glendaloch or the Glen of the Downs, and being, at the period of my visit in 1814, unprovided with a road for the reception of carriages,* the pedestrian pilgrimage necessarily imposed upon the visiter of this striking object (who in his progress to a lofty cascade on the north west end, will have to clamber up a steep hill, or rather a mountain) may have conspired with the relative horror of the place, to have procured for it this shocking nomen. The objects which eminently mark the extremities of this glen, are those of Glenmore castle on the south east, and the waterfall which we have just noticed in the opposite direction. This latter object is produced by the river Vartrey descending into the valley from a rocky mountain which forms a back ground to the glen, and conspires with mountains of more lofty and terrific aspect, to seal upon the mind and imagination of the beholder, an awful impression of the grandeur of this place. The noisy murmur of the river in its progress through this deep and horrible recess, contributes also a proportion of effect in the production of the same feeling. The mountains which enclose this long and narrow glen, are rocky, almost perpendicular, and in some places, of stupendous height, and on the sides of these are several plantations of light ornamental timber, which appear better calculated to derive nourishment from that rocky strata, than those puny oaks with which they are interspersed,

* A road was forming on the bank of the river Vartrey, in the autumn of 1814, which, when complete, will prove a valuable accommodation to the visitors of this natural curiosity.

and which I conjectured had grown spontaneously on the mountains.

From Glenmore castle to a lofty hill in the opposite direction, which commands a view of the waterfall, may measure about two English miles. From the summit of this shocking hill, which alone commands a perfect prospect of the latter object, you have also an interesting view of those mountains which enclose Glendaloch; and if St. Kevin himself had been my living confessor, I doubt if he would have imposed on me a more severe penance for my sins, than that of performing pilgrimage to the position which here commands the prospect of his territories. In fact, when I ascended half way up this hill, (on the afternoon of a day spent in constant travel) I was so completely exhausted, and my blood so violently inflamed, that I despaired of ever returning to my solitary vehicle, and with the feelings which I then had, would not have repented, had some able sophist convinced me, on my approach to this place, that the Devil's Glen had been carried to the — the day before my entrance into that country.

NEIGHBORHOOD OF NEWTOWN MOUNT KENNEDY.

ALTADORE.

Altadore, the seat of John Blachford, esq. is one of those objects which conspire to enrich the neighborhood of Newtown Mount Kennedy. It is situate about two miles west of that village, near the road which opens a communication between it and the interesting valley of Legalaw, on a pleasing elevation within a few miles of the Irish channel, of which, with Wicklow head, this

seat, in common with many others near that portion of the coast, commands a highly gratifying view. The demesne of Altadore is beautified by one of those richly wooded glens, for which the country between Bray and Arklow, stands pre-eminent in the topography of Wicklow.

A torrent descends through this natural curiosity (which they call the Hermitage) over various steep beds of rock, and in its progress forming several grand cascades, unites its influence with the woods and rocky mountains which enclose it, to render this glen an object deserving the attention of the traveller, who passes through Wicklow, for the enjoyment of its beauties.

MOUNT KENNEDY.

Mount Kennedy, the seat of George Gunn, esq. and formerly the residence of this gentleman's uncle, the late Lord Baron Rossmore, is also an object of high consideration in the vicinity of this village, which stands on the Mount Kennedy estate, and, we presume, is indebted for its existence and improvement to the liberal encouragements of this family.

The demesne comprizes an area of four or five hundred acres, highly ornamented and improved, and from a lawn beautifully elevated above a rivulet, which adds the attractive influence of water to the interior of this scene, the visiter has an interesting rural prospect, comprising the village of Newtown Mount Kennedy in the valley, and the gigantic mountain of Dunran, which is the terminating object on the south; while the mountains enclosing the Glen of the Downs, with that called the Sugar-loaf, and other elevated grounds of romantic grandeur,

bound the landscape on the north ; and on the east, the foaming waters of the channel lash the shore, and present alike, to the view of the spectator from the apartments of this hospitable seat, the prospect of the mariner in distress, and the peaceful progress of commerce.

The dwelling-house of Mount Kennedy, erected on a plan of Wyatt, the celebrated English architect, is large and commodious, and several of the apartments are richly finished and ornamented with figures in stucco, beside which, but more particularly on the walls of the dining-room, there are Italian devices so exquisitely painted, as to render the sight dependent on the feeling for the discovery of their real character, for they swell upon the eye like groups of the finest figures done in basso relievo, and until touched or accurately inspected, this error is scarcely discovered. My observation of this family was partial, but partial as it was, it gave me a very amiable impression of the ladies of this house, whose polished manners, and cultivated minds would do honor to any country in Europe.

From the elevated grounds of Toomon or Sheep-walk, the modest residence of Messrs. William and Thomas Dunbar, in the vicinity of those more splendid seats, I obtained (after many abortive attempts through foggy atmospheres) a glimpse of the mountains of Wales, which highly gratified me. For this favor, I was indebted to the serene morning of the 19th of October, 1814, and which, as having furnished me with the prospect of those distant and sublime objects, I think deserving a note of distinction in the calendar of my travels. I lamented, while enjoying from this finely elevated position, an extensive view of the channel, of the Welch mountains

beyond it, and of a very rich land scene beneath the eye, that the founder of this concern had not erected his farmhouse a few hundred perches above its present position, as in that case, the inhabitant would have commanded, without removing from his seat, as rich a land and water prospect, as any lover of scenery could reasonably desire to enjoy; but as it was perfectly useless to hope for an alteration in the position of this house, I turned my attention to the undressed aspect of the lands, which until lately had been so circumstanced as to render their embellishment incompatible with prudence; but as happily for the present industrious proprietors of this place, the impediments to improvement are now completely removed, it is to be hoped, that a few revolving seasons, will cothe the lands of Toomon in that gala dress of the Wicklow hills and valleys, for which they are so well circumstanced in the topography of this neighborhood.

As to the beautiful villas of the Wicklow district, they are so numerous, particularly between Bray and Arklow, as to render the task of individual description, totally incompatible with the contracted limits of this work.

In the stile of cottage elegance, Ballygannon on the sea-shore, near the village of Kilcool, the residence and part of the estate of the Rev. T. W. Scott, is not the least remarkable. The villa of farmer Wm. Morris, on the same coast, within two miles of Bray, is also prettily circumstanced, but would have been better, if the house had been thrown on a site still more proudly elevated above the sea, and if a *certain enriching appendage of the farm*, calculated rather for service than for shew, had been placed at the rear of the offices, instead of being obtruded on the notice of the visiter, on his

approach through the avenue to the house. Considered, however, as the residence of a farmer, this villa deserves upon the whole, to be held up as a model to that useful class of the community. The defect of arrangement which we have just censured, might, in part, be remedied, by planting a few ornamental trees, between the avenue and that portion of the farm-yard which presents itself inconsistently to view. Here we have taken the liberty of selecting from the numerous objects which we have visited in this district, as we have done from the other districts of our research, a few striking examples, and offering our thoughts upon them as a stimulus to improvement. In the execution of this department of our duty, but still more in that which regards the moral relations of the country, we have been sometimes animated by hope, at other times depressed by fear, and even in our most independent moments, frequently find it difficult to appropriate with precision, the lights and shades which struggle for victory in the portrait of a country, composed, whether we regard its civil or religious character, of more contending and incongruous features, than perhaps any other country in Europe.

DELGANY.

The village of Delgany, situate about fifteen miles south of Dublin, and ten north of Wicklow, in point of rural beauty, forms a feature too significant, to render its insignificant extent an adequate apology for wholly neglecting it, in a description of the beauties of this county. It is composed, principally, of thatched cottages, in the English stile, (something similar to the village of Abbyelex) and of these, in which the parsonage-house, a

large stone edifice, and the church of Delgany, a very ornamental structure, are not included, there may be from fifteen to twenty habitations in the village. The influence of Delgany church (which stands suitably elevated above the village) on the scenery of that neighborhood, is well known to the numerous visitors of this district.

On the 16th of October, 1814, I had the pleasure of attending the service of the establishment in that rural temple, and was completely astonished to perceive so large an auditory assembled there, on the eve of winter. The music was the best which I had ever heard in a country church, and was only equalled by the attentive manners of the assembly, and the solemn performance of the service. The principal or leading voice of those females, who sung in unison with the clerk and one or two of the parishioners, I supposed to have been that of the mistress, who teaches school in this village, ; but found, on enquiry, the performer was only a pupil of her college.

Shortly after my visit to the church, I looked in at their straw manufactory, the products of which are regularly disposed of at a shop near the village. The hats and bonnets manufactured here, and which they sell for, from one shilling to thirty, do great credit to the children and their teachers, many of them being as neatly finished as any of those which we have seen imported from England ; the finer ones are manufactured of English straw, and sell high, but some specimens which were shewn me of Irish straw hats at eight shillings price, (as uniting the property of strength with those of neatness and beauty) appeared to me, to be by much the best class of their manufacture. The habits of education and industry, which the peasantry of this neighborhood have acquired, and the

evident improvement which these habits have produced in their manners and appearance, reflect great credit on the gentry of that neighborhood, and furnish, to the indolent and thoughtless members of that class in the un-civilized districts of this country, a loud admonition to go and do likewise.

SITE FOR A HARBOUR.

Between Bray and the village of Killincarrig, I looked at a spacious indenture in the coast, which I had heard spoken of as the native outline of a harbour, and which considering its favorable position, and the advantages which would result to that neighborhood from the suitable accommodation of shipping, I was not surprized to hear, had become an object of attention to some public spirited gentlemen in that neighborhood. Some idea may be conceived of the character of this half formed harbour, from the circumstance of a vessel in distress having been towed in there, as the best which was to be met with in that part of the coast, and though incapable, in its present form, of protecting a ship from the effects of a storm, its favorable position for a harbour, may in some degree be inferred from the above circumstance.

DRAINING.

A certain proportion of the valleys of this county, as for instance, part of the lands between Arklow and Red-cross, and part of those between Rathdrum and Newtown Mount Kennedy, are said to sustain great injury, and in certain instances to be incapable of cultivation, from the numerous cold springs with which these lands are pregnant.

This evil, so fatal to a certain proportion of the Wicklow soil, experienced farmers maintain, might be effectually remedied by a judicious system of draining. This had been attempted by several persons; but Farmer Bunn, near Killincarig, who professes to have considerable knowledge of this subject, avers, that the generality of those who undertook to perform the business of draining in this country, had been ignorant of the right mode of effecting it, and that hence the money expended on their labor, had been unfortunately misapplied. Drains, he maintains, will be carried through swamps or bottoms, to little purpose, if from the large receptacles or main drains, cross drains are not carried up to the spring-heads, in such an effectual manner as to subvert their overflow. He asserts, that a drain may be carried within two feet of a spring-head, and not produce this effect; and also, that great judgment is necessary in pointing and pitching the drains, so as to co-operate with each other, to the best advantage, in carrying off the water. We have here given the authority for these shrewd remarks, that every one who pleases may refer to it; and shall further observe, on the same authority, though supported by other evidence, that French sewers are the best and most permanent which can be adopted for draining wet or spewy lands, and for the following reasons:—First, they will last for many years after an open sod sewer has become obstructed and useless—and secondly, they will not only carry off the spring stream as perfectly as a tile sewer, but they will receive the waters which ooze through the pores of the soil, while the latter, from its density, will repel them. The French sewer, Mr. Bunn maintains, should be made from two to three feet

deep, as the surface through which it passes sinks or elevates—he recommends the bottom to be made about nine inches wide, or the breadth of a shovel, and to increase in breadth as it approaches to the surface, so as to measure at top, from two feet to two feet and a half wide. The top layer of stones should be carefully filled up with large pebbles, for the more effectual repulsion of any particles which might descend from the surface to choke the sewer, and if carefully covered in, after this operation, with green sods, the farmer may rest assured of seeing the good effects of his labor. Where stones are abundant, the French sewer answers the two-fold purpose of draining and disencumbering the soil; but in heavy loams, and large tracts of bottoms, where stones are scarce, tile sewers are probably the best substitute, as the open sod sewer, so much used in the County of Meath, is not approved of by several judges, who maintain, that, in the absence of stones or tiles, it would be infinitely better to fill the channel with black-thorn or other durable brush wood, than thus to leave it open.

BRAY.

This village, already cursorily noticed in these memoirs, is situate on the sea-shore, about ten miles south of Dublin; it is marked by some very strong outlines, and the country around it is enriched by numerous seats. As a bathing-place, a good Sunday drive from the metropolis, and above all, as the grand pass from thence to all the principal beauties of Wicklow, it maintains an important position on the map of this county. To enter minutely into the description of, or even to name all the beautiful villas which thicken the country around Bray,

and particularly from thence to Black-rock, would be trifling with the patience of our readers ; we shall, therefore, briefly state, that among the objects which appear conspicuous in a bird eye view of that neighborhood, Sans souci, Shanganagh, Palermo, and Cork Abbey, are not the least deserving of description, and in reference to the command of rich and variegated scenery, the first of these seats has probably the advantage of all the others.

SANS-SOUCI.

Sans-souci, the seat of Charles Putland, Esq. is situate on a gentle elevation close under Bray-head, and commands a most interesting view of the Irish sea, which forms a boundary to the eastern bank of this demesne, as also to the house and plantations of Cork Abbey, (for some time the honored residence of Lord Whitworth and the Duchess of Dorset, our present Lord and Lady Lieutenant) and to several other seats and improvements, which unite with these to embellish that projecting point of the coast, which arranges itself in full view of the spectator on the avenue of Sans-souci. Beyond these objects, the view to Killiney (a chain of mountain rock, in the vicinity of Bray) is highly beautiful, and is rendered still more so, by the influence of those romantic rocks on the wood, water, and architecture of the valley.

There are several other objects which conspire to enrich the landscape comprehensible in a view from Sans-souci, as for instance, an obelisk which has been erected on the summit of one of those rocks which we have just noticed, the ruin of a telegraphic tower, on another ; and in the valley, one of those martello towers, which were built on

this portion of the coast, when our recent contest with France had excited strong apprehensions of an invasion.

The mansion-house of Sans-souci, which is a very handsome modern edifice, stands about four furlongs above the town of Bray, on a road which formerly opened a communication with Wicklow, and which at present conducts the passenger by the country seat of the Earl of Meath, to the village of Delgany. This residence of the Earl of Meath, is an ornamental object on the public road to that village, and tho' the mansion-house stands within a few perches of the road ; yet the grand gate, the little avenue, and other appendages of this seat, are kept so extremely neat, as to make you overlook the resemblance which it bears to the villa of a rich citizen.

SHANGANAGH.

Shanganagh, the seat of Lieutenant General Cockburn, is situate within two English miles of Bray, on the Dublin side of that village. It is distinguished by a large gothic gate, which guards the approach to the concern, and with which the mansion-house, a beautiful blenditure of the plain and gothic architecture, is in perfect unison. This modern castle, composed of a newly modified villa with suitable additions, is now one of the most magnificent objects in that neighborhood. The library, which commands several good views, is an extremely handsome apartment. The drawing-room on the same floor, is also neat—the hall is grand and original ; the upper apartments, which from the specimens exhibited, I thought it useless to inspect, are said to be equally commodious. The plan of this edifice (which, as combining with its present magnificent

form, the simplicity of that original box which it includes,) strongly evidences the skill and capacity of the architect, and shews, in common with many stronger proofs, that this country wants only an adequate share of culture, to elevate it highly in the scale of useful arts.

PALERMO.

Palermo, the seat of Sir Samuel Hutchinson, Bart. is also a very pretty object in this neighborhood; the approach commands an interesting view of several seats, particularly that of Thorn-hill, the residence of William Westby, esq. a pretty white washed villa, with suitable plantations on the elevated lands above it.

WICKLOW CATTLE.

So far as I had opportunity of perceiving the native stock of this county, they appeared poor and small, like the cattle of other mountainous districts. Horses, cows, and sheep, of superior character, are brought hither occasionally by the gentlemen of the country, from other districts; but I presume the native stock of this county, is for the most part, of the above description. Some attempts had been made by the late Mr. Scott, of Ballygannon, (father to the Reverend Mr. Scott, recently noticed, a gentleman who acquired a large property in India, and returned to his native country to spend it) to improve the breed of horses in this county, for which purpose he had two or three Arabian horses imported hither at an immense expence, but the present Mr. Scott observed, that this well intended experiment did not answer the expectations of the proprietor and the country, as the breed of those Arabian horses were generally subject to disorders.

ROADS.

The roads between Bray and Arklow are, for the most part, incomparably good; although few roads in the island (particularly in the summer season) are subject to more *wear and tear* than those which open a communication between Dublin and the beauties of Wicklow; but, as in the articles of education and agriculture, so in that of roads, without public spirit and diligence are not only commenced, but steadily *maintained*, even this appendage to the business and comfort of the country, will soon relapse into its former unimproved state. A progressive improvement in the formation and preservation of the roads of Ireland, is gratifyingly conspicuous, but to this growing spirit of improvement, there continues to exist many striking exceptions, which render public complaint the imperative duty of persons who write for the improvement of the country.

FROM NEWTOWN MOUNT KENNEDY TO POWERSCOURT.

From Newtown-hill, an elevated position over which you pass from Newtown Mount Kennedy to Powerscourt, the view of Lord Powerscourt's superb edifice, on a grand elevation beyond the valley, and of Mr. Grattan's handsome seat beneath it, with the lawns and plantations of those seats, is incomparably fine, and in your approach to inspect the beauties of that neighborhood, are the first objects of consideration which catch your attention.

A little below Powerscourt is the village of Enniskerry, which stands in a comparatively low position, and is composed of about twenty houses. Though unprovided

with fair, market, or post-office, it has a pretty extensive inn, where gentlemen who come to visit the curiosities of the country, can be accommodated with *neat articles*. A house which stands at the bottom of a valley beneath this village, under the shelter of a planted hill, is a very pretty object in this scene, although the residence only of an humble publican.

THE DARGLE.

This grand natural curiosity is situate on the Powerscourt estate, about nine miles south of Dublin, and fourteen north of Wicklow. It is composed of a deep glen extending about an Irish mile from west to east, enclosed by mountains covered with lofty oak, the native produce of those mountains. Through this glen, the Dargle river, (after forming at Powerscourt-park, about three miles south west of the glen, a waterfall of three hundred and fifty feet deep,) descends with rapid force, echoing its hoarse murmur to the mountains, in its progress to the sea, into which grand reservoir it empties its accumulating stores, within a short distance of the town of Bray.*

* This celebrated waterfall, which from the lawn beneath it, appears nearly perpendicular, descends into the valley from an immense mountain of rock, with which a circle of mountains (covered for the most part with spontaneous oak, and forming an amphitheatre of about two English miles in circumference,) unite, and present the spectator with as grand and interesting a spectacle as the most sanguine appetite for natural beauty could desire to enjoy. The approach to the waterfall is through this splendid panorama, which sheds a considerable influence of grandeur upon that secluded scene. At the lower end of this spacious enclosure, you pass over the river by a wooden bridge, into a lawn ornamentally planted. Here you see the waterfall

The Dargle glen is accommodated with a walk on the margin of the river, and with another considerably elevated above that object on the northern bank. Of these walks I preferred the latter, as possessing a more commanding view of that tremendous steep, as opening beyond the north east valley decorated with seats and plantations, a rich prospect of the sea, of the romantic mountains of Killiney, with their obelisk and tower; and also, as a point of no mean consideration to a nervous man, as supplying the animal functions with purer air than could be enjoyed at the bottom of a glen, where lofty mountains bending with the weight of their forests over the deep and dusky valley beneath, preclude the access of a thin atmosphere, and render respiration, to such a nervous habit, extremely difficult. From the same lofty position we have noticed (as commanding the prospect of Killiney and the channel) by turning round, you will contemplate with pleasure the greater and lesser sugar-loaves, elevating with incomparable grandeur their much more lofty summits above the Dargle forest; and proceeding a few paces forward, you will arrive at a position called *the lover's leap*, composed of an immense mass of

to more advantage than from the lands on the other side of the river, and here, a banqueting house provided for the reception of select companies, will protect you from the storm, or afford you a genteel resting place after the fatigue of travel. Between this banqueting-house and the river, you contemplate the rapid fall of the cataract through the foliage of trees, and through this medium, (considered as a picturesque object,) it is seen to more advantage than from any other portion of that beautiful lawn which approaches to the verge of the cascade, and places you in perfect possession of that object.

rock which stands over the northern bank, and projecting beyond it, furnishes, indeed, a most horrid prospect of the precipice beneath; so that even to contemplate for a moment the possibility of a human being casting himself from this Alpine pinnacle, (so well calculated to remind us of the tarpeian rock at Rome) is sufficient to throw a weak mind into disorder. This rock, however, without your proceeding to the verge, will place you in possession of the prospect of a very fine portion of the glen, of Powerscourt-house, and of many lofty mountains which enclose the landscape beyond it, and proceeding still forward, you will arrive at a commodious bank called the view rock, where a vista in the wood opens before you a much more spacious and satisfactory prospect of Powerscourt-house and plantations, and of the mountains which enclose the landscape in that direction, than even the tarpeian rock itself, or any other position we have noticed, save that of Newtown-hill. If, however, we were romantically to suppose, that these grand modifications of inanimate nature, produce on the mind of every beholder, effects proportioned to their grandeur, we should, on trial of the fact, discover, that, *in certain instances*, we were wholly mistaken, and that of those names which poor blind fortune has signally honored, and to whom the beauties of nature come recommended by very strong arguments indeed, there are some who have unfortunately received from nature, minds of as little and insignificant a stamp, as the poor animals who graze upon those verdant lawns which unite with their forests and lofty mountains to complete the beauty of the country.

While in this neighborhood, I spent part of a week much to my satisfaction, at the interesting cottage of the

Honorable Matthew Plunkett. This little straw roofed edifice, stands on a pleasing elevation above the village of Newtown Mount Kennedy, and is rendered remarkable by one of the most beautiful cottage gates which I recollect to have seen in the course of my travels. This gate which guards the approach to the lawn, in form, is so similar to net work, though composed of iron, that it perpetually reminded me of Dr. Johnson's *perspicuous* explanation of that knotty word, which for the information of our unlearned readers, we beg leave to copy—(*“ Net-work is any thing verticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections,”* &c.) but the gate of Greenwood-lodge is not the only feature of that place which deserves attention. The interior of the cottage (the exterior appearance of which, promises you only two small apartments and a slender hall,) comprizes a neat and elegant suite of rooms, with the addition of a green-house on the west end. Adjoining this is the drawing-room, a very neat apartment, which when illuminated, in conjunction with the green-house, on a winter evening, and the former enlivened by a party, must give to that beautiful wing of the cottage, all the *vive grace* of a fete in the most splendid of our country villas, while the generous temper of the proprietor, and mild and softened manners of his lady, with their mutual hospitality (if I may judge of the happiness of others by my own) promise to the friends they honor, more real felicity, than, I presume, is usually to be found at the crowded fetes of fashionables, in large cities.

November 1st, 1814, I proceeded from this hospitable seat to Legalaw, to examine the glen, lake, and other

curiosities of that place, after having waited three days for favorable weather, to accomplish this visit.

Having clambered up the Wicklow mountains for several miles (for the road from Newtown Mount Kennedy to the summit of those mountains which guard the approach to Legalaw, is a perpetual ascent) at length I arrived on the top of those bold enclosures, within view of the glen ; but as if fate or Providence had determined to withhold from me the enjoyment of this curiosity, immediately on attaining the summit of those mountains, I was seized with such strong nervous indisposition, as to be rendered wholly incapable of descending to the scene of my pursuit, in which I had promised myself all that romantic pleasure, which is derived from the contemplation of that mixture of the sublime and beautiful, for which Legalaw is reputed to stand conspicuous among the natural beauties of this country. On descending from the summit of the mountain towards Newtown Mount Kennedy, I gradually recovered ; and thus, after waiting three days to visit Legalaw, and arriving, like Moses, within sight of the promised land, this long meditated visit to the deep and sequestered beauties of this valley, was forced prematurely to expire.

WATERFORD.

The day after the disappointment which I have just noticed at Legalaw, I set off for Waterford, and passing through Arklow, Gorey, Ferns, Enniscorthy and Ross, arrived at that city, on Wednesday, November 9th, 1814, and to my utter astonishment, found the streets as completely deserted at the hour of seven o'clock in the evening, as if the plague was raging in Turkey, and

that four or five ships had arrived in the harbour of Waterford from that country, without performing quarantine. Every subsequent evening, however, Sunday excepted, presenting the same dreary spectacle, at an hour when other cities are alive with splendor, I concluded that it was the custom of the people here, to remunerate themselves for a laborious attention to their civil duties, by retiring at an early hour of the evening, to scenes of public entertainment, or to parties formed for the enjoyment of convivial intercourse.

In my progress to this city, I visited the cottage of Major Quinn, and there had the pleasure of being introduced to Alderman King, whose country residence deserves to be noticed in an estimate of the improvements on the southern bank of the Suir. On this bank, there are also the following deserving objects of attention:—The neat villa lodge of Belvidere, the seat of Sir William Vatchell—the handsome house and demesne of John's-hill, the residence of Counsellor Paul—the incomparable and picturesque villa of Sir Humphrey May, Bart.—the neat lodge of Belmont, the hospitable seat of Mr. Porter—the ancient and respectable farm-house of Ballinakill, the property of Mr. Nicholas Power—the house and demesne of Faithleg, the seat of Cornelius Bolton, Esq. beside various other seats, a copious description of which would be utterly incompatible with the limits of this volume.

On the northern bank of this river, the country is beautified by the lofty and splendid edifices of Mr. Newport the banker, his brother Sir John Newport, Bart. Snow-hill, the seat of Nicholas Power, Esq. Belview, that of Patrick Power, Esq. and of several villas of lesser

importance, in the same direction. To give my readers some idea of these objects, and of the general aspect of the country on the banks of the Suir, so far, I shall select two or three marked features of this portion of the district, by way of example, and having offered a reflection or two which occurred to me on my first inspection of this neighborhood, shall hasten to the conclusion of this volume.

NORTHERN BANK OF THE SUIR.

BELVIEW.

Belview, the seat of Patrick Power, Esq. is situate about three miles north of Waterford, and twenty-five south-east of Clonmel, in a neighborhood enriched and beautified by the seats of Faithleg, Snow-hill, and other beautiful villas, which unite with the splendid waters of the Suir, to enrich the prospect from that place.

The demesne of Belview, though comparatively new, and the plantations only in a state of infancy, has nevertheless all those marks of good native ground-work, which characterize the first features of a rich and perfect concern. The lands sustaining these youthful improvements, constitute an area of two hundred English acres, of a fine open and undulating surface, and the prospect from thence (to Faithleg-hill, the property of Mr. Bolton, on the distant bank, of Snow-hill, that of Mr. Nicholas Power, about two English miles down the river,* and of

* The handsome new edifice of Snow-hill, which commands a view of Cheek-point, on the southern bank, would have been much more eminent, as a subject of topographical description and a striking feature of this country, had it been erected on the summit of a beautiful elevation, within fifty or a hundred perches of its present position.

the rocks of Carrick-burn, which constitute the north-east boundary of the view) is incomparably fine, but would have been still more so, if Faithleg-hill, and some other beautiful elevations in the prospect, had been as richly marked by the finger of the planter, as those lawns of Faithleg, which descend with infinite beauty from the lofty mansion house above them, to the crystal surface of the Suir.

Beside these objects, Belview also commands a perfect view of the lesser island of the Suir, containing about one hundred and seventy acres of arable land, the property of a Mr. Fitzgerald, with the ruins of an ancient castle, which is a good object in the general landscape.

The plantations of two or three villas of inferior moment, on the southern bank, unite with the more splendid woods of Faithleg, to constitute one regular chain of plantations on the summit of those finely elevated lands; and when, to the influence of these southern beauties on the river and surrounding scenery, the Belview plantations, in full growth, arrange their beauties on the northern bank, this point of the country will be one of the most rich and picturesque in the vicinity of Waterford.

In your approach to Belview-house from the Waterford road, after you pass the second gate, you have a grand and interesting view of that stupendous monument of antiquity, Dunbrawdy Abbey. It is seen at the distance of four or five miles on the north east bank of the river, and in the constitution of this landscape, produces a stronger effect than any other architectural object in that scene.

SOUTHERN BANK OF THE SUIR.

MAY-PARK.

Of the various seats which grace the southern bank of the Suir, and command a rich and splendid view of the city, that of May-park, the residence of Sir Humphrey May, Bart. for the beauty of its position, stands decidedly pre-eminent. It is situate on a gentle elevation under the shade of a light plantation, near a splendid curve of the river, at the distance of about two English miles from the city, the habitations of which, with the beautiful spire of the cathedral, arranging themselves in a form somewhat semicircular, and on grounds gradually elevated on the bank of this splendid curve, are seen to diffuse an incomparable influence on the land and water prospect comprehensible in a view from this seat.

This view is bounded on the west and south west by the mountains of Cummore and Monavullagh, and by the hills of Faithleg, Raheen, and the lofty Slievkultagh, on the north and north-east, while the intervening valley, enriched by the beauties of Ballinakill, Belmont, and various other objects, enliven the prospect, and leave the imagination nothing to covet for the completion of a picturesque scene, save that of rich plantations, a species of improvement, of which this country, when placed in competition with some other districts, appears strikingly destitute.

BELMONT.

Belmont, the villa of Mr. Porter, which has been already noticed, lies immediately beneath May-park, on

the same bank of the river. It is not only a very pretty object in that landscape, but as commanding an oblique view of the city, of Belview-house, and of various interesting seats on the banks of the Suir, may be considered as a very desirable residence for a country gentleman.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

From the elevated lands at the rere of Mount Pleasant, the seat of Alderman Samuel King, there is an extensive view of the surrounding country. The landscape (although as we have already remarked, comparatively barren of plantations) is eminently enlivened with villas, diversified by hills and valleys, and rendered brilliant by the waters of the Suir, which being eclipsed in several of its windings, by the gentle elevations which enclose it, breaks forth with additional lustre through those openings of the valley; which, as the modest handmaids of the lofty lawns and lordly edifices which rise with prouder dignity above them, are subservient to the general beauty of the country. A very fine edifice devoted to the purposes of a charitable institution, called the Blue-school, intended to feed, clothe, educate, and apprentice to useful trades, seventy-five boys, is an extremely good object in this view. It is one of the most elegant structures which I have seen enlisted in the service of a public charity, in this part of Ireland, and when its beauty, as an object in this landscape, is combined with the philanthropic use to which it is devoted, it is not improbable but the observation of this edifice will administer more pleasure to the heart of the feeling spectator, than any other object in this rural scene.

From the foregoing observations, it appears that the lands in the vicinity of this city, particularly those on the banks of the Suir, are richly adorned with villas; but with a few happy exceptions, here nature appears, in vain, to have opened her bosom fraught with attractions to the eye and finger of the planter, since nothing can be more obvious, than that she has not derived from his cultivating hand, those lofty forests, which wave with incomparable grandeur on the summits of our mountains, or descending into the vallies, unite with the crystal surface of our rivers and with the lofty woods above, to clothe the architecture of the country in foliage of gold and green, and give every portion of the earth where they appear, the aspect of a second Eden—No—the country in this point of view, appears almost universally defective; the lands also, as furnishing accommodation to the traders of this city, to those gentlemen who have chosen to make this neighborhood their residence, and as being convenient to a good market for the sale of milk, and other products of the farm, are very dear,* and so far it is not of vital importance to the country; but if these adventitious circumstances should give to the lands more remote from the city, a fictitious value, the farmer, in times of depression like the present, may find it difficult to combine his own interests with the security of his landlord.

The country also, in the vicinity of Waterford, whether you inspect it on the north or south, presents to the stranger, rather the aspect of a country recently colonized by the English, than that of an old settlement, in the vicinity

* Small demesnes let from ten to fifteen pounds per acre.

of a rich and commercial city. The wild aspect of many parts of the country, north of the river—the unplanted state of other parts, on which good buildings appear; and lastly, that ignorance of the English language, which so generally prevails among the lower classes of the people, and even among those who have frequent intercourse with the city, are all favorable to this idea.

With regard to the language and manners of the superior classes, these appear as perfectly refined, as those of the same rank of society in any other district of the island. Here, no doubt, as in all other parts of the world, society is made up of diversified characters, and hence the dark and dusky drapery, with which the benign and heavenly form of virtue is surrounded, renders the latter more luminous and cheering; but although it be the duty of a painter of life and manners to aim at impartiality, and even to throw a shade of delicate texture over features of doubtful character, yet in introducing to public light the virtues which have come under his own observation, he, at least, discharges a duty which he owes himself, and on this ground I feel justified in making public acknowledgement of the satisfaction which I derived from the polite and hospitable treatment of many gentlemen in the vicinity of this city, whose names it would be tedious to introduce in detail; as also from the friendly conduct of a few inhabitants of the town, among which latter, I beg leave to mention the names of Doctor Poole, a respectable physician, and Dr. Power, the titular bishop of Waterford, (an exemplary christian prelate, to whom the formality of an introduction was found needless.*)

* Soon after my arrival in Dublin, at the close of my travels

Here it may not be impertinent to notice a conversation which I had with a Catholic clergyman in this part of Ireland. He remarked to me, (in allusion to the state of Spain and Italy, since the restoration of Ferdinand and the Pope to their respective dominions) that he feared the continent, latterly, had been retrograding fast towards despotism and superstition, every vestige of which, as being hostile to the progress of knowledge and true liberty, he wished to see destroyed! What a glorious observation this for a Catholic priest! May the sacred light of truth, which has, so far, shed its influence on the mind of this worthy man, in like manner illuminate the hearts of his brethren in this country, until the name of catholic and that of philanthropist may sound synonymous to those ears which have hitherto rung with the discordant sounds of their bigotry and intolerance. May those harmless men, who by deeds of violence have been forced to entertain an evil impression of this name, by striking evidences of virtue and unbounded liberality be drawn into a cordial attachment to those people, a certain proportion of whom they now reluctantly, yet unavoidably behold with fearful suspicion.

FARMING SOCIETY.

There is a farming society in the vicinity of Waterford, of which (according to our information) the Marquis, and Bishop, of Waterford, Mr. Bolton, and Colonel Hardy, are presidents, and Counsellor King, son of the Alderman, is secretary.

so far, I waited on Dr. Troy, the Roman catholic archbishop of this city, on Dr. Hamill, the vicar-general of his diocese, and on several other Roman catholic clergymen, whose obliging deportment has rendered this public acknowledgment a debt of satisfaction which I owe to my own feelings.

This society has been recently established—they had a great ploughing match in the spring of 1814, and afterwards dined together, but the old Irish farmers are said to be backward in making their appearance on those occasions. It is, however, to be hoped, that some advantages will result to the country from this association, though, from its being in an infant state, no material effects have yet made their appearance. Mr. Murphy, of Castle Annaghs, near Ross, Mr. Power, of Belview, and Mr. Belcher, obtained the prizes for ploughing; and Mr. Thomas M'Dougall, of Waterford, a very handsome premium for the superiority of his potatoe crops, in the autumn of that year. An acre of this superior cultivation, produced two hundred and twelve barrels of potatoes, at twenty-one stones to the barrell, and at Waterford prices, in the markets of November, 1814, would sell for nearly £80 sterling. This, so far, is a good example to the country. I enquired of Mr. M'Dougall, as to his manner of cultivating this crop, to which he gave the following answer: “Drilled at three feet distances, sets eight inches,” and in the mode of culture to which he attributes his success, that of drawing the mold from the root preparatory to earthing, and pulverizing it well, is, in his view, the principal. The field thus rendered remarkable for its produce, is in the centre of as bad a farming district, as perhaps any in the south of Ireland. It is piously to be hoped, that the honorable efforts of this infant society, will succeed in attracting to improvement, by example and reward, the slaves of that old tedious and desultory system, which, because of its antiquity, maintains an obstinate empire in the affections of the people; nor will any thing less than the powerful effects of reward, periodical association, (to the latter of which, though the sun and centre of society, the people of this country, will, I fear, be drawn with great difficulty) and lastly, a long course of steady example, elevate the bulk of our population, to those habits of domestic neatness, scientific agriculture,

and moral improvement, which have been eminently attained by a sister branch of the united empire;* but it is the united and steady, not disjointed and desultory efforts of the nobility, gentry, and clergy of Ireland, which will guide the capacities of this country, so eminently possessed of talent, to the same standard of improvement.

Mr. Bolton, the proprietor of the lands of Faithleg, and for many years the worthy representative of Waterford, in the Irish senate, attempted, at considerable expence, to introduce the cotton manufacture into this neighbourhood, and also to ascertain the state of his lands, as to mineral productions. For this purpose, he brought over several persons from England, conversant in the mining department, but although this public spirited citizen did not altogether succeed in his laudable attempts to improve the condition of his neighborhood, yet it may not be amiss to notice his praise worthy efforts, as a stimulus to those, who with the exception of zeal for the good of their country, possess all the natural means of promoting its interests.

NEW STATION FOR THE PACKETS PLYING BETWEEN WATERFORD AND MILFORD.

Checkpoint, hitherto the station of the packets plying between Waterford and Milford (and noticed in these memoirs, as an object truly picturesque, in the landscape from Lady Esmond's seat, and other positions in the vicinity of the river Suir) is situate on the estate of Cornelius Bolton, esq. the gentleman above mentioned, to whose spirited exertions, the citizens of Waterford are said to be primarily indebted for the establishment of those packets.

Checkpoint being deemed ineligible, from its position high up the river, and from the contrary winds which vessels had frequently to encounter in their progress to the tower of Hook, a distance of about seven miles, it

* Scotland.

has been thought expedient to establish a new station at Dunmore, nearly opposite this tower, on the estates of the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Fortescue; and this object, which of late has occupied the attention of the merchants of Waterford, has been so far countenanced by the legislature, as to obtain from it, a grant of £18,000, in aid of the necessary expence. This diversion of the packets from Cheekpoint to Dunmore, will prove, we understand, to the proprietor of the former station (who by the erection of hotels and other accommodations, expended a considerable sum) a serious loss, unless Parliament in its clemency, should take this loss into consideration.

WATERFORD PETITION IN RELATION TO THE RECENT DUTIES ON TIMBER AND GLASS.

While in this city (in the month of November, 1814) I learned that a petition was preparing for transmission to Parliament, against the recent duties imposed on timber and glass. The Waterford Chronicle, of the 15th instant, loudly called upon the Irish people to unite in promoting petitions for the abolition of these impolitic levies. That they will prove insurmountable impediments to the progress of architecture in this country, if not quickly repealed, is much to be apprehended, beside imposing on the middle classes of society several painful privations, in relation to the structure of their houses; and on the mechanic and labourer, a diminution of employment. On this subject the Chronicle of the above date, spoke as follows:

“ In Ireland the advanced price of glass has already produced severe suffering among the industrious and indigent classes, while, without the repeal of this law, they have to look forward to still greater yet to come. The farmer is not now able to purchase timber for agricultural uses; and even the wealthy have, in a multitude of instances, ceased building, and commenced

shutting up windows, thus depriving vast numbers of employment."

If, in addition to the above consequences of the tax, government should take into consideration the considerable proportion of weight with which those duties will fall upon all those public works of its own conducting, in which timber and glass are articles of great expence, an additional motive for their abolition, may present itself to the feelings of the parent power.

BALLINGLAN.

Before my final departure from Waterford, I visited Ballinglan, the seat of Sir Joshua Paul, Bart. an extremely light and beautiful villa, (on an estate of Mr. Carew, of Castleboro', in the county of Wexford,) a seat which we have already noticed as an object of high interest in the view from Duncannon-fort. It is enclosed on the east and south by several prominent points of land, which unite with the harbour, at the bottom of the lawn, and with Duncannon, on the distant shore, to give this place a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. The house is a light modern structure, in the villa stile, and nothing can exceed the beauty of its elegant and dignified position above the water, nor the taste and judgment, with which the lawns and plantations have been adapted to the native aspect of the surrounding scene.

From the shortness of the days, the unfavorable weather for travelling, and other imperative causes, already hinted at, I was forced to conclude abruptly my farther inspection of this neighborhood, and proceeding towards Dublin, passed through Gowran, a village of ancient aspect, in the County of Kilkenny, (and rendered as interesting as it is ancient, by the lodge and plantations of Lord Clifden, the splendid ruin of a church or monastery, which graces this place, and a castle which appears through the plantations, as you approach the village from Waterford) and arriving in Dublin, early in the month of December, 1814, I sat down, after name-

rous perils and hardships, to call into order, from the confused elements of my travels, this first volume of

THE IRISH TOURIST.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Circular Letter having been addressed to the Subscribers of this Work, a little previous to its publication; and information of its being ready for delivery, being duly communicated by a subsequent Letter, it is hoped, that no Subscriber will be uncandid enough to say, if through his own omission he has not received this Volume, that he is indebted for this loss (if such it may be denominated) to any inattention on the part of the writer; an imputation, from which, the well known pains which the latter has taken to have those books distributed, will sufficiently defend him in the view of an impartial public.

He also begs leave to state, to his Subscribers in the vicinity of Dublin, that, unless as a Postscript or Appendix to this Book, he could not possibly have introduced those few descriptions of the seats and scenery in the vicinity of that city, which he wrote during the printing of this Volume; because the manuscripts which compose it, having been previously arranged, copied, and put to press, could not undergo any material alteration without giving considerable interruption to the progress of this Work.

These light sketches, to which he has just adverted, may however, be introduced with some farther embellishments at the commencement of the next volume, and in the mean time it is his intention, when the copies of this work are distributed, to offer to some of the public papers in this city, a few extracts from those sketches, which may contribute to the entertainment of his readers.

FINIS.

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